GREAT MEN AND FAMOUS WOMEN

R. Warthmüller.

Photogravure, Hanfstaegl

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GREAT MEN AND FAMOUS WOMEN

A Series of Pen and Pencil Sketches of

THE · LIVES · OF · MORE · THAN · 200 OF · THE · MOST · PROMINENT · PERSONAGES · IN · HISTORY

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SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.
—BAYARD TAYLOR

NEBUCHADNEZZAR*

BY CLARENCE COOK

(645–561 B.C.)

WITH the death of Sardanapalus, the great monarch of Assyria, and the taking of Nineveh, the capital city, by the Medes, the kingdom of Assyria came to an end, and the vast domain was parcelled out among the conquerors. At the time of the catastrophe, the district of Babylonia, with its capital city Babylon, was ruled as a dependent satrapy of Assyria by Nabopolassar. Aided by the Medes, he now took possession of the province and established himself as an independent monarch, strengthening the alliance by a marriage between the Princess Amuhia, the daughter of the Median king, and his son Nebuchadnezzar.

In the partition of Assyria, the region stretching from Egypt to the upper Euphrates, including Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine, had fallen to the share of Nabopolassar. But the tribes that peopled it were not disposed to accept the rule of the new claimant, and looked about for an ally to support them in their resistance. Such an ally they thought they had found in Egypt.

Egypt was the great rival of Babylon, as she had been of Assyria. Both desired to control the highways of traffic connecting the Mediterranean with the farther East. Egypt had the advantage, both from her actual position on the Mediterranean and her nearer neighborhood to the coveted territory, and she used her advantage with audacity and skill. No sooner, however, did Nabopolassar feel himself firm on his throne than he resolved to check the ambition of Egypt and secure for himself the sovereignty of the lands in dispute.

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The task was not an easy one. Pharaoh Necho had been for three years in possession of the whole strip along the Mediterranean—Palestine, Phœnicia, and part of Syria—and was pushing victoriously on to Assyria, when he was met at the plain of Megiddo, commanding the principal pass in the range of Mount Carmel, by the forces of the petty kingdom of Judah, disputing his advance. He defeated them in a bloody engagement, in which Josiah, King of Judah, was slain, and then continued his march to Carchemish, a stronghold built to defend one of the few fordable passes of the upper Euphrates. This important place having been taken after a bloody battle, Necho was master of all the strategic points north and west of Babylonia.

Nebuchadnezzar was now put in command of an army, to force Pharaoh to give up his prey. Marching directly upon Carchemish, he attacked the Egyptian and defeated him with great slaughter. Following up his victory, he wrested from Pharaoh, in engagement after engagement, all that he had gained in Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine, and was in the midst of fighting in Egypt itself, when the news came of the death of his father; and he hastened home at once by forced marches to secure his possession of the throne. In his train were captives of all the nations he had conquered: Syrians, Phœnicians, Jews, and Egyptians. Among the Jewish prisoners was Daniel, the author of the book of the Old Testament called by his name, and to whom we owe the little personal knowledge we have of the great Babylonian monarch.

Of all the conquests of Nebuchadnezzar in this long struggle with Egypt, that of the Jewish people is the most interesting to us. The Jews had fought hard for independence, but if they must be conquered and held in subjection, they preferred the rule of Egypt to that of Babylon. Even the long slavery of their ancestors in that country and the sufferings it had entailed, with the tragic memories of the exodus and the wanderings in the desert, had not been potent to blot out the traditions of the years passed in that pleasant land with its delicious climate, its nourishing and abundant food. Alike in prosperity and in evil days the hearts of the people of Israel yearned after Egypt, and the denunciations of her prophets are never so bitter as when uttered against those who turned from Jehovah to worship the false gods of the Nile. Three times did the inhabitants of Jerusalem rebel against the rule of Babylon, and three times did Nebuchadnezzar come down upon them with a cruel and unrelenting vengeance, carrying off their people into bondage, each time inflicting great damage upon the city and leaving her less capable of resistance; yet each time her rulers had turned to Egypt in the vain hope of finding in her a defence against the oppressor, but in every instance Egypt had proved a broken reed.

Of the three successive kings of Judah whom Nebuchadnezzar had left to rule the city as his servants, and who had all in turn rebelled against him, one had been condemned to perpetual imprisonment in Babylon; a second had been carried there in chains and probably killed, while the third, captured in a vain attempt to escape after the taking of the city, had first been made to see his sons killed before his eyes, had then been cruelly blinded, and afterward carried

in chains to Babylon, and cast into prison. The last siege of the city lasted eighteen months, and when it was finally taken by assault, its ruin was complete. By previous deportations Jerusalem had been deprived of her princes, her warriors, her craftsmen, and her smiths, with all the treasure laid up in the palace of her kings, and all the vessels of gold and silver consecrated to the worship of Jehovah. Little then was left for her to suffer, when the punishment of her latest rebellion came. Her walls were thrown down, her temple, her chief glory, was destroyed, the greater part of the inhabitants who had survived the prolonged siege were carried off to swell the crowd of exiles already in Babylon, and only a few of the humbler sort of folk, the vine-dressers and the small farmers, were left behind.

When Nebuchadnezzar rested after his conquests, secure in the subjugation of his rivals, and in the possession of his vast kingdom, he gave himself up to the material improvement of Babylon and the surrounding country. The city as he left it, at the end of his reign of forty-three years, was built on both sides of the Euphrates, and covered a space of four hundred square miles, equal to five times the size of London. It was surrounded by a triple wall of brick; the innermost, over three hundred feet high, and eighty-five feet broad at the top, with room for four chariots to drive abreast. The walls were pierced by one hundred gate-ways framed in brass and with brazen gates, and at the points where the Euphrates entered and left the city the walls also turned and followed the course of the river, thus dividing the city into two fortified parts. These two districts were connected by a bridge of stone piers, guarded by portcullises, and ferries also plied between the quays that lined the river-banks, to which access was given by gates in the walls.

Nebuchadnezzar's palace was a splendid structure covering a large space at one end of the bridge. In the central court were the Hanging Gardens, the chief glory of the city, and reckoned one of the wonders of the world. No clear idea can be formed of these gardens from any description that has come down to us, but it would appear that arches eighty feet high supported terraces of earth planted with all the skill for which the gardeners of the East were famous. We are told that they were built for the pleasure of Queen Amuhia, who, as a Median princess, missed her native mountains, but a more commonplace explanation is that they were carried so high to escape the mosquitoes that swarmed on the lower level.

Various splendid edifices, chiefly religious, adorned the great squares of the city: the temple of the god Bel, enriched by the spoils of Tyre and Jerusalem, was the especial pride of Nebuchadnezzar. It rose in a succession of eight lofty stages, and supported on the top a golden statue of the god, forty feet high. Still another temple of Bel was built in seven stages, each faced with enamelled brick of one of the planetary colors; the topmost one of blue, the color dedicated to Mercury or Nebo, the patron god of Nabopolassar.

But the most important of the civic undertakings of Nebuchadnezzar was the extension of the great system of canalization by which the barren wastes of

the Babylonian plain were made to rival the valley of the Nile in fertility, and become the granary of the East. The whole territory was covered with a network of canals fed by the Tigris and Euphrates, and used for both irrigation and navigation. One branch had already connected Nineveh with Babylon, and another constructed by Nebuchadnezzar united Babylon to the Persian Gulf, running a distance of four hundred miles. This is still to be traced in a portion of its length.

The fate of Nebuchadnezzar is one of the most tragic in the long list of calamities that have overtaken the great and powerful of the earth. According to Daniel, it was just after the king had spoken those words of exulting pride as he walked in the palace of the Kingdom of Babylon: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built," when he was attacked by that dreadful form of madness, called by the Greeks, lycanthropy (wolf-man), in which the victim fancies himself a beast: in its fiercer manifestations a beast of the forest, or in milder visitations a beast of the field. Nebuchadnezzar's madness became so violent that for four years he was exiled from his throne and from the company of men, and wandered in the fields, eating grass like oxen, "and his body was wet with the dews of heaven, and his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws." Although no mention is made of this strange malady in any writing but the book of Daniel, yet it has a pathetic confirmation in one of the rock-cut inscriptions that record the acts of Nebuchadnezzar's reign. "For four years the seat of my kingdom did not rejoice my heart. In all my dominions I built no high place of power, nor did I lay up the precious treasure of my kingdom. In Babylon I erected no buildings for myself nor for the glory of my empire. In the worship of Bel-Merodach, my Lord, the joy of my heart, in Babylon the city of his worship and the seat of my empire, I did not sing his praise, nor did I furnish his altar with victims"—and then, as if returning to the thing that lay nearest him—"In four years I did not dig out the canals."

In time, the black cloud of the king's madness passed away and health and reason were restored to him. And if the words that Daniel puts into the king's mouth on his recovery are really his, we must recognize in this Eastern Despot a decided strain of religious sensibility, a trait that appears beside in his almost passionate expressions of affection for his god Merodach, and in his sympathy with Daniel and the youths who were his companions, in their own religious devotion. Although Daniel and the other youths whom the king had caused to be called out from the mass of the Jewish captives for his own particular service —boys distinguished from the rest by their personal beauty, their intelligence and aptitude—were too earnest in their religious convictions and too high-spirited to conform to the Babylonian religion or to conceal their sentiments under the cloak of policy, yet the king tolerated their adherence to their ritual and yielded only in part to the persistence of the Jew-baiters, who saw with angry eyes the promotion of the hated captives to places of power and authority over the heads of their captors. In spite of his enemies Daniel was allowed to exercise his own

GEORGES ROCHEGROSSE

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religion in peace; and the persecutors of his companions, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were themselves destroyed in the furnace they had heated for their innocent victims, which the youths themselves were rescued from by the personal interposition of the king, who pretended to see—or in his religious exaltation did really see—the god himself standing guard over the victims in the midst of the flames.

Of Nebuchadnezzar after the recovery of his reason we learn but little. The chronicle of Daniel passes abruptly from Nebuchadnezzar to Belshazzar, and the great king is not mentioned again. History, too, is silent. It tells us only that he left the throne to a son, whose name, Evil-Merodach, records the devotion of his father to the god of his people.

Clarence Cook

CYRUS THE GREAT*

By Clarence Cook

(reigned 558–529 b.c.)

The early life of Cyrus the Persian, like that of many another famous conqueror, is lost in a cloud of fable. According to Herodotus, to whom we owe the earliest account, Astyages the King of Media was warned in a dream that some danger threatened the kingdom from the offspring of his daughter Mandane, who as yet was unmarried. In order to remove the danger, whatever it might be, as far as possible from his throne, Astyages married his daughter to a Persian named Cambyses, who took her with him to his own country. But after his daughter's marriage Astyages had another dream, which was interpreted by the priests to mean that his daughter's child was destined to reign in his stead. Alarmed by this prophecy he sent for his daughter, and when in course of time she bore a son, he ordered his trusty lieutenant Harpagus to carry the child to his own house and kill it. Harpagus took the infant as he had been

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ordered to do, but moved by the pleadings of his wife he determined to commit the rest of his bloody instructions to other hands. He therefore called one of his herdsmen, and ordered him to expose the child on the bleakest part of the mountain and leave it to perish, threatening him with the most terrible penalties in case of disobedience. But the herdsman and his wife were no more proof against pity than Harpagus and his wife had been, and while they stood swayed between their wish to save the child and their fear of disobeying Harpagus, fortune happily provided an escape for them. The wife of the herdsman brought forth a dead child, and this they determined to substitute for the living infant, and to bring up the grandson of Astyages as their own. The exchange was accomplished, and after some days the servants of Harpagus, sent to inquire if their master's commands had been obeyed, were shown by the herdsman the body of a dead child exposed on the rocks and still wearing the rich clothes and ornaments in which it had been brought to his house. Harpagus was thus enabled to assure Astyages that he was safe from the threatened danger, and might enjoy his throne in peace.

When the child of Mandane was ten years old an accident brought him to the knowledge of the king, and restored him to his birthright. One day he was playing with the children of his neighbors, and in a certain game where it was necessary to make one of the players king, Cyrus was chosen, and all the others, as his subjects, promised to obey his commands. But one of the boys, the son of a rich noble of the court of Astyages, refused to do as he was bid by Cyrus, and according to the rule of the game, he had to submit to a beating at the hand of the boy-king. Angry at this treatment, he complained to his father, who, indignant in his turn, went to Astyages, and reproached him with the blows his son had received at the hands of the son of one of the king's slaves. Cyrus was brought before the king; but when he was asked how he had dared to treat the son of a nobleman in such a way, the boy, nothing-daunted, answered that he had done only what was right: the rules of the game were known to all who had joined in it: the other boys had submitted to the penalties: the son of the nobleman alone had refused, and he had been punished as he deserved. "If any wrong has been done by me," he said, "I am ready to suffer for it." Struck by the boldness of the lad, and by something in his looks, Astyages dismissed him for a time, and promised the nobleman that he should be satisfied for the insults offered to his son. He then sent for the herdsman Mitridates and wrung from him a confession of what he had done; and learning how Harpagus had deceived him he acquitted Mitridates, and turned all his vengeance upon Harpagus as the chief offender. How cruelly he punished him must not be told here, for pity, but it was such a barbarous revenge as could never be forgiven; and though Harpagus pretended to make light of it, yet it was only that by keeping fair with the king he might bide his time, and repay cruelty with cruelty.

But now, as Cyrus in our story has grown to man's estate, and is ready to show the world of what stuff he is made, it will be well to explain in a few

words, what was the state of things in that part of the world where he was to play his part.

The mighty Kingdom of Assyria in its greatest estate had stretched from the Indus on the east, to the Mediterranean on the west. But when Nineveh, the capital and chief city of the empire, had been destroyed by the Medes—a subject people living on the north-eastern borders of the kingdom, but who had risen in rebellion against their rulers—Assyria was broken in pieces, and several minor kingdoms rose on her ruins.

Of these the chief were Media and Babylonia in the east, and Lydia in the west. Babylonia rose to a great height of power and splendor under Nebuchadnezzar, as we have seen in our sketch of that king's life. The Medes, a brave and warlike people, never attained to so high a degree of civilization as the Babylonians, nor did they ever have a monarch whose fame equalled that of Sardanapalus, the King of Assyria; of Nebuchadnezzar; or of Crœsus, King of Lydia; but under a succession of astute and hardy warriors, who held the throne for something over one hundred and fifty years, their dominion was gradually extended until it stretched from the Indus to the centre of Asia Minor. Their greatest achievement had been the destruction of Nineveh in B.C. 606.

Lydia, the remaining province, touched the Median kingdom on the east, and on the west was only separated, in the beginning, from the Mediterranean by the narrow strip of territory occupied by the Greek colonies, which for a time acted as a bar to the encroachments of the Lydian monarchs and their conquerors.

When Cyrus came to manhood, these kingdoms, the successors of the Assyrian monarchy, were all flourishing in wealth and power. Media was ruled by Astyages, his grandfather—to accept the legendary history as it has come down to us; Babylonia the greatest of the three was governed by Nebuchadnezzar, while Lydia was ruled by Crœsus, a monarch wise above his peers, whose name has long been a synonym for unbounded wealth, and whose story, though not beyond the bounds of credibility, reads more like a fable of romance than a tale of sober fact.

Crœsus was the brother-in-law of Astyages, and in close alliance not only with the Medes, but with the Babylonians, the Egyptians, and the Greeks; and he was at the height of his power and was looking forward to still greater increase of his dominions, when in an evil hour he struck against the growing greatness of Cyrus, and was crushed in the encounter. Had he been less arrogant, the doom he wrought for himself might have been delayed, but it could not have been wholly averted. Nothing could have long withstood the greed of Cyrus for universal dominion.

We have seen what good cause Harpagus had to hate Astyages. But he nursed his revenge with crafty wisdom, and knowing himself powerless to act openly and alone, he tried what stratagem might do to bring about his aim, which was no less than the overthrow of Astyages by means of the tyrant's grandson, Cyrus. He did not take open measures until he knew he had allies

enough at his back, and could strike with a sure aim. He worked with the great Median chiefs in private, stirring them up against Astyages by appeals of all sorts: to their ambition, their greed, their discontent, their private wrongs; and when he had secured the consent of enough nobles to his plans, he called upon Cyrus, as one who had chiefly suffered from the tyranny and cruelty of the king, to lead the proposed revolt in person. He knew that Cyrus had been gradually strengthening his own kingdom of Persia in preparation for the ambitious schemes of conquest he was nursing, but there was danger in correspondence with one who stood to Astyages in the double relation of a feared and hated grandson, and the chief of a rival people; and if we may believe Herodotus, Harpagus had recourse to a strange expedient to communicate his design to Cyrus. Disembowelling a dead hare, he inserted a letter in the cavity, and sent the animal to Cyrus as a present. When the letter came to the hands of Cyrus he eagerly accepted the offers it contained of leadership in the proposed revolt, and joined his forces with those of the disaffected Medes. Astyages was overthrown and his kingdom taken possession of by Cyrus. Herodotus draws a striking picture of the exultation of Harpagus over the success of his revengeful projects, and of the disdain with which Astyages reproached him for having called on another to do what, trusted and confided in as he was by his monarch, he might have accomplished for himself, and reaped the harvest which he had surrendered to another. Cyrus had the wisdom to spare the life of Astyages, and to attach him to his person as councillor and friend. Harpagus he made his lieutenant, and much of his success was owing to this man's wisdom and bravery. After the defeat of Astyages, Cyrus advanced against the lesser tribes that had owed allegiance to the Median king, and having reduced them one by one to submission, the power of the once mighty empire of the Medians passed to the inheritance of the Persians in the year 559 B.C.

When Crœsus heard of the overthrow of his brother-in-law by the hands of Cyrus, and of the setting up a great new monarchy on the ruins of the fallen kingdom, his own ambitious projects were blown into fresh activity by the desire for private revenge. Misled by his own interpretation of the oracle he consulted as to the likelihood of success in an expedition against the Persians, he advanced to withstand the conquering march of Cyrus; and his first success was against the Syrians of Cappadocia, a people subject to Cyrus, as having formed a part of the Median Kingdom. Cyrus, with a powerful army, came at once to the assistance of his new subjects, and meeting the forces of Crœsus on the plain of Cappadocia, a fiercely fought, but indecisive battle took place, which resulted in the retreat of Crœsus to his capital, Sardis, to seek the assistance of his allies and prepare to meet Cyrus with a larger force. In overweening confidence in his own success, he dismissed his mercenary troops, and sent messengers to Babylon, to Egypt, and to Sparta, calling on them to come with troops to his assistance within five months. No sooner had he shut himself up in Sardis, and dismissed his mercenaries, depending upon his own forces until assistance should come from his allies, than Cyrus advanced against him so swiftly that there was no escape

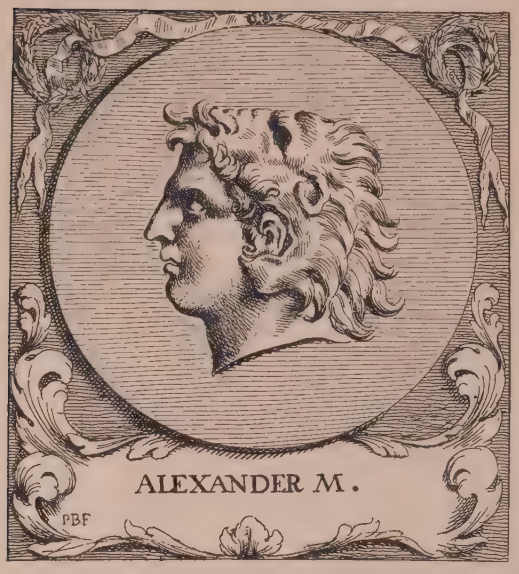
from a battle. Crœsus, believing in his fortune, and trusting to the excellence of his cavalry, boldly took the field; but Cyrus, using stratagem where perhaps courage would not have availed, put his camels in front of his line, and massed his own horsemen behind them. The horses of Crœsus, maddened by the unaccustomed smell of the camels, refused to advance; but the Lydians, dismounting, fought so bravely on foot with their spears, that it was not until after a long and fierce combat that they were forced to retreat and seek safety within the walls of Sardis. The army of Cyrus invested the city, but it was so strongly fortified on all sides but one as to be impregnable by assault, and the side left unprotected by art was supposed to be amply protected by nature, since it abutted on the very edge of a steep precipice. But, after the siege had lasted fourteen days, a Persian sentinel saw one of the garrison descend the precipice to recover his helmet that had rolled down; and no sooner had he thus unwittingly showed the way, than the sentinel followed with a number of his fellow-soldiers and, reaching the top of the cliff in safety, attacked the guards, all unsuspicious, and gained an entrance to the city. The gates were opened to the Persians, and Crœsus with all his vast store of treasure became the prey of the conqueror. The fall of Sardis and the Lydian monarchy was followed by the subjection of the Greek cities of Asia Minor, a task which Cyrus left to the hands of Harpagus, while he himself turned eastward to pursue his conquests in Upper Asia and in Assyria. His greatest achievement in this quarter was the taking of Babylon. This he accomplished in the reign of Belshazzar, one of the successors of Nebuchadnezzar, perhaps his son, by turning the Euphrates, which ran through the middle of the city, out of its course; and when its bed was dry he entered the city by this road and captured it with little resistance.

Cyrus was now the sole master of the vast Assyrian Kingdom, once more in his hands brought back to something like the unity it had before the great Median revolt. But he was not content, nor was it perhaps possible for him to rest in the enjoyment of power and possessions extorted by force, and dependent on force to hold. The new empire, like the old one, was destined to break in pieces by its own weight. Cyrus was kept in constant activity by the necessity of resisting the inroads on his empire of the tribes in the north and farther east; and it was in endeavoring to repel invasion and to maintain order in the regions he had already conquered, that he met his death. After a reign of thirty years he was slain, in 529 B.C., in battle with the Massagetæ, a tribe of Central Asia. He left his kingdom to his son Cambyses.

Clarence Cook

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

(356–323 B.C.)



ALEXANDER THE GREAT, son of Philip of Macedon and Olympias, daughter of Neoptolemus of Epirus, was born at Pella, 356 B.C. His mind was formed chiefly by Aristotle, who instructed him in every branch of human learning, especially in the art of government. Alexander was sixteen years of age when his father marched against Byzantium, and left the government in his hands during his absence. Two years afterward, he displayed singular courage at the battle of Chæronea (338 B.C.), where he overthrew the Sacred Band of the Thebans. "My son," said Philip, as he embraced him after the conflict, "seek for thyself another kingdom, for that which I leave is too small for thee." The father and son quarrelled, however, when the former divorced Olympias. Alexander took part with his mother, and fled to Epirus, to escape his father's vengeance; but receiving his pardon soon afterward, he returned, and accompanied him in an expedition against the Triballi, when he saved his life on the field. Philip, being appointed generalissimo of the Greeks, was preparing for a war with Persia, when he was assassinated (336 B.C.), and Alexander, not yet twenty years of age, ascended the throne.

After punishing his father's murderers, he marched on Corinth, and in a general assembly of the Greeks he caused himself to be appointed to the command of the forces against Persia. On his return to Macedon, he found the Illyrians and Triballi up in arms, whereupon he forced his way through Thrace, and was everywhere victorious. But now the Thebans had been induced, by a report of his death, to take up arms, and the Athenians, stimulated by the eloquence of Demosthenes, were preparing to join them. To prevent this coalition, Alexander rapidly marched against Thebes, which, refusing to surrender, was conquered and razed to the ground. Six thousand of the inhabitants were slain, and 30,000 sold into slavery; the house and descendants of the poet Pindar alone being spared. This severity struck terror into all Greece. The Athenians were treated with more leniency.

Alexander, having appointed Antipater his deputy in Europe, now prepared

to prosecute the war with Persia. He crossed the Hellespont in the spring of 334 B.C., with 30,000 foot and 5,000 horse, attacked the Persian satraps at the River Granicus, and gained a complete victory, overthrowing the son-in-law of their king Darius with his own lance. As a result of the battle, most of the cities of Asia Minor at once opened their gates to the conqueror.

Alexander restored democracy in all the Greek cities; and as he passed through Gordium, cut the Gordian-knot, which none should loose but the ruler of Asia. During a dangerous illness at Tarsus, brought on by bathing in the Cydnus, he received a letter insinuating that Philip, his physician, had been bribed by Darius to poison him. Alexander handed the letter to Philip, and at the same time swallowed the draught which the latter had prepared. As soon as he recovered, he advanced toward the defiles of Cilicia, in which Darius had stationed himself with an army of 600,000 men.

He arrived in November, 333 B.C., in the neighborhood of Issus, where, on the narrow plain between the mountains and the sea, the unwieldy masses of the Persians were thrown into confusion by the charge of the Macedonians, and fled in terror. On the left wing, 30,000 Greek mercenaries held out longer, but they, too, were at length compelled to yield. All the treasures as well as the family of Darius fell into the hands of the conqueror, who treated them with the greatest magnanimity. Overtures for peace, made by Darius on the basis of surrendering to Alexander all Asia west of the Euphrates, were rejected.

Alexander now turned toward Syria and Phœnicia. He occupied Damascus, where he found princely treasures, and secured to himself all the cities along the shores of the Mediterranean. Tyre, confident in its strong position, resisted him, but was conquered and destroyed, after seven months of incredible exertion (332 B.C.). Thence he marched victoriously through Palestine, where all the cities submitted to him except Gaza; it shared the same fate as Tyre. Egypt, weary of the Persian yoke, welcomed him as a deliverer; and in order to strengthen his dominion here, he restored all the old customs and religious institutions of the country, and founded Alexandria in the beginning of 331 B.C. Thence he marched through the Libyan Desert, in order to consult the oracle of Ammon, whose priest saluted him as a son of Zeus; and he returned with the conviction that he was indeed a god.

He then again set out to meet Darius; in October, 331 B.C., a great battle was fought on the plain stretching eastward to Arbela. Notwithstanding the immense superiority of his adversary, who had collected a new army of more than a million men, Alexander was not for a moment doubtful of victory. Heading the cavalry himself, he rushed on the Persians, and put them to flight; then hastened to the assistance of his left wing, which, in the meanwhile, had been sorely pressed. He was anxious to make Darius a prisoner, but Darius escaped on horseback, leaving his baggage and all his treasures a prey to the conqueror. Babylon and Susa, the treasure-houses of the East, opened their gates to Alexander, who next marched toward Persepolis, the capital of Persia, which he entered in triumph.

The marvellous successes of Alexander now began to dazzle his judgment and to inflame his passions. He became a slave to debauchery, and his caprices were as cruel as they were ungrateful. In a fit of drunkenness, and at the instigation of Thaïs, an Athenian courtesan, he set fire to Persepolis, the wonder of the world, and reduced it to a heap of ashes; then, ashamed of the deed, he set out with his cavalry in pursuit of Darius. Learning that Bessus, the Bactrian satrap, held him a prisoner, he hastened his march, in the hope of saving him, but he found him mortally wounded (330 B.C.). He mourned over his fallen enemy, and caused him to be buried with all the customary honors, while he hunted down Bessus, who himself aspired to the throne, chasing him over the Oxus to Sogdiana (Bokhara).

Having discovered a conspiracy in which the son of Parmenio was implicated, he put both father and son to death, though Parmenio himself was innocent of any knowledge of the affair. This cruel injustice excited universal displeasure. In 329 he penetrated to the farthest known limits of Northern Asia, and overthrew the Scythians on the banks of the Jaxartes. In the following year he subdued the whole of Sogdiana, and married Roxana, whom he had taken prisoner. She was the daughter of Oxyartes, one of the enemy's captains, and was said to be the fairest of all the virgins of Asia. The murder of his foster-brother, Clitus, in a drunken brawl, was followed, in 327 B.C., by the discovery of a fresh conspiracy, in which Callisthenes, a nephew of Aristotle, was falsely implicated. For challenging Alexander's divinity, he was cruelly tortured and hanged.

In 327 B.C., proceeding to the conquest of India, hitherto known only by name, Alexander crossed the Indus near to the modern Attock, and pursued his way under the guidance of a native prince to the Hydaspes (Jhelum). He there was opposed by Porus, another native prince, whom he overthrew after a bloody contest, and there he lost his charger Bucephalus; thence he marched as lord of the country, through the Punjab, establishing Greek colonies. He then wished to advance to the Ganges, but the general murmuring of his troops obliged him, at the Hyphasis (modern Sutlej), to commence his retreat. On regaining the Hydaspes, he built a fleet, and sent one division of his army in it down the river, while the other followed along the banks, fighting its way through successive Indian armies. At length, having reached the ocean, he ordered Nearchus, the commander of the fleet, to sail thence to the Persian Gulf, while he himself struck inland with one division of his army, in order to return home through Gedrosia (Beluchistan). During this march his forces suffered fearfully from want of food and water. Of all the troops which had set out with Alexander, little more than a fourth part arrived with him in Persia (325 B.C.).

At Susa he married Stateira, the daughter of Darius, and he bestowed presents on those Macedonians (some ten thousand in number) who had married Persian women, his design being to unite the two nations. He also distributed liberal rewards among his soldiers. Soon afterward he was deprived, by death, of his favorite Hephestion. His grief was unbounded, and he interred the dead man with kingly honors. As he was returning from Ecbatana to Babylon, it is

ALEXANDER DISCOVERING THE BODY OF DARIUS.

said that the Magi foretold that the latter city would prove fatal to him; but he despised their warnings. On the way, he was met by ambassadors from all parts of the world—Libya, Italy, Carthage, Greece, the Scythians, Celts, and Iberians.

At Babylon he was busy with gigantic plans for the future, both of conquest and civilization, when he was suddenly taken ill after a banquet, and died eleven days later, 323 B.C., in the thirty-second year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign. His body was deposited in a golden coffin at Alexandria, by Ptolemæus, and divine honors were paid to him, not only in Egypt, but in other countries. He had appointed no heir to his immense dominions; but to the question of his friends, "Who should inherit them?" he replied, "The most worthy." After many disturbances, his generals recognized as Kings the weak-minded Aridæus—a son of Philip by Philinna, the dancer—and Alexander's posthumous son by Roxana, Alexander Ægus, while they shared the provinces among themselves, assuming the title of satraps. Perdiccas, to whom Alexander had, on his death-bed, delivered his ring, became guardian of the kings during their minority. The empire of Alexander soon broke up, and his dominions were divided among his generals.

Alexander was more than a conqueror. He diffused the language and civilization of Greece wherever victory led him, and planted Greek kingdoms in Asia, which continued to exist for some centuries. At the very time of his death, he was engaged in devising plans for the drainage of the unhealthy marshes around Babylon, and a better irrigation of the extensive plains. It is even supposed that the fever which he caught there, rather than his famous drinking-bout, was the real cause of his death. To Alexander, the ancient world owed a vast increase of its knowledge in geography, natural history, etc. He taught Europeans the road to India, and gave them the first glimpses of that magnificence and splendor which has dazzled and captivated their imagination for more than two thousand years. See Freeman's "Historical Essays" (2d series, 1873), and Mahaffy's "Alexander's Empire" (1887).

The wonderful element in the campaigns of Alexander, and his tragical death at the height of his power, threw a rare romantic interest around his figure. It is ever the fate of a great name to be enshrined in fable, and Alexander soon became the hero of romantic story, scarcely more wonderful than the actual, but growing from age to age with the mythopœic spirit which can work as freely in fact as fiction. The earliest form of the story which we know is the great romance connected with the name of Callisthenes, which, under the influence of the living popular tradition, arose in Egypt about 200 A.D., and was carried through Latin translations to the West, through Armenian and Syriac versions to the East. It became widely popular during the middle ages, and was worked into poetic form by many writers in French and German. Alberich of Besançon wrote in Middle High German an epic on the subject in the first half of the twelfth century, which was the basis of the German "Pfaffe" Lamprecht's "Alexanderbuch," also of the twelfth century. The French poets Lambert li Court and Alexandre de Bernay composed, between 1180 and 1190, a romance

of Alexander, the twelve-syllable metre of which gave rise to the name *Alexandrines*. The German poem of Rudolf of Ems was based on the Latin epic of Walter of Châtillon, about 1200, which became henceforward the prevailing form of the story. In contrast with it is the thirteenth century Old English epic of Alexander (in vol. i. of Weber's "Metrical Romances," 1810), based on the Callisthenes version. The story appears also in the East, worked up in conjunction with myths of other nationalities, especially the Persian. It appears in Firdusi, and among later writers, in Nizami. From the Persians both the substance of the story and its form in poetical treatment have extended to Turks and other Mohammedans, who have interpreted Alexander as the *Dsulkarnein* ('two horned') of the Koran, and to the Hindus, which last had preserved no independent traditions of Alexander.

HANNIBAL

By Walter Whyte

(247–183 B.C.)

HANNIBAL (the grace of Baal, the Hanniel of Scripture) was the son of the great Carthaginian general Hamilcar Barca, and was born in 247 B.C. It is said that in his ninth year his father led him to an altar and bade him swear eternal enmity to Rome. From the age of nine to eighteen he was trained in war and diplomacy under Hamilcar in Spain; and from his eighteenth to his twenty-fifth year he was the chief agent in carrying out the plans by which his brother-in-law, Hasdrubal, extended and consolidated the Carthaginian dominion in the Peninsula. On the death of Hasdrubal, in 221 B.C., the soldiers with one voice chose Hannibal, then in his twenty-sixth year, as their general. Forthwith he crossed the Tagus, and in two years reduced all Spain up to the Ebro, with the exception of the Greek colony of Saguntum. That town, which claimed the protection of Rome, fell in 218 B.C., and the Second Punic War, or, as the Romans justly called it, "the War of Hannibal," began. Garrisoning Libya with Spaniards, and Spain with Libyans (a precaution against treachery), Hanni-

HENRI MOTTE. 1878.

bal set out on his march for Rome. In the summer of 218 B.C. he left New Carthage with 90,000 foot, 12,000 horse, and 37 elephants, crossed the Pyrenees, and gained the Rhone, where his passage was barred by a host of Gauls. The general thereupon sent part of his troops two days' journey up-stream, with orders to cross the Rhone and fall on the rear of the barbarians. His orders were executed by Hanno, and the passage of the river was safely effected. He crossed the Alps in fifteen days, in the face of obstacles which would have proved insuperable to almost any other commander. His troops, reared under African and Spanish suns, perished in thousands amid ice and snow. The native tribes threatened the annihilation of his force, and were only dispersed by his matchless courage and address. The beasts of burden fell over precipices, or stuck fast and were frozen to death. In places, rocks had to be shattered and roads constructed to enable the men to creep round projecting crags. When he gained the valley of Aosta, Hannibal had but 20,000 foot and 6,000 horse to attempt the conquest of a power which had lately shown that she could put an army of 170,000 unrivalled soldiers into the field.

After allowing his men to recruit in the villages of the friendly Insubres, he overcame the Taurini, besieging and taking Turin, and forced the Ligurian and Celtic tribes on the Upper Po to serve in his army. At the Ticinus, a stream which enters the Po near Pavia, he encountered the Romans under Scipio, the father of Scipio Africanus. The cavalry of both armies joined battle, Hannibal's Numidian horse proved their superiority, and Scipio fell back beyond the Po. The Carthaginians crossed the river, and the first great battle of the campaign was fought in the plain of the Trebia. Placing Mago in ambush with 2,000 men, Hannibal enticed the Romans across the stream. His light troops retired before the legionaries, and as Scipio was pressing on to fancied victory he was taken in flank by the terrible Numidian horse, Mago came down in the rear, and the 40,000 men of the consular army were either cut to pieces or scattered in flight. Wintering in the valley of the Po, in the early spring Hannibal crossed the Apennines and pushed through a region of lakes, flooded by the melting of the snow, to Fæsulæ. The beasts of burden perished in vast numbers amid the morasses; the Gauls, disheartened by the perils of the journey, had to be driven forward by Mago's horsemen, and the general lost an eye. Quitting Fæsulæ, Hannibal wasted Etruria with fire and sword, and marched toward Rome, leaving behind him two consular armies of 60,000 men. He awaited the consul Flaminius by the Lake Trasimene, where the hills, retiring in a semicircle from the shore, inclose a plain entered by two narrow passes. Concealing the main body of his army amid the hills, he placed his Numidians in ambush at the pass by which the Romans must enter; while he stationed part of his infantry in a conspicuous position near the other defile. The Romans pushed into the valley; the pass in their rear was secured by the Carthaginians who had lain in ambush; Hannibal's men charged from the heights, and the army of Flaminius was annihilated. Six thousand infantry cut their way through the farther pass, but these were overtaken by the horse under Maherbal and forced to yield on the following day.

After recruiting his men in the champaign country of Picenum, where the Numidian horses, we are told, were groomed with old Italian wine, Hannibal marched through Apulia and ravaged Campania, dogged by the dictator Quintus Fabius Maximus, whom he vainly endeavored to entice into an engagement. He wintered at Gerontium, and in the spring took up a position at Cannæ, on the Aufidus. A Roman army of 80,000 men, under the consuls L. Æmilius Paulus and P. Terentius Varro, marched against him. Hannibal flung his troops (he had but 30,000) into a space inclosed on the rear and wings by a loop of the river. He placed his Spanish infantry in the centre, with the African foot on either flank. His Numidian horse, now reduced to 2,000 men, he posted on the right wing; while Hasdrubal, with 8,000 heavy cavalry, was opposed to the Roman cavalry on the left. The legionaries pressed into the loop, and Hannibal drew back his centre before them. Hasdrubal, on the left, broke the Roman cavalry, swept round to the left wing of the Romans, drove the second detachment of Roman horse into flight, and then came thundering in the rear of the legionaries. The Libyans, who had by the general's orders fallen back as the Romans pressed after the retiring Spanish infantry, now closed on the enemy's flanks. Packed together so closely that they could not use their weapons, assailed in front, flank, and rear, the legionaries were hewn down through eight hours of carnage, till 50,000 lay dead on the field. The battle became a butchery. Nearly 20,000 men were taken prisoners. The consul Paulus, the pro-consul Servilius, the master of the horse Minucius, 21 military tribunes, and 60 senators lay amid the slain. On his side Hannibal lost but 5,700 men. "Send me on with the horse, general," said Maherbal, "and in five days thou shalt sup in the Capitol."

But the general was wiser than the fiery captain of the horse. It has been common to censure Hannibal for neglecting to march on Rome after the battle of Cannæ. But his dazzling triumph did not for a moment unsettle his clear judgment. He knew that his forces were unequal to the task of storming a walled city garrisoned by a population of fighting men. An attack which he had made on Spoletium had proved the inadequacy of the small Carthaginian army to carry a strongly fortified town. Had he followed the advice of Maherbal, he would in all likelihood have dashed his army to pieces against the walls of Rome. His aim was to destroy the common oppressor by raising the Italian allies against her; and the hope was partly justified by the revolt of Lucania and Bruttium, Samnium and Apulia. The soundness of judgment, the patience and self-control which he evinced in this hour of intoxicating success, are hardly less marvellous than the genius by which the success had been won. After the battle of Cannæ the character of the war changes. Hitherto Hannibal had swept everything before him. Rivers and mountains and morasses had been powerless to thwart his progress. Army after army, vastly superior in numbers and composed of the best fighting men the ancient world ever saw, had come against him to be broken, scattered, and destroyed. His career through Italy had been, in the words of Horace, as the rush of the flames through a forest of pines. But after Cannæ

the tide turned. His niggardly, short-sighted countrymen denied him the support without which success was impossible. As his veterans were lost to him he had no means of filling their places, while the Romans could put army after army into the field. But through the long years during which he maintained a hopeless struggle in Italy he was never defeated. Nor did one of his veterans desert him; never was there a murmur of disaffection in his camp. It has been well said that his victories over his motley followers were hardly less wonderful than his victories over nature and over Rome.

Hannibal spent the winter of 216–215 B.C. at Capua, where his men are said to have been demoralized by luxurious living. When he again took the field the Romans wisely avoided a pitched battle, though the Carthaginians overran Italy, capturing Locri, Thurii, Metapontum, Tarentum, and other towns. In 211 B.C. he marched on Rome, rode up to the Colline gate, and, it is said, flung his spear over the walls. But the fall of Capua smote the Italian allies with dismay, and ruined his hopes of recruiting his ever-diminishing forces from their ranks. In 210 B.C. he overcame the prætor Fulvius at Herdonea, and in the following year gained two battles in Apulia. Thereafter, he fell upon the consuls Crispinus and Marcellus, both of whom were slain and their forces routed, while he almost annihilated the Roman army which was besieging Locri. In 207 B.C. his brother Hasdrubal marched from Spain to his aid, but was surprised, defeated, and slain at the Metaurus by the consul Nero. By the barbarous commands of Nero, Hasdrubal's head was flung into the camp of Hannibal, who had been till then in ignorance of his brother's doom. The battle of the Metaurus sealed the fate of "the lion's brood"—of the great house of Hamilcar. But for four years Hannibal stood at bay in the hill-country of Bruttium, defying with his thinned army every general who was sent against him, till in 202 B.C., after an absence of fifteen years, he was recalled to Africa to repel the Roman invasion. In the same year he met Scipio at Zama; his raw levies fled, and in part went over to the enemy; his veterans were cut to pieces where they stood, and Carthage was at the mercy of Rome. So ended the Second Punic War—the war, as Arnold so truly said, of a man with a nation, and the war which is perhaps the most wonderful in all history. Three hundred thousand Italians had fallen, and three hundred towns had been destroyed in the struggle.

Peace being made, Hannibal turned his genius to political toils. He amended the constitution, cut down the power of the ignoble oligarchy, checked corruption, and placed the city's finances on a sounder footing. The enemies whom he made by his reforms denounced him to the Romans, and the Romans demanded that he should be surrendered into their hands. Setting out as a voluntary exile, Hannibal visited Tyre, the mother-city of Carthage, and then betook himself to the court of Antiochus, at Ephesus. He was well received by the king, who nevertheless rejected his advice to carry the war with Rome into Italy. On the conclusion of peace, to avoid being given up to the Romans, he repaired to Prusias, king of Bithynia, for whom he gained a naval victory over the king of Pergamus. The Romans again demanding that he should be surrendered, he baffled

his enemies by taking poison, which, we are told, he carried about with him in a ring, and died at Lybyssa about the year 183 B.C.

In judging of the character and achievements of Hannibal, it must never be forgotten, that for all we know of him, we are indebted to his implacable enemies. No Carthaginian record of that astounding career has come down to us. The Romans did all that unscrupulous malignity can, to blacken the fame and belittle the deeds of the most terrible of their foes. Yet, though calumny has done its bitterest against him, Hannibal not only dazzles the imagination, but takes captive the heart. He stands out as the incarnation of magnanimity and patriotism and self-sacrificing heroism, no less than of incomparable military genius. Napoleon, the only general who could plausibly challenge the Carthaginian's supremacy, had throughout the greater part of his career an immense superiority to his adversaries in the quality of the forces which he wielded. He had the enthusiasm of the Revolution behind him, and he was unhampered by authorities at home. Hannibal, on the contrary, saw his plans thwarted and finally wrecked by the sordid merchant-nobles of the city he strove so hard to save. He had not, like Alexander, to lead picked troops against effeminate Asiatics. He had to mould his little army out of raw and barbarous levies. He had no reinforcements to fall back on. With a motley army of Libyans, Gauls, and Spaniards he had to encounter a nation in arms—a nation of the stoutest and most highly trained warriors of ancient times. There is not in all history so wonderful an example of what a single man of genius may achieve against the most tremendous odds, as the story of the Phœnician hero—the greatest captain that the world has seen.

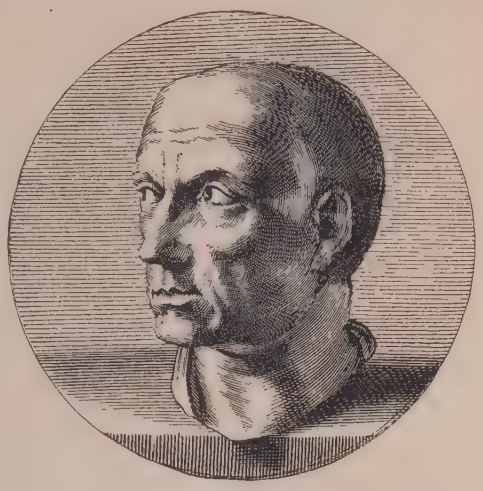
SCIPIO AFRICANUS MAJOR

(235–183 B.C.)

P. Cornelius Scipio, Africanus Major, was the son of that P. Cornelius Scipio who was defeated by Hannibal at the Ticinus. If it be true that at the age of seventeen Scipio fought in this battle, and rescued his wounded father, he must have been born in B.C. 235. He was in the battle of Cannæ (B.C. 216) as a tribune, and was among those who, after the defeat, escaped to Canusium. Here the chief command of the remaining troops was unanimously entrusted to him and another. On this occasion it was owing to his presence of mind that the remnants of the Roman army did not, in their despair, quit Italy.

In B.C. 212, Scipio was curule ædile, though he had not yet attained the legitimate age. The tribunes of the people endeavored to prevent his election, but they were obliged to give up their opposition, for the people, who seem to have perceived the extraordinary abilities of the young man, elected him almost

unanimously. In B.C. 211 his father and uncle fell in Spain, and the Carthaginians again took possession of the country, which they had almost entirely lost. When Capua had fallen again into their hands, and Italy no longer required their exclusive attention, the Romans determined to act with more energy against the Carthaginians in Spain. On the day of the election, no one ventured to come forward to undertake the command in this war. Young Scipio, then scarcely twenty-four years of age, at last offered to take the command of the army in Spain. The people were struck with admiration at the courage of the young man, and gave him command, with proconsular power, which was afterward prolonged to him for several years (B.C. 210–206).



The extraordinary power which young Scipio exercised over his contemporaries was perhaps partly owing to superstition, for he was believed to be a favorite of the gods. Ever since he had risen to manhood, he went every morning into the Capitol, where he spent some hours in solitude and meditation. Hence all he did was considered by the people to be the result of his intercourse with the gods. Scipio himself partook in this opinion, and cherished it; and the extraordinary success of all his enterprises must have strengthened his belief.

Toward the end of the summer, in B.C. 210, or, as Livy says, at the beginning of spring, Scipio set out for Spain with an army of 11,000 men, landed at the mouth of the Iberus, and undertook the command of the whole Roman forces in Spain. He was accompanied by his friend, Lælius. His first object was to gain possession of New Carthage, where the Carthaginians kept their Spanish hostages. Lælius made the attack with the fleet from the seaside, while Scipio conducted the operations on land. The town soon fell into the hands of the Romans, and the generosity with which Scipio treated the Spanish hostages gained over a great number of Spaniards. The hostages of those tribes who declared themselves allies of the Romans were sent home without ransom. It is also related that a very beautiful maiden having fallen to his special lot in the division of the booty, Scipio finding her sad, inquired the cause, and learning that she was betrothed to a neighboring chief, sent for the lover, and personally restored the maid in all honor to his arms. A short time after the conquest of this place Scipio went to Tarraco, where he received embassies from various Spanish tribes, who offered to become the allies of the Romans or to recognize their supremacy.

Scipio is said not to have set out against Hasdrubal until the year following, but it can scarcely be conceived why the Carthaginians should have been so long

inactive, and it is a probable supposition that the battle with Hasdrubal, which Livy and Polybius assign to the year B.C. 209, was fought very soon after the taking of New Carthage. In this battle Scipio gained a great victory; 8,000 Carthaginians were slain, and 22,000, with their camp, fell into the hands of the victor. Many of the Spaniards now wished to proclaim Scipio their king, but he refused the honor.

Hasdrubal fled with the remainder of his army toward the Tagus and the Pyrenees. Scipio did not follow him, partly because he thought his enemy too much weakened to be dangerous, and partly because he feared lest he might expose himself to the combined attacks of the two other Carthaginian generals, Mago, and Hasdrubal, son of Gisco. Hasdrubal Barcas, the defeated general, however, had carried considerable wealth with him in his flight, and with these means he raised an army in Spain, to lead into Italy to the assistance of his brother Hannibal, hoping thus to bring the war to an end in Italy. During these preparations of Hasdrubal, Scipio was engaged against the two other Carthaginian generals, one of whom (Mago) was defeated, in B.C. 208, by the proprætor Silanus, in the country of the Celtiberians, and Hanno, who came with an auxiliary army from Africa, was taken prisoner. After this success of the proprætor, Scipio united his forces with those of Silanus to attack Hasdrubal, son of Gisco. But as this general had retired to the south of Spain, and had distributed his army in the fortified places on the Bætis as far as Gades, Scipio (through his brother Lucius) only took the important town of Oringis, and then gradually returned across the Iberus. The power of the Carthaginians in Spain was, however, already broken, and in the year following (B.C. 207) Scipio gained possession of nearly all Spain by a victory, the place of which is not clearly ascertained, some calling it Silpia or Bæcula, some Ilipa, and others Carmo.

Scipio, now in the almost undisputed possession of Spain, began to turn his eyes to Africa, and, accompanied by his friend Lælius, he ventured to pay a visit to King Syphax, with whom Lælius had already commenced negotiations. Here Scipio is said to have met Hasdrubal, son of Gisco, and to have made a very favorable impression on Syphax as well as on Hasdrubal. After a short stay in Africa, Scipio returned to Spain, where he first punished several towns for their faithlessness, and subdued some of the Spanish chiefs who ventured to claim their former independence. During these occupations Scipio was attacked by a severe illness, from which, however, he recovered in time to quell an insurrection of 8,000 Roman soldiers, who were discontented from not having derived from their conquests those advantages which they had expected, and who are said also to have been bribed by the Carthaginians. Mago had in the meantime withdrawn to the Balearic Islands, and thence to Liguria. Gades, the last place which the Carthaginians possessed in Spain, was now taken from them, and thus the war in Spain was at an end.

Toward the close of the year B.C. 206, Scipio surrendered the command of the Roman forces in Spain to the proconsuls L. Lentulus and L. Manlius Acidinus, and returned to Rome. He delivered to the ærarium the immense treas-

SCHOPIN PINXIT.

GENEROSITY OF SCIPIO.

ures which he brought from Spain. He evidently wished for a triumph, but the senate paid no attention to his wishes, for no one had ever triumphed at Rome before he had held the consulship. In the year B.C. 205, Scipio was made consul with P. Licinius Crassus, who was at the same time pontifex maximus, and was consequently not allowed to leave Italy. If, therefore, a war was to be carried on abroad, the command necessarily devolved upon Scipio. His wish was immediately to sail with an army to Africa, but the more cautious senators, and especially Q. Fabius, were decidedly opposed to his plan, partly because Hannibal, as long as he was in Italy, appeared too formidable to be neglected, and partly because they were influenced by jealousy.

All that Scipio could obtain was that Sicily should be assigned to him as his province, with thirty vessels, and with permission to sail over to Africa in case he should think it advantageous to the republic. But he did not obtain from the Senate permission to levy an army, and he therefore called upon the Italian allies to provide him with troops and other things necessary for carrying on the war. As they were all willing to support the conqueror of the Carthaginians in Spain, he was soon enabled to sail to Sicily with nearly seven thousand volunteers and thirty ships. Soon after his arrival in Sicily he sent his friend Lælius with a part of his fleet to Africa, partly to keep up the connection which he had formed there, on his visit from Spain, with Syphax and Massinissa (for to the latter Scipio had sent back a nephew who had been taken prisoner in the battle of Bæcula), and partly to show to his timid opponents at Rome how groundless their fears were. He himself employed his time in Sicily most actively, in preparing and disciplining his new army.

Massinissa, dissatisfied with the Carthaginians, was anxious for the arrival of Scipio in Africa, but Syphax had altered his policy, and again joined the Carthaginians. The enemies of Scipio at Rome at last got an opportunity of attacking him, and they nearly succeeded in depriving him of his post. Without being authorized by the Senate, Scipio had taken part in the conquest of Locri, in Southern Italy, and had left his legate, Q. Flaminius, as commander of the Roman garrison in that place. The legate treated the Locrians with such severity and cruelty that they sent an embassy to Rome to lay their complaints before the Senate. As Scipio, although acquainted with the conduct of Flaminius, had nevertheless left him in command, his enemies attacked him on this and other grounds, and Fabius Maximus even proposed that he should be recalled. A commission was sent out to inquire into the state of affairs and to bring Scipio home, if the charges against him were found true. Scipio proved that his army was in the best possible condition; and the commissioners were so surprised at what they saw, that instead of recalling the consul, they bade him sail to Africa as soon as he might think it proper, and to adopt any measures that he might think useful.

Scipio, in consequence of this, sailed in B.C. 204 as proconsul, with a large army, from Lilybæum to Africa, and landed in the neighborhood of Utica. Here he made successful incursions into the neighboring country, and Has-

drubal, who attempted to prevent them, suffered a great defeat. But Scipio could not gain possession of Utica, which was of the greater importance to him and his fleet as the winter was approaching, and he was obliged to spend the season on a piece of land extending into the sea, which he fortified as well as he could. Toward the close of the winter the Carthaginians, united with Syphax, intended to make a general attack on Scipio's army and fleet, but being informed of their plans, he surprised the camps of Hasdrubal and Syphax in the night, and only a small number of the enemy escaped. Syphax withdrew into his own dominions, but was defeated by Massinissa and Lælius, and taken prisoner with his wife and one of his sons. Massinissa married Sophonisba, the wife of Syphax, who had formerly been engaged to him, but had been given to Syphax for political reasons. Scipio, fearing the influence she might have on Massinissa (for she was a Carthaginian), claimed her as a prisoner belonging to the Romans, and Massinissa poisoned her, to save her from the humiliation of captivity.

The fears and apprehensions of the Carthaginians now increased to such a degree that they thought it necessary to recall Hannibal from Italy, and at the same time they sued for peace. The terms which Scipio proposed would have concluded the war in a manner honorable to the Romans. The Carthaginians, however, whose only object was to gain time, made no objections to the conditions, but only concluded a truce of forty-five days, during which an embassy was to be sent to Rome. Before this truce was at an end, the Carthaginian populace plundered some Roman vessels with provisions, which were wrecked off Carthage, and even insulted the Roman envoys who came to demand reparation. Scipio did not resent this conduct and allowed the Carthaginian ambassadors, on their return from Rome, to pass on to Carthage unmolested. About this time (it was the autumn of the year B.C. 203) Hannibal arrived in Africa, and soon collected an army in numbers far exceeding that of Scipio. He first made a successful campaign against Massinissa. Scipio was at this time informed that the consul Tib. Claudius Nero would come with an army to co-operate with him against Hannibal.

Scipio, who wished to bring the war to a conclusion, and was unwilling to share the glory with anyone else, determined to bring Hannibal to a decisive battle. The Carthaginian at first avoided an engagement ; but when Scipio, in order to deceive the enemy, hastily retreated as if he intended to take to flight, Hannibal followed him with his cavalry and lost a battle in the neighborhood of Zama. A tribune of Scipio soon afterward cut off a large convoy of provisions which was on its way to the camp of Hannibal, and this suddenly threw him into such difficulties that he began to negotiate with Scipio for peace. The conditions, however, which Scipio now proposed were so humiliating, that the Carthaginians would not accept them. Hannibal, therefore, though he saw the impossibility of gaining any further advantages, was compelled to decide the affair by a last and desperate effort. In a personal interview between the two generals Scipio was inexorable as to the conditions. Hannibal's army was in a bad condition; and in the ensuing battle, to the west of Zama, the vic-

tory of Scipio was complete. This defeat (in B.C. 202) was the death-blow to Carthage.

Scipio, on his return to Italy, was received with the greatest enthusiasm; he entered Rome in triumph, and was henceforward distinguished by the name of Africanus. He now for several years continued to live at Rome, apparently without taking any part in public affairs. In B.C. 199 he obtained the office of censor with P. Ælius Pætus, and in B.C. 194 he was made consul a second time with Tib. Sempronius Longus, and princeps senatus, a distinction with which he had already been honored in B.C. 196, and which was conferred upon him for the third time in B.C. 190. In B.C. 193, during one of the disputes between the Carthaginians and Massinissa, Scipio was sent with two other commissioners to mediate between the parties; but nothing was settled, though, as Livy observes, Scipio might easily have put an end to the disputes. Scipio was the only Roman who thought it unworthy of the republic to support those Carthaginians who persecuted Hannibal; and there was a tradition that Scipio, in B.C. 193, was sent on an embassy to Antiochus, and that he met Hannibal in his exile, who in the conversation which took place, declared Scipio the greatest of all generals. Whether the story of the conversation be true or not, the judgment ascribed to Hannibal is just; for Scipio as a general was second to none but Hannibal himself.

In the year B.C. 190, some discussions arose in the Senate as to what provinces should be assigned to the two consuls, Lælius and L. Cornelius Scipio, brother of the great Africanus. Africanus, although he was princeps senatus, offered to accompany his brother, as legate, if the Senate would give him Greece as his province, for this province conferred upon Lucius the command in the war against Antiochus. The offer was accepted, and the two brothers set out for Greece, and thence for Asia. Africanus took his son with him on this expedition, but by some unlucky chance the boy was taken prisoner, and sent to Antiochus. The king offered to restore him to freedom, and to give a considerable sum of money, if the father would interpose his influence to obtain favorable terms for the king. Africanus refused; but the king, notwithstanding, soon after sent the boy back to his father, who just then was suffering from illness, and was absent from the camp. To show his gratitude, Africanus sent a message to Antiochus, advising him not to engage in a battle until he himself had returned to the Roman camp. After the great battle near Mount Sipylus, Antiochus again applied to Scipio for peace, and the latter now used his influence with his brother Lucius and the council of war, on behalf of the king. The conditions of the peace were tolerably mild, but they were afterward made much more severe when the peace was ratified at Rome.

The enemies of Africanus at Rome had now another charge against him. The peace with Antiochus, and the conditions proposed by Africanus and his brother Lucius, were regarded by the hostile party as the result of bribes from Antiochus, and of the liberation of the son of Africanus. A charge was therefore brought against the two brothers, on their return to Rome, of having accepted bribes of the king, and of having retained a part of the treasures which

they ought to have delivered up to the ærarium. At the same time they were called upon to give an account of the sums of money they had taken from Antiochus. Lucius was ready to obey; but his brother Africanus with indignation snatched the accounts from the hands of his brother and tore them to pieces before the Senate. The tribune of the people, C. Minucius Augurinus, however, fined Lucius; and when he was going to be thrown into prison until he should pay the heavy fine, Africanus dragged him away; and the tribune Tib. Gracchus, though disapproving of the violence of Africanus, liberated Lucius from imprisonment. Africanus himself was now summoned before the people by the tribune M. Nævius; but instead of answering the charges he reminded the people that it was the anniversary of his victory at Zama, and bade them rather thank the gods for such citizens as he.

After these troubles he withdrew to his villa near Liternum, and it was owing to the interposition of Tib. Gracchus that he was not compelled to obey another summons. The estates of his brother Lucius, however, were confiscated (B.C. 187), but the sum produced by their sale did not make up the amount of the fine. His friends and clients not only offered to make up the sum, but their generosity would even have made him richer than he had been before; but he refused to accept anything beyond what was absolutely necessary for his support. Africanus never returned from his voluntary exile, and he spent the last years of his life in quiet retirement at his villa. He is said to have wished to be buried on his estate; but there was, as Livy says, a tradition that he died at Rome, and was buried in the tomb of his family near the Porta Capena, where statues of him, his brother Lucius, and their friend Q. Ennius, were erected. The year of his death is not quite certain; for, according to Polybius, he died in the same year with Hannibal and Philopœmen (B.C. 183); according to others, two years earlier (B.C. 185).

In judging of Scipio Africanus as a general, we may adopt the judgment ascribed to Hannibal; but as a Roman citizen he is very far from deserving such praise. His pride and haughtiness were intolerable, and the laws of the constitution were set at nought whenever they opposed his own views and passions. As a statesman he scarcely did anything worth mentioning. By his wife Æmilia, daughter of Æmilius Paullus, he had two daughters, one of whom married P. Cornelius Scipio Nasica Corculum, the other, the celebrated Cornelia, married Tib. Sempronius Gracchus, and was the mother of the two Gracchi, the tribunes of the people.

CAIUS MARIUS

Extracts from "Cæsar, a Sketch," by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, LL.D.

(157–86 B.C.)

CAIUS MARIUS was at this time forty-eight years old.* Two-thirds of his life were over, and a name which was to sound throughout the world and be remembered through all ages, had as yet been scarcely heard of beyond the army and the political clubs in Rome. He was born at Arpinum, a Latin township, seventy miles from the capital, in the year 157 B.C. His father was a small farmer, and he was himself bred to the plough. He joined the army early, and soon attracted notice by his punctual discharge of his duties. In a time of growing looseness, Marius was strict himself in keeping discipline and in enforcing it as he rose in the service. He was in Spain when Jugurtha† was there, and made himself especially useful to Scipio; he forced his way steadily upward, by his mere soldierlike qualities, to the rank of military tribune. Rome, too, had learnt to know him, for he was chosen tribune of the people the year after the murder of Caius Gracchus. Being a self-made man, he belonged naturally to the popular party. While in office he gave offence in some way to the men in power, and was called before the Senate to answer for himself. But he had the right on his side, it is likely, for they found him stubborn and impertinent, and they could make nothing of their charges against him. He was not bidding at this time, however, for the support of the mob. He had the integrity and sense to oppose the largesses of corn; and he forfeited his popularity by trying to close the public granaries before the practice had passed into a system. He seemed as if made of a block of hard Roman oak, gnarled and knotted, but sound in all its fibres. His professional merit continued to recommend him. At the age of forty he became prætor, and was sent to Spain, where he left a mark again by the successful severity by which he cleared the province of banditti. He was a man neither given himself to talking, nor much talked about in the world; but he was sought for wherever work was to be done, and he had made himself respected and valued in high circles, for after his return from the Peninsula he had married into one of the most distinguished of the patrician families.

Marius by this marriage became a person of social consideration. His father had been a client of the Metelli; and Cæcilius Metellus, who must have known Marius by reputation and probably in person, invited him to go as second in com-

* B.C. 109.

† King of Numidia. He successfully withstood the Romans during several years.

mand in the African campaign. He was moderately successful. Towns were taken, battles were won: Metellus was incorruptible, and the Numidians sued for peace. But Jugurtha wanted terms, and the consul demanded unconditional surrender. Jugurtha withdrew into the desert; the war dragged on; and Marius, perhaps ambitious, perhaps impatient at the general's want of vigor, began to think that he could make quicker work of it. The popular party were stirring again in Rome, the Senate having so notoriously disgraced itself. There was just irritation that a petty African prince could defy the whole power of Rome for so many years; and though a democratic consul had been unheard of for a century, the name of Marius began to be spoken of as a possible candidate. Marius consented to stand. The law required that he must be present in person at the election, and he applied to his commander for leave of absence. Metellus laughed at his pretensions, and bade him wait another twenty years. Marius, however, persisted, and was allowed to go. The patricians strained their resources to defeat him, but he was chosen with enthusiasm. Metellus was recalled, and the conduct of the Numidian war was assigned to the new hero of the "Populares."

A shudder of alarm ran, no doubt, through the Senate house, when the determination of the people was known. A successful general could not be disposed of so easily as oratorical tribunes. Fortunately, Marius was not a politician. He had no belief in democracy. He was a soldier, and had a soldier's way of thinking on government and the methods of it. His first step was a reformation in the army. Hitherto the Roman legions had been no more than the citizens in arms, called for the moment from their various occupations, to return to them when the occasion for their services was past. Marius had perceived that fewer men, better trained and disciplined, could be made more effective and be more easily handled. He had studied war as a science. He had perceived that the present weakness need be no more than an accident, and that there was a latent force in the Roman state, which needed only organization to resume its ascendency. "He enlisted," it was said, "the worst of the citizens," men, that is to say, who had no occupation, and who became soldiers by profession; and as persons without property could not have furnished themselves at their own cost, he must have carried out the scheme proposed by Gracchus, and equipped them at the expense of the state. His discipline was of the sternest. The experiment was new; and men of rank who had a taste for war in earnest, and did not wish that the popular party should have the whole benefit and credit of the improvements, were willing to go with him; among them a dissipated young patrician, called Lucius Sulla, whose name also was destined to be memorable.

By these methods, and out of these materials, an army was formed, such as no Roman general had hitherto led. It performed extraordinary marches, carried its water-supplies with it in skins, and followed the enemy across sandy deserts hitherto found impassable. In less than two years the war was over. The Moors, to whom Jugurtha had fled, surrendered him to Sulla; and he was brought in chains to Rome, where he finished his life in a dungeon.

Marius had formed an army barely in time to save Italy from being totally overwhelmed. A vast migratory wave of population had been set in motion behind the Rhine and the Danube. The German forests were uncultivated. The hunting and pasture grounds were too straight for the numbers crowded into them, and two enormous hordes were rolling westward and southward in search of some new abiding-place. Each division consisted of hundreds of thousands. They travelled, with their wives and children, their wagons, as with the ancient Scythians and with the modern South African Dutch, being at once their conveyance and their home. Gray-haired priestesses tramped along among them, barefooted, in white linen dresses, the knife at their girdle; northern Iphigenias, sacrificing prisoners as they were taken, to the gods of Valhalla. On they swept, eating up the country, and the people flying before them. In 113 B.C. the skirts of the Cimbri had encountered a small Roman force near Trieste, and destroyed it. Four years later another attempt was made to stop them, but the Roman army was beaten and its camp taken. The Cimbrian host did not, however, turn at that time upon Italy. Their aim was the south of France. They made their way through the Alps into Switzerland, where the Helvetii joined them, and the united mass rolled over the Jura and down the bank of the Rhone. Roused at last into the exertion, the Senate sent into Gaul the largest force which the Romans had ever brought into the field. They met the Cimbri at Orange, and were simply annihilated. Eighty thousand Romans and forty thousand camp-followers were said to have fallen. The numbers in such cases are generally exaggerated, but the extravagance of the report is a witness to the greatness of the overthrow. The Romans had received a worse blow than at Cannæ. They were brave enough, but they were commanded by persons whose recommendations for command were birth or fortune; "preposterous men," as Marius termed them, who had waited for their appointment to open the military manuals.

Had the Cimbri chosen at this moment to recross the Alps into Italy, they had only to go and take possession, and Alaric would have been antedated by five centuries. In great danger it was the Senate's business to suspend the constitution. The constitution was set aside now, but it was set aside by the people themselves, not by the Senate. One man only could save the country, and that man was Marius. His consulship was over, and custom forbade his re-election. The Senate might have appointed him Dictator, but would not. The people, custom or no custom, chose him consul a second time—a significant acknowledgment that the Empire, which had been won by the sword, must be held by the sword, and that the sword itself must be held by the hand that was best fitted to use it. Marius first triumphed for his African victory, and, as an intimation to the Senate that the power for the moment was his and not theirs, he entered the Curia in his triumphal dress. He then prepared for the barbarians who, to the alarmed imagination of the city, were already knocking at its gates. Time was the important element in the matter. Had the Cimbri come at once after their victory at Orange, Italy had been theirs. But they did not come. With the un-

guided movements of some wild force of nature, they swerved away through Aquitaine to the Pyrenees. They swept across the mountains into Spain. Thence, turning north, they passed up the Atlantic coast and round to the Seine, the Gauls flying before them; thence on to the Rhine, where the vast body of the Teutons joined them, and fresh detachments of the Helvetii. It was as if some vast tide-wave had surged over the country and rolled through it, searching out the easiest passages. At length, in two divisions, the invaders moved definitely toward Italy, the Cimbri following their old tracks by the Eastern Alps toward Aquileia and the Adriatic, the Teutons passing down through Provence, and making for the road along the Mediterranean. Two years had been consumed in these wanderings, and Marius was by this time ready for them. The Senate had dropped the reins, and no longer governed or misgoverned; the popular party, represented by the army, was supreme. Marius was continued in office, and was a fourth time consul. He had completed his military reforms, and the army was now a professional service, with regular pay. Trained corps of engineers were attached to each legion. The campaigns of the Romans were thenceforward to be conducted with spade and pickaxe as much as with sword and javelin, and the soldiers learnt the use of tools as well as arms.

The effect of the change was like enchantment. The delay of the Germans made it unnecessary to wait for them in Italy. Leaving Catulus, his colleague in the consulship, to check the Cimbri in Venetia, Marius went himself, taking Sulla with him, into the south of France. As the barbarian host came on, he occupied a fortified camp near Aix. He allowed the enormous procession to roll past him in their wagons toward the Alps. Then, following cautiously, he watched his opportunity to fall on them. The Teutons were brave, but they had no longer mere legionaries to fight with, but a powerful machine, and the entire mass of them, men, women, and children, in numbers which, however uncertain, were rather those of a nation than an army, were swept out of existence. The Teutons were destroyed on the 20th of July, 102. In the year following, the same fate overtook their comrades. The Cimbri had forced the passes through the mountains. They had beaten the unscientific patrician Catulus, and had driven him back on the Po. But Marius came to his rescue. The Cimbri were cut to pieces near Mantua, in the summer of 101, and Italy was saved.

The victories of Marius mark a new epoch in Roman history.* The legions were no longer the levy of the citizens in arms, who were themselves the state for which they fought. The legionaries were citizens still. They had votes, and they used them; but they were professional soldiers with the modes of thought which belong to soldiers; and besides, the power of the hustings was now the power of the sword. The constitution remained to appearance intact, and means were devised sufficient to encounter, it might be supposed, the new danger. Standing armies were prohibited in Italy. Victorious generals returning from campaigns abroad were required to disband their legions on entering the sacred soil. But the materials of these legions remained a distinct order from the rest

* He was ranked with Romulus and Camillus and given the title of the third founder of Rome.

of the population, capable of instant combination, and in combination, irresistible, save by opposing combinations of the same kind.

The danger from the Germans was no sooner gone than political anarchy broke loose again. Marius, the man of the people, was the saviour of his country. He was made consul a fifth time, and a sixth. The party which had given him his command shared, of course, in his pre-eminence. The elections could be no longer interfered with or the voters intimidated. The public offices were filled with the most violent agitators, who believed that the time had come to revenge the Gracchi, and carry out the democratic revolution, to establish the ideal Republic, and the direct rule of the citizen assembly. This, too, was a chimera. If the Roman Senate could not govern, far less could the Roman mob govern. Marius stood aside, and let the voices rage. He could not be expected to support a system which had brought the country so near to ruin. He had no belief in the visions of the demagogues, but the time was not ripe to make an end of it all. Had he tried, the army would not have gone with him; so he sat still, till faction had done its work. The popular heroes of the hour were the tribune Saturninus and the prætor Glaucia. They carried corn laws and land laws—whatever laws they pleased to propose. The administration remaining with the Senate, they carried a vote that every senator should take an oath to execute their laws under penalty of fine and expulsion. Marius did not like it, and even opposed it, but let it pass at last.

Marius was an indifferent politician. He perceived as well as any one that violence must not go on, but he hesitated to put it down. He knew that the aristocracy feared and hated him. Between them and the people's consul no alliance was possible. He did not care to alienate his friends, and there may have been other difficulties which we do not know, in his way. The army itself was perhaps divided. On the popular side there were two parties: a moderate one, represented by Memmius, who, as tribune, had impeached the senators for the Jugurthine infamies; the other, the advanced radicals, led by Glaucia and Saturninus. Memmius and Glaucia were both candidates for the consulship; and as Memmius was likely to succeed, he was murdered.

Above the tumults of the factions in the Capitol a cry rising into shrillness began to be heard from Italy. Caius Gracchus had wished to extend the Roman franchise to the Italian states, and the suggestion had cost him his popularity and his life. The Italian provinces had furnished their share of the armies which had beaten Jugurtha, and had destroyed the German invaders. They now demanded that they should have the position which Gracchus designed for them: that they should be allowed to legislate for themselves, and no longer lie at the mercy of others, who neither understood their necessities, nor cared for their interests. They had no friends in the city, save a few far-sighted statesmen. Senate and mob had at least one point of agreement, that the spoils of the Empire should be fought for among themselves; and at the first mention of the invasion of their monopoly a law was passed making the very agitation of the subject punishable by death.

The contrast of character between two classes of population, became at once uncomfortably evident. The provincials had been the right arm of the Empire. Rome, a city of rich men with families of slaves, and of a crowd of impoverished freemen without employment to keep them in health and strength, could no longer bring into the field a force which could hold its ground against the gentry and peasants of Samnium. The Senate enlisted Greeks, Numidians, any one whose services they could purchase. They had to encounter soldiers who had been trained and disciplined by Marius, and they were taught, by defeat upon defeat, that they had a worse enemy before them than the Germans. Marius himself had almost withdrawn from public life. He had no heart for the quarrel, and did not care greatly to exert himself. At the bottom, perhaps, he thought that the Italians were in the right. The Senate discovered that they were helpless, and must come to terms if they would escape destruction. They abandoned the original point of difference, and they offered to open the franchise to every Italian state south of the Po, which had not taken arms, or which returned immediately to its allegiance. The war had broken out for a definite cause. When the cause was removed no reason remained for its continuance.

The panting Senate was thus able to breathe again. The war continued, but under better auspices. Sound material could now be collected again for the army. Marius being in the background, the chosen knight of the aristocracy, Lucius Sulla, whose fame in the Cimbrian war had been only second to that of his commander's, came at once to the front. Too late the democratic leaders repented of their folly in encouraging the Senate to refuse the franchise to the Italians. The Italians, they began to perceive, would be their surest political allies. Caius Gracchus had been right after all. The Roman democracy must make haste to offer the Italians more than all which the Senate was ready to concede to them. Together they could make an end of misrule, and place Marius once more at their head.

Much of this was perhaps the scheming passion of revolution; much of it was legitimate indignation, penitent for its errors and anxious to atone for them. Marius had his personal grievances. The aristocrats were stealing from him even his military reputation, and claiming for Sulla the capture of Jugurtha. He was willing, perhaps anxious, to take the Eastern command. Sulpicius Rufus, once a champion of the Senate and the most brilliant orator in Rome, went over to the people in the excitement. Rufus was chosen tribune, and at once proposed to enfranchise the remainder of Italy.

But Sulla was not so easily got rid of. It was no time for nice considerations. He had formed an army in Campania out of the legions which had served against the Italians. He had made his soldiers devoted to him. They were ready to go anywhere and do anything which Sulla bade them. After so many murders, and so many commotions, the constitution had lost its sacred character; a popular assembly was, of all conceivable bodies, the least fit to govern an empire; and in Sulla's eyes the Senate, whatever its deficiencies, was the only possible sovereign of Rome. The people were a rabble, and their voices

the clamor of fools, who must be taught to know their masters. His reply to Sulpicius and to the vote for his recall, was to march on the city. He led his troops within the circle which no legionary in arms was allowed to enter, and he lighted his watch-fires in the Forum itself. The people resisted; Sulpicius was killed; Marius, the saviour of his country, had to fly for his life, pursued by assassins, with a price set upon his head.* Twelve of the prominent popular leaders were immediately executed without trial; and in hot haste, swift, decisive measures were taken, which permanently, as Sulla hoped, or if not permanently, at least for the moment, would lame the limbs of the democracy.

He was no sooner out of Italy than the democratic party rose, with Cinna at their head, to demand the restoration of the old constitution. Cinna had been sworn to maintain Sulla's reforms, but no oath could be held binding which was extorted at the sword's point. A fresh Sulpicius was found in Carbo, a popular tribune. A more valuable supporter was found in Quintus Sertorius, a soldier of fortune, but a man of real gifts, and even of genius. Disregarding the new obligation to obtain the previous consent of the Senate, Cinna called the assembly together to repeal the acts which Sulla had forced on them.

The wounds of the social war were scarcely cicatrized, and the peace had left the allies imperfectly satisfied. Their dispersed armies gathered again about Cinna and Sertorius. Old Marius, who had been hunted through marsh and forest, and had been hiding with difficulty in Africa, came back at the news that Italy had risen again; and six thousand of his veterans flocked to him at the sound of his name. The Senate issued proclamations. The limitations on the Italian franchise left by Sulla were abandoned. Every privilege which had been asked for was conceded. It was too late. Concessions made in fear might be withdrawn on the return of safety. Marius and Cinna joined their forces. The few troops in the pay of the Senate deserted to them. They appeared together at the gates of the city, and Rome capitulated.

There was a bloody score to be wiped out. Marius bears the chief blame for the scenes which followed. Undoubtedly he was in no pleasant humor. A price had been set on his head, his house had been destroyed, his property had been confiscated, he himself had been chased like a wild beast, and he had not deserved such treatment. He had saved Italy when but for him it would have been wasted by the swords of the Germans. His power had afterward been absolute, but he had not abused it for party purposes. The Senate had no reason to complain of him. He had touched none of their privileges, incapable and dishonest as he knew them to be. His crime in their eyes had been his eminence. They had now shown themselves as cruel as they were worthless; and if public justice was disposed to make an end of them, he saw no cause for interference.

Thus the familiar story repeated itself: wrong was punished by wrong, and another item was entered on the bloody account which was being scored up year

* According to legend Marius took refuge among the ruins of Carthage, comparing his own fallen greatness to that of the city. His dignity in misfortune awed the soldiers who came to seize him, and they left him in peace.

after year. The noble lords and their friends had killed the people in the Forum. They were killed in turn by the soldiers of Marius. Fifty senators perished, not those who were specially guilty, but those who were most politically marked as patrician leaders. With them fell a thousand equites, commoners of fortune, who had thrown in their lot with the aristocracy. From retaliatory political revenge the transition was easy to pillage and wholesale murder; and for many days the wretched city was made a prey to robbers and cut-throats.

So ended the year 87, the darkest and bloodiest which the guilty city had yet experienced. Marius and Cinna were chosen consuls for the year ensuing, and a witches' prophecy was fulfilled, that Marius should have a seventh consulate. But the glory had departed from him. His sun was already setting, redly, among crimson clouds. He lived but a fortnight after his inauguration, and he died in his bed on the 13th of January, at the age of seventy-one.

"The mother of the Gracchi," said Mirabeau, "cast the dust of her murdered sons into the air, and out of it sprang Caius Marius."

JULIUS CÆSAR

By E. Spencer Beesly, M.A.

(100–44 B.C.)

Rome solved the great political problem of the ancient world in the best practicable, if not in the best conceivable, way. To Cæsar it fell to put the crowning stroke to that work. The several states of modern Europe have all contributed, though in different degrees, to political progress, and therefore no one of them has the unique importance and glory that belongs to Rome. For the same reason, no modern statesman stands on a level with Cæsar. He remains, in Shakespeare's phrase, "the foremost man of all this world." It was the high fortune of Rome that, in the principal crisis of her history, she possessed a citizen so splendidly endowed in intellect, character, and heart. Free to an extraordinary degree from the prejudices belonging to his age and country, with piercing and far-sweeping vision, he saw as from some superior height, the political situation of his own time in its

VANDERLYN PINXIT.

MARIUS ON THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

relation to the past and the future of the ancient world. If Rome had till then carried out the work of conquest with considerable method, and upon the whole, with steadiness, she had very inadequately satisfied the need for incorporation. Her oligarchical constitution, admirably adapted for the first task, could not easily reconcile itself to the second. In its best days, and while Carthage and Macedon were still formidable, the Senate had from time to time, prudently though grudgingly, extended the privilege of citizenship to some of the subject Italian states. But the great mass of Italians had only extorted it by rebellion during the boyhood of Cæsar, and outside Italy, the conquered nations were still on the footing of subject allies, trampled upon and fleeced for the benefit of Rome, or rather of the Roman nobles and capitalists. If the great dominion was to be maintained in some tolerable degree of well-being for all its members, or even maintained at all, it was absolutely necessary that the so-called Republican constitution, always oppressive for the provinces, and now shamefully corrupt, should be replaced by personal government. For a complete incorporation of the subject peoples was not to be expected from the suffrages of a dominant people, to even the poorest of whom, it would mean the cessation of highly prized privileges and immunities. The provinces would from the earliest moment of their subjection have welcomed such a change. The time was more than ripe for it when the Roman world lay at the feet of Sulla. Sulla had all the ability, self-reliance, prestige, and opportunity that were needed. But his moral nature was below the task. He had neither the insight, nor the sympathy, nor the noble ambition of Cæsar, and he preferred to re-establish the senatorial oligarchy.

When Sulla crushed the Marian party Cæsar had just arrived at manhood. Though of an old patrician house, he had yet a family connection with the democratic party, Marius having married his aunt. He himself had married a daughter of the democratic leader Cinna, and for refusing to divorce her he was proscribed by Sulla, but managed to keep in hiding till the storm was past. After the death of the great reactionist (B.C. 78), he seized every opportunity of reviving the spirit of the popular party; as, for instance, by publicly honoring the memory of Marius, bringing to justice murderers of the proscription, and courageously raising his single voice in the Senate against the illegal execution of Catiline's

partisans (B.C. 63). Clearly seeing the necessity for personal government, at a time when his own services and distinctions were not such as to entitle him to aspire to it, Cæsar did his best to secure it for Pompey, then far the foremost man in Rome, by strenuously supporting measures which virtually placed the empire at his absolute disposal for an indefinite period. A fairly good soldier, but a most vain, unreliable, and incompetent statesman, Pompey after five years let these powers slip through his hands.

Cæsar was by this time thirty-eight (B.C. 62). He had steadily risen in influence and official rank; and it was, no doubt, now that he determined to take the great task into his own hands. He was the recognized chief of the popular party, which aimed at concentrating Republican government in the hands of a single person, as the only means of bridling the oligarchy. But this was not to be accomplished merely by popular votes, as many a democratic leader had found to his cost. Cæsar needed an army and a military reputation, and with rare patience he set himself to acquire both. By a coalition with Pompey—now obliged to treat him as an equal—he obtained the consulship (B.C. 59), which on its expiration entitled him to a great military command.

Roman generals had of late preferred to extend their conquests eastward, and to win comparatively easy and lucrative triumphs in Asia, over people who had possessed for long ages a type of civilization suited to them, and who therefore could never thoroughly assimilate Western manners and institutions. All this time Gaul, lying at the gates of Italy, was neglected (only the district between the Cevennes and the Alps having been reduced), because the people were more warlike, and less booty was to be gained. Yet, till that conquest should be effected, Rome's work of civilizing the world was standing still; nay, it was always menaced by northern invasions. This field of action, then, Cæsar marked out for himself, in which he could prepare the means for assuming power at home, and at the same time render the highest service to his country and humanity. His ardent spirit, his incredible energy in all circumstances of his life, astonished his contemporaries. Time pressed, for he was no longer young. While he was absent from Rome, what revolutions might not mar his plans! Yet, ten continuous years did he devote to this great task, which, if he had achieved nothing else, would make his name one of the greatest in history. In those ten years he conquered Gaul, from the Pyrenees to the Rhine and the British Channel; conquered her so thoroughly, and treated her so sensibly, that when the fierce struggle was over, she frankly and even proudly accepted her new position. The culture, the institutions, even the language of the victors, were eagerly adopted. The grandsons of the men who had fought so gallantly against Cæsar, won full citizenship, took their seats in the Senate, and commanded Roman armies.

These ten years decided the future of the West, and therefore of Humanity. It is not merely the central position and natural advantages of France, nor yet the admirable qualities of her people, which have made her throughout mediæval and modern history, the foremost of European states. It is even more the result

of her rapid and thorough acceptance of Roman civilization. This made her the heir of Rome. This enabled her, long afterward, to Romanize Germany and England in some degree, and as it were at second-hand, by the arms of Charlemagne and William.

It had been arranged between Cæsar and Pompey, that during the absence of the former in Gaul, the latter should act with the popular party, and keep the nobility in the condition of impotence to which it had been reduced in the consulship of Cæsar. Partly from jealousy of Cæsar, partly from sheer incapacity, Pompey, after much vacillation and duplicity, finally allied himself with the nobles, thinking with their aid to crush his rival and thereafter to be supreme. The nobles, for their part, thought they would know how to deal with Pompey if once Cæsar was out of the way. In the negotiations which preceded the civil war, Cæsar showed a moderation and fairness in striking contrast with the unscrupulous and headstrong violence of the nobles, who had not even formal legality on their side. But when he was finally summoned to hand over his province and army to a nominee of the Senate, on pain of being declared a public enemy, and when the tribunes who had reversed the resolution of the Senate were obliged to fly for their lives to his camp, he suddenly crossed the river Rubicon, the boundary of his province, and marched on Rome (B.C. 49).

He had but one legion with him; the bulk of his army was far away in its Gallic cantonments. The forces of Pompey were overwhelmingly superior in numbers. But the rapid and daring advance of Cæsar prevented their concentration. He came, not merely the adored general of a veteran army, but the long-tried and consistent leader of the liberal party, who had never swerved from his principles, never betrayed his friends, never flinched from dangers. Fascinated by his success and encouraged by his clemency, towns everywhere opened their gates and Pompeian levies joined him, swelling his army at every stage as he swept down Italy.

Pompey, for his part, was not sorry to have a pretext for moving eastward toward the scene of his early triumphs, where his military prestige and his personal influence would cause all the client states to rally round him, and the sulky and suspicious nobles would find themselves overshadowed. So he crossed the Adriatic, leaving the large veteran army in Spain, which was under his orders, to take care of itself. Thither Cæsar proceeded as soon as he had secured Italy, bent on making sure of the West before doing anything else. When the Spanish legions were beaten, he lost no time in following Pompey, who had found the respite all too short for drilling his large but raw force of Romans, and organizing the masses of Asiatics whom he had summoned to his standard. In the campaign that ensued, the conqueror of the East fully maintained his old military reputation; but at length, driven by the clamor of the nobles to risk a pitched battle, he suffered a crushing defeat on the field of Pharsalia (B.C. 48). Flying to Egypt, still an independent kingdom, he was assassinated by order of the government.

The beaten party rallied again, first in Africa, then in Spain; and of the

three years and nine months of life that remained to Cæsar, much the greater portion was spent at the head of his army. He, therefore, had not time to give any complete organization to his new government. But his intentions are clearly discernible in outline. Supreme power, legislative as well as executive, was to be vested in a single ruler, governing not by divine right, but as the representative of the community, and in its interest. This was indeed an ideal by no means novel to Romans. Scipio had brooded over it. Caius Gracchus had for a moment realized it. The oldest institutions and traditions told of it. It was the power of the ancient kings theoretically continued to, and in grave emergencies actually exercised by, the magistrates of the Republic during its best days. It had been increasingly overshadowed by the Senate. That body was now to be reduced to its original consultative office. The functions of the executive had been gradually divided among several magistrates. They were now to be re-concentrated. Above all, annual election—the cherished institution of all oligarchies, open or disguised—was to be replaced by life-tenure, with power to name a successor. The subjects of Rome were to be admitted to citizenship, wherever and whenever fit for it; and there is reason to believe that Cæsar intended to move much faster in this direction than his successor did. Rome itself, from the mistress of the Empire, was to become its capital and most dignified municipality. All old parties—Cæsar's own included—were to consider themselves at an end. "To the victors the spoils!" was a cry rebuked from the first. For the vanquished of Pharsalia there was not only amnesty, but admission to the highest grades of the public service, if they would bury their old grudge and recognize the government. Pauperism among the lower class, and insolvency among the upper—ulcers not admitting of a radical cure—were treated with judicious palliatives. Taxation was reduced, expenditure was increased, and yet the balance in the treasury at Cæsar's death was tenfold what it had ever been before—a proof of the frightful waste and corruption from which the Roman world was rescued by the overthrow of the oligarchy.

Of the administrative work of Cæsar it is impossible here to give any adequate idea. A reform of the calendar, which served the West till 1582, and serves Russia still; a recasting of the whole provincial administration; a codification of Roman law; a census of the Empire; a uniform gold coinage; a public library; a metropolitan police; building regulations; sanitary regulations; an alteration of the course of the Tiber, which would have drained the marshes —all these grand projects, and more, some carried to completion, some only sketched out, teemed from the active brain of the great organizer, in the brief moments he could spare from military cares in these last months of his life—a devouring activity, an all-embracing capacity, such as perhaps never shone forth in man before or since. What Roman incorporation meant for the ancient world was at last revealed. The war havoc of seven centuries had found its justification.

In the midst of this glorious and beneficent career, at the age of fifty-five (57 ?), Cæsar, whose frank and fearless spirit disdained suspicion or precaution,

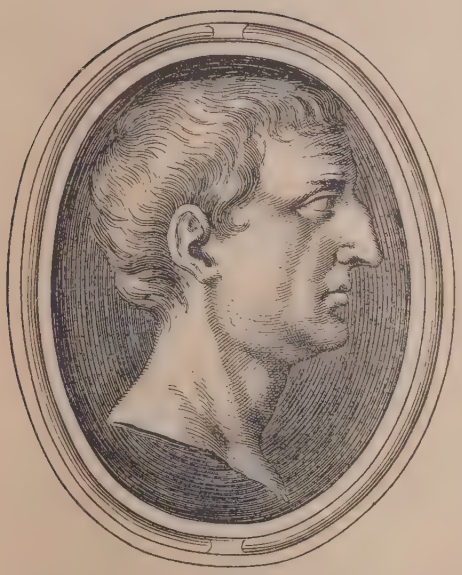
THE IDES OF MARCH.

was assassinated by a knot of rancorous, perfidious aristocrats, whom he had pardoned and promoted. Their purblind spite was powerless to avert the inevitable advent of monocracy. What they did effectually extinguish for more than a century, was the possibility of amnesty, conciliation, and mutual confidence. Careless as usual of historical truth, the great English poet has glorified the murderers of Cæsar. Dante, never forgetting the moral responsibility of art, has reserved the lowest circle of hell for Brutus, Cassius, and Judas Iscariot.

It imports little to the greatness of such a one as Cæsar, to add that in an age of oratory he stood in the first rank of orators; that his historical writings are an unrivalled model of vigor, lucidity, and elegance; that he carried his scientific culture to a point very unusual among his countrymen; and that his personal prowess and feats of endurance were the admiration of veteran soldiers. Women loved him, and he loved them. Enjoying life thoroughly, he was temperate in all things. To no man has it been given to approach more nearly to the perfection of human nature—complete, evenly balanced, and self-controlled.

MARC ANTONY

(83–30 B.C.)



MARCUS ANTONIUS, or Marc Antony, grandson of Antonius the orator, and son of Antonius Creticus, seems to have been born about 83 B.C. While still a child he lost his father, whose example however, had he been spared, would have done little for the improvement of his character. Brought up under the influence of the disreputable Cornelius Lentulus Sura, whom his mother had married, Antony spent his youth in profligacy and extravagance. For a time he co-operated with the reprobate Clodius in his political plans, chiefly, it is supposed, through hostility to Cicero, who had caused Lentulus, his stepfather, to be put to death as one of the Catiline conspirators; but he soon withdrew from the connection, on account of a disagreement which, appropriately enough, arose in regard to his relations to his associate's wife, Flavia. Not long after, in 58 B.C., he fled to Greece, to escape the importunity of his creditors; and at length, after a short time spent in attendance on the philosophers at

Athens, found an occasion for displaying some of the better features of his character, in the wars that were being carried on by Gabinius against Aristobulus in Palestine, and in support of Ptolemy Auletes in Egypt.

A new chapter in his life was opened by the visit which he made to Julius Cæsar in Gaul (54 B.C.). Welcomed by the victorious general as a valuable assistant in his ambitious designs, and raised by his influence to the offices of quæstor, augur, and tribune of the plebes, he displayed admirable boldness and activity in the maintenance of his patron's cause, in opposition to the violence and intrigues of the oligarchical party. At length his antagonists prevailed, and expelled him from the curia; and the political contest became a civil war. The Rubicon was crossed; Cæsar was victorious, and Antony shared in his triumph. Deputy-governor of Italy during Cæsar's absence in Spain (49), second in command in the decisive battle of Pharsalia (48), and again deputy-governor of Italy while Cæsar was in Africa (47), Antony was now inferior in power only to the dictator himself, and eagerly seized the opportunity of indulging in the most extravagant excesses of luxurious licentiousness—excesses which Cicero depicted in the "Philippics" with all the elaborate eloquence of political hatred. In 46 he seems to have taken offence at Cæsar, because he insisted on payment for the property of Pompey which Antony professedly had purchased, but had merely appropriated. But the estrangement was not of long continuance, for we find Antony meeting the dictator at Narbo the following year, and rejecting the advances of Trebonius, who endeavored to discover if there was any hope of getting Antony to join in the conspiracy that was already on foot. In 44 he was consul along with Cæsar, and seconded his ambition by the famous offer of the crown on the 15th of February, thus unconsciously preparing the way for the tragedy on the 15th of March. To the sincerity of his adherence to Cæsar, the conspirators themselves bore witness on that memorable day, by the care which they took to keep him engaged without, while the daggers were doing their work within.

This was the second great epoch in Antony's life. A brighter prospect than ever was then opened to his ambition. By his eloquence—a hereditary gift—he managed to stir up the minds of the populace against the assassins of Cæsar, and drove them from the city. He made peace with the remaining representatives of the senatorial party, and seemed almost to have succeeded to the power and position of his unfortunate patron. But the youthful Octavius, whom Cæsar had adopted as his son, arrived from Illyria, and claimed the inheritance of his "father." Agreement was impossible, and war ensued. Octavius obtained the support of the Senate and of Cicero; and the veteran troops of the dictator flocked to his standard. Antony was denounced as a public enemy; and the city gave its loudest applause to the tirades of his most eloquent accuser. His cause gradually lost ground, and seemed to be totally ruined when his army was defeated in the siege of Mutina (43 B.C.). But escaping to Cisalpine Gaul, he formed a junction with Lepidus, and they marched toward Rome with 17 legions and 10,000 cavalry.

The wily Octavius now betrayed his party, and entered into terms with Antony and Lepidus. It was agreed that they three should adopt the title—so beautifully ironical—of *Triumviri reipublicæ constituendæ*, and share the power and the provinces among them. Gaul was to be Antony's; Spain fell to the lot of Lepidus, and Africa, Sardinia, and Sicily were to belong to Octavius. A conjunct proscription followed, each of the partners in the villanous design bartering the life of his friends, for the pleasure of destroying his foes. The detested author of the "Philippics" was given up to Antony's revenge; and, according to Appian, the number of the victims amounted to 300 senators and 2,000 knights. In the following year Antony and Octavius proceeded against the conspirators, Cassius and Brutus, who still maintained themselves in Macedonia; and, in the battles of Philippi, stamped out the last embers of republican Rome.

While Octavius returned to Italy, Antony proceeded to Greece, and thence to Asia Minor, for the sake of recruiting his funds, completing the subjugation of the Eastern provinces, and obtaining satisfaction about the conduct of the Egyptian queen during the recent contest. On his passage through Cilicia, in 41, he was visited by Cleopatra, who came to answer the charges in person. She sailed up the Cydnus in a gorgeous bark, with a fantastic and brilliant equipage, and brought all her allurements to bear on the heart of the voluptuous Roman. Her success was complete; and he who was to have been her judge, was led captive to Alexandria as her slave. All was forgotten in the fascination and delight of the passing hour; and feasting and revelry found perpetual and ever-varying renewal.

At length Antony was aroused by the Parthian invasion of Syria, and the report of an outbreak between Fulvia, his wife, and Lucius, his brother, on the one hand, and Octavius on the other. On arriving in Italy he found that the war was over, and Octavius the victor; and the chief cause of disagreement being soon after removed by the death of Fulvia, a reconciliation was speedily effected between the triumvirs, and cemented by the marriage of Antony with Octavia, the sister of his colleague. A new division of the Roman world was agreed on at Brundusium; Lepidus receiving Africa, Octavius the West, and Antony the East.

Returning to his province, Antony was for a time successful; his general, Ventidius, beating the Parthians, and Socius capturing Jerusalem and conquering Antigonus. But after another visit to Italy, during which the triumvirate was prolonged for five years, Antony sent away his wife, yielded himself completely to the evil influence of Cleopatra, indulged not only in licentiousness, but in tyranny, and allowed his affairs to be neglected or delayed. An expedition against the Parthians was a failure; but for this, his success against Artavasdes, the Armenian king, in some measure compensated. Octavius at length determined to get rid of Antony, and had little need of invention to bring charges sufficient against him. About two years were spent in preparations and delays on both sides, and it was not till the year 31 that the fate of Antony was decided by the battle of Actium.

Defeated and deserted, he once more sought refuge and repose in the society of Cleopatra, but was followed even there by his relentless rival. At first he made a gallant effort to defend himself, and partially succeeded. But convinced of the hopelessness of his position, and assured of the suicide of his mistress, he followed the example which he was falsely informed she had given (30 B.C.). Antony had been married in succession to Fadia, Antonia, Fulvia, and Octavia, and left behind him a number of children. A short but vivid sketch of Antony is given by De Quincey in his "Essay on the Cæsars."

HERMANN

(16 B.C.–21 A.D.)

HERMANN, the Arminius of the Roman historians, the son of Sigimer, chief of the Cherusci, was born about B.C. 16 or 17. Being sent in early youth as a hostage to Rome, probably in consequence of the victories of Drusus, which had established the supremacy of Rome over the Catti, Cherusci, and other tribes of North Germany, he obtained the favor of Augustus, and was inscribed among the Roman knights. On his return to his native country, he resolved to deliver it from the Romans, whose oppression had become intolerable. Quintilius Varus, a rapacious man, was then the Roman governor in Germany. He had held office in Syria, where he had ruled with great harshness; and fancying that he might act in the same way toward the fierce tribes of the North, he roused among them a bitter hatred of the Romans.

They found in Hermann a leader of extraordinary bravery and resource. He laid his plans with the chiefs of the Catti, Bructeri, and other tribes that lived between the Rhine and the Albis (Elbe), some of which broke out into insurrection. Hermann then offered Varus his assistance in reducing them to subjection, and thus led him to advance some distance from the Rhine into the interior. Varus began his march with three legions, six cohorts, and a body of cavalry, and Hermann served him as a guide through the wilds. The Romans were thus drawn into an ambuscade in the Teutoburg forest, and found themselves all at once surrounded by numerous bodies of Germans, who were directed by Her-

PAUL THUMANN

Photogravure Hanfstaengl

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mann himself. The Romans fought desperately; but being unacquainted with the localities, and unable to form their ranks owing to the thickness of the forests and the marshy nature of the ground, they were defeated after a three days' battle, by the Germans, who destroyed them in detail. At last, Varus, being wounded and seeing no chance of escape, fell upon his sword, and the other chief officers followed his example.

The legions were entirely destroyed, and the cavalry alone cut their way through the enemy and regained the banks of the Rhine. By this defeat the Romans lost all their conquests beyond that river; and although Germanicus some years after again carried their arms to the Weser, they never established anything like a solid dominion over those regions. The defeat of Varus occurred, according to various chronologists, in the year 763 of Rome (A.D. 9). The scene of the defeat is conjectured to have been in the country of the Bructeri, near the sources of the Ems and the Lippe. The news of this calamity, the greatest that had befallen the Roman arms since the defeat of Crassus, was received with universal amazement and terror. The despairing cry of Augustus, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!" testified to the consternation even at Rome, where it was expected that the barbarians would take a terrible revenge for the wrongs they had suffered.

The fears of invasion, however, were not realized. L. Asprena guarded the banks of the Rhine, and the Germans were too little united among themselves to attack the Empire. Augustus in the following year sent Tiberius to the Rhine with a fresh army; but he does not seem to have effected anything of importance. Hermann meantime quarrelled with Segestes, chief of the Catti, whose daughter Tusnelda, he had carried off and married against her father's consent. When Germanicus, after the death of Augustus, marched into the interior of Germany to avenge the defeat of Varus, he was assisted by Segestes, and also by the Chauci and other tribes. In the first battle against Hermann, his wife Tusnelda, was taken prisoner by the Romans, and she afterward figured in the triumph of Germanicus. Germanicus, having reached the scene of Varus's defeat, paid funeral honors to the remains of the legions; but Hermann, who was hovering about his line of march, without coming to a pitched battle, harassed him in his retreat, and occasioned a great loss to Cæcina, the lieutenant of Germanicus.

In the following year, Germanicus advanced again as far as the Visurgis, or Weser, where he found Hermann encamped ready for battle. A desperate fight took place, in which Hermann, after performing prodigies of valor, was defeated, and escaped with difficulty. But the victory was gained at such cost that Germanicus and his army had to take refuge in their ships, nor did the Romans ever again attempt the conquest of the fiercer German tribes.

When Tiberius recalled Germanicus, he observed that the Cherusci, Bructeri, and other unsubdued tribes, might be left to their own internal dissensions. He seems to have guessed right.

No sooner had the Romans been driven off, than Hermann had to protect his people against an internal danger. Maroboduus, the chief of the Marcomanni, a

man of great ambition, had by treachery or by open fighting, made himself master of several neighboring tribes. Hermann began to fear his designs, and after the defeat of Varus, warned him of his peril by sending him the Roman general's head. When Germanicus finally left the country, Hermann declared war against Maroboduus, and, being joined by the Semnones and Longobards, defeated him on the borders of the Hercynian forest, broke up his kingdom, and drove him from Germany. The fugitive applied to Rome for assistance. Tiberius then sent his son Drusus into the Illyricum; but the Romans did not advance beyond the Danube, and Hermann remained unmolested in Northern Germany. Shortly after, however, Hermann was killed by his own relatives, being accused, as it would seem, of aspiring to absolute dominion. He died at the age of thirty-seven, in the twenty-first year of our era, after being for twelve years the leader and champion of Germany.

TRAJAN

By J. S. Reid, Litt.D.

(53–117)

The Roman Empire reached its greatest extent under Marcus Ulpius Traianus, the fourteenth emperor. Of him it was said that he "built the world over," and the Romans themselves regarded him as the best, and perhaps the greatest of their emperors. He was a native of Italica, in Spain. The family to which he belonged was probably Italian, and not Iberian, by blood. His father began life as a common legionary soldier, and fought his way up to the consulship and the governorship of Asia. He was one of the hardest fighters in Judæa under Vespasian and Titus; he served, too, against the Parthians, and won the highest military distinction open to a subject, the grant of the triumphal insignia. Thus he acquired a prominent place among the brand new patricians created by the Flavians as substitutes for the nobles of old descent who had succumbed to the cruelty and rapacity of the emperors from Tiberius to Nero.

The younger Trajan was rigorously trained by his father, and deeply imbued with the same principles and tastes. He was a soldier born and bred. No better representative of the true old hardy Roman type, little softened either by luxury

or education, had come to the head of affairs since the days of Marius. The date of his birth was probably 53 A.D. His training was almost exclusively military, but his experience as an officer gave him an acquaintance with almost every important province of the empire, which was of priceless value to him when he came to the throne. For ten years he held a commission as military tribune, which took him to many lands far asunder; then he filled important posts in Syria and Spain. How much actual warfare Trajan saw in those days we can hardly tell; he certainly went through some severe service under his father's command against the Parthians. By the year 89 he had achieved a considerable reputation. At that time L. Antonius Saturninus headed a rebellion in Germany, which threatened seriously to bring Domitian's rule to an end. Trajan was ordered in hot haste from Farther Spain to the Rhine. Although he carried his troops over that long and arduous march with almost unexampled rapidity, he only arrived after the insurrection had been put down. But his promptitude raised him higher in the favor of Domitian, and he was advanced to the consulship in 91. Of the next five years of his life we know nothing positively. It is not unlikely that they were spent at Rome or in Italy in the fulfilment of some official duties.

When the revolution of 96 came, and Nerva replaced the murdered Domitian, Trajan had conferred upon him one of the most important posts in the Empire, that of consular legate of Upper Germany. An officer whose nature, as the event showed, was interpenetrated with the spirit of legality, was a fitting servant of a revolution whose aim it was to substitute legality for personal caprice, as the dominant principle of affairs. The short reign of Nerva really did start the Empire on a new career, which lasted more than three-quarters of a century. But it also demonstrated how impossible it was for any one to govern at all who had no claim, either personal or inherited, to the respect of the legions. Nerva saw that if he could not find an Augustus to control the army, the army would find another Domitian to trample the Senate under foot. In his difficulties he took counsel with L. Licinius Sura, a lifelong friend of Trajan, and in October, 97, he ascended the Capitol, and with all due solemnity proclaimed that he adopted Trajan as his son.

The Senate confirmed the choice, and acknowledged the emperor's adopted son as his successor. In a letter which Nerva sent at once to Trajan, he quoted most significantly a line from the beginning of the "Iliad," where Chryses, insulted by Achilles, prays to Apollo: "May thy shafts afford me vengeance on the Greeks for my tears." After a little hesitation Trajan accepted the position, which was marked by the titles of Imperator, Cæsar, and Germanicus, and by the tribunician authority. He immediately proceeded to Lower Germany, to assure himself of the fidelity of the troops in that province, and while at Cologne he received news of Nerva's death (January, 98).

The authority of the new emperor was recognized at once all the Empire over. The novel fact that a master of the Romans should have been born on Spanish soil seems to have passed with little remark, and this very absence of

notice is significant. Trajan's first care as emperor was to write to the Senate an assurance like that which had been given by Nerva, that he would neither kill nor degrade any senator. He ordered the establishment of a temple and cult in honor of his adoptive father, but he did not present himself at Rome for nearly two years after his accession. Possibly he had taken measures before Nerva's death to secure the revenge which Nerva craved, but probably did not live to see. In his dealings with the mutinous prætorians the strength of the new emperor's hand was shown at once. He ordered a portion of the force to Germany. They did not venture to disobey, and were distributed among the legions there. Those who remained at Rome were easily overawed and reformed. It is still more surprising that the soldiers should have quietly submitted to a reduction in the amount of the donative or gift which it was customary for them to receive from a new emperor, though the civil population of the capital were paid their largess (*congiarium*) in full. By politic management Trajan was able to represent the diminution as a sort of discount for immediate payment, while the civilians had to wait a considerable time before their full due was handed to them.

The secret of Trajan's power lay in his close personal relations with the officers and men of the army, and in the soldierly qualities which commanded their esteem. He possessed courage, justice, and frankness to a high degree. Having a good title to military distinction himself, he could afford, as the unwarlike emperors could not, to be generous to his officers. The common soldiers, on the other hand, were fascinated by his personal prowess and his somewhat ostentatious *camaraderie*. His features were firm and clearly cut; his figure was tall and soldierly, and exhibited the sinewy hard health of a veteran campaigner. His hair was already gray before he came to the throne, though he was not more than forty-four years old. The stoutness of the emperor's arm had been proved in the face of his men in many a hard fight. When on service he used the mean fare of the common private, dining on salt pork, cheese, and sour wine. Nothing pleased him better than to take part with the centurion or the soldier in fencing or other military exercise, and he would applaud any shrewd blow which fell upon his own helmet. He loved to display his acquaintance with the career of distinguished veterans, and to talk with them of their battles and their wounds. Probably he lost nothing of his popularity with the army by occasional free indulgence in sensual pleasures, with which, as Bacon remarks, the soldier is apt to pay himself for the perils he encounters. Yet every man felt and knew that no detail of military duty, however minute, escaped the emperor's eye, and that any relaxation of discipline would be rigidly punished, yet with unwavering justice.

Trajan emphasized at once his personal control and the constitutionality of his sway, by bearing on his campaigns the actual title of "proconsul," which no other emperor had done. All things considered, it is not surprising that he was able, without serious opposition from the army, to remodel the whole military institutions of the empire, and to bring them into a shape from which there was

comparatively little departure so long as the army lasted. In disciplinary matters no emperor since Augustus had been able to keep so strong a control over the troops. Pliny rightly praises Trajan as the lawgiver and the founder of discipline, and Vegetius classes Augustus, Trajan, and Hadrian together as restorers of the *morale* of the army. The confidence which existed between Trajan and his army finds expression in some of the coins of his reign.

For nearly two years after his election Trajan did not appear in Rome. He had decided already what the great task of his reign should be—the establishment of security upon the dangerous northeastern frontier. Before visiting the capital he determined to put affairs in train for the attainment of this great object. He made a thorough inspection of the great lines of defence between the Danube and the Rhine, and framed, and partly carried out, a vast scheme for strengthening and securing them. The policy of opposing uncivilized tribes by the construction of the *limes*, a raised embankment of earth or other material, intersected here and there by fortifications, was not his invention, but it owed in great measure its development to him. This grand work, which would have excited the envy of Augustus, is traceable in its main extent at the present day. Among a people of roadmakers, Trajan was one of the greatest, and we have definite evidence from inscriptions that some of the military roads in this region were constructed by him. The more secure control which the Romans now maintained over the territory within the *limes*, tended to its rapid civilization, and the Roman influence, if not the Roman arms, soon began to affect powerfully the regions beyond.

After his careful survey of the Rhine end of the great defensive barrier, Trajan proceeded to consider it and plan it from the Danube. From the age of Tiberius onward, the Romans possessed the whole southern bank of the river from its source to the Euxine. But the precarious tenure of their possession, had been deeply impressed on them by the disasters and humiliations they had undergone in these districts during the reign of Domitian. A prince had arisen among the Dacians, Decebalus by name, worthy to be placed at the head of all the great barbarian antagonists of Rome. Like Maroboduus, he was able to combine the forces of tribes commonly hostile to each other, and his military ability almost went the length of genius. After he had swept the province of Mœsia bare, he was defeated by one of Domitian's lieutenants, but the position of affairs on the Danubio-Rhenish border was still so threatening, that the emperor was glad to conclude a treaty which conferred extraordinary advantages on his foe. Not only did the Romans stipulate to pay to Decebalus an annual subsidy, which he must have regarded as a tribute, but they agreed to supply him with engineers and craftsmen skilled in all kinds of construction, but particularly in the erection of fortifications and defensive works. During the nine or ten years which had elapsed since the conclusion of this remarkable treaty, the Dacian prince had immensely strengthened the approaches to his kingdom from the Roman side. He had also equipped and drilled his formidable army after the Roman fashion. It was impossible for a soldier like Trajan to endure

the conditions laid down by Domitian ; but the conquest of Dacia had become one of the most formidable tasks that had ever confronted the Empire. Trajan, no doubt, planned a war before he left the Danube for Rome late in 99.

The arrival of the emperor had been awaited in the capital with an impatience which is expressed by Pliny and by Martial. All that had happened since Trajan's elevation to the throne had raised high at Rome the hope of a prosperous and glorious reign. As he entered the city and went on foot to the Capitol, the plaudits of the people were unmistakably genuine. During his stay in the city he riveted more firmly still the affections both of the Senate and of the people. The reconciliation of the Empire with liberty, inaugurated, as Tacitus says, by Nerva, seemed now to be securely achieved. Trajan was absolutely open and simple, and lived with men at Rome as he had lived with his soldiers while on service. He realized the Senate's ideal of the citizen ruler. The assurance that no senator should suffer was renewed by oath. All the old republican formalities were most punctiliously observed—even those attendant on the emperor's election to the consulate, so far as they did not involve a restoration of the old order of voting at the comitia. The veneration for republican tradition is curiously attested by the reproduction of many republican types of coin struck by senatorial officers.

Trajan seized every opportunity for emphasizing his view that the *princeps* was merely the greatest of the magistrates, and so was not above but under the laws. He was determined, he said, to be to his subjects such a ruler as he had desired for himself when a subject. There is a pretty story to the effect that he handed the commander of the prætorians his sword, and said, "Use it for me if I do well, but against me if I do ill." Martial, who had called Domitian his lord and his god, now cried, "In him we have no lord, but an imperator!" Real power and influence were accorded to the Senate, which had now, by the incorporation of members whose origin was provincial, become in a manner representative of the whole empire. Trajan associated with the senators on equal terms, and enjoyed in their company every kind of recreation. All pomp was distasteful to him, and discarded by him. There was practically no court, and no intrigues of any kind were possible. The approach to his house was free, and he loved to pass through the city unattended, and to pay unexpected visits to his friends. He thirsted for no senator's blood, and used severity against the *delatores* alone. There was but one insignificant conspiracy against him during his whole reign.

Though not literary himself, Trajan conciliated the literary men, who at all times had close relations with the Senate. His intimate, M. Licinius, played an excellent Mæcenas to his Augustus. In his efforts to win the affections of Roman society, Trajan was excellently aided by his wife Plotina, who was as simple as her husband, benevolent, pure in character, and entirely unambitious. The hold which Trajan acquired over the people was no less firm than that which he maintained upon the army and the Senate. His largesses, his distributions of food, his public works, and his spectacles were all on a generous scale.

The exhibitions in the arena were perhaps at their zenith during his tenure of power. Though, for some unexplained reason, he abolished the mimes, so beloved of the populace, at the outset of his reign, he availed himself of the occasion of his first triumph to restore them again. The people were delighted by the removal of the imperial *exedra* in the circus, whereby five thousand additional places were provided. Taxation was in many directions reduced, and the financial exactions of the imperial officers controlled by the erection of a special court. Elaborate precautions were taken to save Italy from famine; it is said that corn for seven years' consumption at the capital was retained in the granaries. Special encouragement was given to merchants to import articles of food. The corporation of bakers was organized, and made more effective for the service of the public. The internal trade of Italy was powerfully stimulated by the careful maintenance and extension of the different lines of road.

But the most striking evidence of Trajan's solicitude for his people's welfare is found in his institution of the *alimenta*, whereby means were provided for the rearing of poor and orphan children in Italy. The method had been sketched out by Nerva, but its great development was due to Trajan. The moneys allotted by the emperor were in many cases supplemented by private benevolence. As a soldier, Trajan realized the need of men for the maintenance of the Empire against the outer barbarians, and he preferred that these men should be of Italian birth. He was only carrying a step further the policy of Augustus, who by a system of rewards and penalties had tried to encourage marriage and the nurture of children. The annual effect of Trajan's regulations is hard to measure; they were probaby more effectual for their object than those of Augustus. The foundations were confiscated by Pertinax, after they had existed less than a century.

Toward the end of 100, or early in 101, Trajan left Rome for the Danube. Pretexts for a Dacian war were not difficult to find. Although there was no lack of hard fighting, victory in this war depended largely on the work of the engineer. The great military road connecting the posts in Upper Germany with those on the Danube, which had been begun by Tiberius, was now extended along the right bank of the river as far as the modern Orsova. The year 101 was spent mainly in roadmaking and fortification. In the following campaign, after desperate fighting to the north of the Danube in the mountainous region of Transylvania, such as Cæsar never encountered in all his Gaulish wars, the capital of Decebalus was taken, and he was forced to terms. He agreed to raze all fortresses, to surrender all weapons, prisoners, and Roman deserters, and to become a dependent prince under the suzerainty of Rome. Trajan came back to Italy with Dacian envoys, who in ancient style begged the Senate to confirm the conditions granted by the commander in the field. The emperor now enjoyed his first Dacian triumph, and assumed the title of Dacicus. At the same time he royally entertained the people, and no less royally rewarded his brave officers.

But the Dacian chief could not school his high spirit to endure the conditions of the treaty, and Trajan soon found it necessary to prepare for another war. A

massive stone bridge was built across the Danube, near the modern Turn Severin, by Apollodorus, the gifted architect who afterward designed the forum of Trajan. In 105 began the new struggle, which on the side of Decebalus could now only lead to victory or to destruction. The Dacians fought their ground inch by inch, and their army as a whole may be said to have bled to death. The prince put an end to his own life. His kingdom became an imperial province; in it many colonies were founded, and peopled by settlers drawn from different parts of the empire. The work done by Trajan in the Danubian regions left a lasting mark upon their history. The emperor returned to the capital in 106, laden with captured treasure. His triumph outdid in splendor all those that went before it. Games are said to have been held continuously for four months. The chariot races were the grandest ever seen. Ten thousand gladiators contended in the arena, and eleven thousand beasts were killed in the contests. Congratulatory embassies came from all lands, even from India. The grand and enduring monument of the Dacian wars is the noble pillar which still stands on the site of Trajan's forum at Rome. The end of the Dacian wars was followed by seven years of peace.

Many details in the administration of the law, and particularly of the criminal law, were improved. To cure corruption in the Senate the ballot was introduced at elections to magistracies. The finances of the state were economically managed, and taxpayers were most carefully guarded from oppression. Trajan never lacked money to expend on great works of public utility; as a builder, he may fairly be compared with Augustus. His forum and its numerous appendages were constructed on a magnificent scale. Many regions of Italy and the provinces, besides the city itself, benefited by the care and munificence which the emperor bestowed on such public improvements. His attitude toward religion was, like that of Augustus, moderate and conservative. The famous letter to Pliny about the Christians is, according to Roman ideas, merciful and considerate. It was impossible, however, for a Roman magistrate of the time to rid himself of the idea that all forms of religion must do homage to the civil power. Hence the conflict which made Trajan appear in the eyes of Christians like Tertullian, the most infamous of monsters. On the whole, Trajan's civil administration was sound, careful, and sensible, rather than brilliant or epoch-making.

In 113 or 114 Trajan left Italy to make war in the East. The never-ending Parthian problem confronted him, and with it were more or less connected a number of minor difficulties. Already by 106 the position of Rome in the East had been materially improved by the peaceful annexation of districts bordering on the province of Syria. The district of Damascus, hitherto a dependency, and the last remaining fragment of the Jewish kingdom, were incorporated with Syria; Bostra and Petra were permanently occupied, and a great portion of the Nabathæan kingdom was constituted the Roman province of Arabia. Rome thus obtained mastery of the most important positions lying on the great trade-routes from East to West. These changes could not but affect the relations of the Roman with the Parthian empire, and the affairs of Armenia became, in 114, the occasion of war. Trajan's campaigns in the East ended in complete

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though brilliant failure. In the retreat from Ctesiphon (117), the old emperor tasted for almost the first time the bitterness of defeat in the field. He attacked the desert city of Hatra, westward of the Tigris, whose importance is still attested by grand ruins. The want of water made it impossible to maintain a large force near the city, and the brave Arabs routed the Roman cavalry. Trajan, who narrowly escaped being killed, was forced to withdraw.

A more alarming difficulty lay before him. Taking advantage of the absence of the emperor in the far East, and possibly by an understanding with the leaders of the rising in Armenia and the annexed portions of Parthia, the Jews all over the East had taken up arms at the same moment, and at a given signal. The massacres they committed were portentous. In Cyprus 240,000 men are said to have been put to death, and at Cyrene 220,000. At Alexandria, on the other hand, many Jews were killed. The Romans punished massacre by massacre, and the complete suppression of the insurrection was long delayed, but the Jews made no great stand against disciplined troops. Trajan still thought of returning to Mesopotamia, and of avenging his defeat at Hatra, but he was stricken with sickness and compelled to take ship for Italy. His illness increasing, he landed in Cilicia, and died at Selinus in that country about the end of July, 117.

Trajan, who had no children, had continually delayed to settle the succession to the throne, though Pliny, in the "Panegyric" had pointedly drawn his attention to the matter, and it must have caused the Senate much anxiety. Whether Hadrian, the cousin of Trajan, was actually adopted by him or not, is impossible to determine; certainly Hadrian had not been advanced to any great honors by Trajan. Even his military service had not been distinguished. Plotina asserted the adoption, and it was readily and most fortunately accepted, if not believed, as a fact.

The Senate had decreed to Trajan as many triumphs as he chose to celebrate. For the first time a dead general triumphed. When Trajan was deified, he appropriately retained, alone among the emperors, a title he had won for himself in the field, that of "Parthicus." He was a patient organizer of victory rather than a strategic genius. He laboriously perfected the military machine, which when once set in motion went on to victory. Much of the work he did was great and enduring, but the last year of his life forbade the Romans to attribute to him that *felicitas* which they regarded as an inborn quality of the highest generals. Each succeeding emperor was saluted with the wish that he might be "better than Trajan and more fortunate than Augustus." Yet the breach made in Trajan's *felicitas* by the failure in the East was no greater than that made in the *felicitas* of Augustus by his retirement from the right bank of the Rhine.

DIOCLETIAN

(245–313)

CAIUS VALERIUS DIOCLETIANUS, one of the most famous of the Roman emperors, was, as De Quincey says, "doubtless that man of iron whom the times demanded." He was born at Dioclea, in Dalmatia, some say at Salona, about A.D. 245 according to some, but others make him ten years older. His original name was Diocles, which he afterward changed into Diocletianus. He is said by some to have been the son of a notary, by others the freedman of a senator named Anulinus. He entered the army at an early age, and rose gradually to rank; he served in Gaul, in Mœsia, under Probus, and was present at the campaign against the Persians, in which Carus, then emperor, perished in a mysterious manner. Diocletian commanded the household or imperial body-guards when young Numerianus, the son of Carus, was secretly put to death by Aper his father-in-law, while travelling in a close litter on account of illness, on the return of the army from Persia. The death of Numerianus being discovered after several days by the soldiers near Calchedon, they arrested Aper and proclaimed Diocletian emperor, who addressing the soldiers from his tribunal in the camp, protested his innocence of the death of Numerianus, and then upbraiding Aper for the crime, plunged his sword into the traitor's body.

The new emperor observed to a friend that "he had now killed the boar," punning on the word Aper, which means a boar, and alluding to the prediction of a soothsayer in Gaul, who had told him that he would become emperor after having killed a boar (Vopiscus, in "Hist. Aug."). Diocletian, self-composed and strong-minded in other respects, was all his life an anxious believer in divination, which superstition led him probably to inflict summary punishment upon Aper with his own hands. He made his solemn entrance into Nicomedia in September, 284, which town he afterward chose for his favorite residence.

Carinus, the other son of Carus, who had remained in Italy, having collected a force to attack Diocletian, the two armies met at Margum, in Mœsia, where the soldiers of Carinus had the advantage at first, but Carinus himself being killed during the battle by his officers, who detested him for his cruelty and de-

bauchery, both armies joined in acknowledging Diocletian emperor in 285. Diocletian was generous after his victory, and, contrary to the common practice, there were no executions, proscriptions, or confiscations of property; he even retained most of the officers of Carinus in their places.

Diocletian, on assuming the imperial power, found the Empire assailed by enemies in various quarters—on the Persian frontiers, on the side of Germany and of Illyricum, and in Britain; besides which a serious revolt had broken out in Gaul among the rural population, under two leaders who had assumed the title of emperor. To quell the disturbance in Gaul, Diocletian sent his old friend Maximianus, a native of Pannonia, and a brave but rude uncultivated soldier. Maximianus defeated the Bagaudi, for such was the name the rustic insurgents had assumed. In the year 286, Diocletian chose Maximianus as his colleague in the Empire, under the name of Marcus Valerius Maximianus Augustus, and it is to the credit of both that the latter continued ever after faithful to Diocletian and willing to follow his advice. Maximianus was stationed in Gaul and on the German frontier to repel invasion; Diocletian resided chiefly in the East to watch the Persians, though he appears to have visited Rome in the early part of his reign. About 287 the revolt of Carausius took place. In the following year Maximianus defeated the Germans near Treviri, and Diocletian himself marched against other tribes on the Rhætian frontier; the year after he defeated the Sarmatians on the lower Danube. In the same year, 289, peace was made between Carausius and the two emperors, Carausius being allowed to retain possession of Britain. In 290 Maximianus and Diocletian met at Milan to confer together on the state of the Empire, after which Diocletian returned to Nicomedia. The Persians soon after again invaded Mesopotamia and threatened Syria; the Quinquegentiani, a federation of tribes in the Mauritania Cæsariensis, revolted; another revolt under one Achillæus broke out in Egypt; another in Italy under a certain Julianus.

Diocletian thought it necessary to increase the number of his colleagues in order to face the attacks in the various quarters. On the 1st of March, 292, or 291, according to some chronologists, he appointed Galerius as Cæsar, and presented him to the troops at Nicomedia. At the same time Maximianus adopted on his part Constantius called Chlorus. The two Cæsars repudiated their respective wives; Galerius married Valeria, Diocletian's daughter, adding to his name that of Valerianus; and Constantius married Theodora, daughter of Maximianus. Galerius was a native of Dacia, and a good soldier, but violent and cruel; he had been a herdsman in his youth, for which he has been styled, in derision, Armentarius. The two Cæsars remained subordinate to the two Augusti, though each of the four was entrusted with the administration of a part of the Empire. Diocletian kept to himself Asia and Egypt; Maximianus had Italy and Africa; Galerius, Thrace and Illyricum; and Constantius had Gaul and Spain. But it was rather an administrative than a political division. At the head of the edicts of each prince were put the names of all the four, beginning with that of Diocletian.

Diocletian resorted to this arrangement probably as much for reasons of internal as of external policy. For nearly a hundred years before, ever since the death of Commodus, the soldiers had been in the habit of giving or selling the imperial crown, to which any general might aspire. Between thirty and forty emperors had been thus successively made and unmade, many of whom only reigned a few months. By fixing upon four colleagues, one in each of the great divisions of the Empire, each having his army, and all mutually checking one another, Diocletian put a stop to military insolence and anarchy. The Empire was no longer put up to sale, the immediate and intolerable evil was effectually cured, though another danger remained, that of disputes and wars between the various sharers of the imperial power; still it was a smaller danger and one which did not manifest itself so long as Diocletian remained at the helm. Writers have been very free of their censure upon this emperor for parcelling, as they call it, the Empire; but this was the only chance there was of preventing its crumbling to pieces. Italy, and Rome in particular, lost by the change: they no longer monopolized the wealth and power of the world, but the other provinces gained. The Empire was much too large for one single man or a single central administration, under the dwindled influence of the Roman name, and amidst the numerous causes of local dissension and discontent, private ambition, social corruption, and foreign hostility, that had accumulated for three centuries, since the time of Augustus.

The new Cæsars justified Diocletian's expectations. Constantius defeated the Franks and the Alemanni, and soon after reconquered Britain. Galerius subjugated the Carpi, and transported the whole tribe into Pannonia. In the year 296, the Persians, under their king Narses, again invaded Mesopotamia and part of Syria. Galerius marched against them, but being too confident was defeated by superior numbers, and obliged to retire. On his meeting Diocletian, the emperor showed his dissatisfaction by letting Galerius walk for a mile, clad in purple as he was, by the side of his car. The following year Galerius again attacked the Persians, and completely defeated them, taking an immense booty. The wives and children of Narses, who were among the prisoners, were treated by Galerius with humanity and respect. Narses sued for peace, which was granted by Diocletian on condition of the Persians giving up all the territory on the right or western bank of the Tigris. This peace was concluded in 297, and lasted forty years.

At the same time Diocletian marched into Egypt against Achillæus, whom he besieged in Alexandria, which he took after a siege of eight months, when the

usurper and his chief adherents were put to death. Diocletian is said to have behaved on this occasion with unusual sternness. Several towns of Egypt, among others Busiris and Coptos, were destroyed. Constantine, the son of Constantius, who was educated at Nicomedia, accompanied the emperor in this expedition. Diocletian fixed the limits of the Empire on that side at the island of Elephantina, where he built a castle, and made peace with the neighboring tribes, called by some Nubæ and by others Nabatæ, to whom he gave up the strip of territory which the Romans had conquered, of seven days' march above the first cataract, on condition that they should prevent the Blemmyes and Ethiopians from attacking Egypt. Maximianus in the meantime was engaged in putting down the revolt in Mauritania, which he effected with full success.

For several years after this the empire enjoyed peace, and Diocletian and his colleagues were chiefly employed in framing laws and administrative regulations, and in constructing forts on the frontiers. Diocletian kept a splendid court at Nicomedia, which town he embellished with numerous structures. He, or rather Maximianus by his order, caused the magnificent Thermæ at Rome to be built, the remains of which still bear Diocletian's name, and which contained, besides the baths, a library, a museum, public walks, and other establishments.

In February, 303, Diocletian issued an edict against the Christians, ordering their churches to be pulled down, their sacred books to be burnt, and all Christians to be dismissed from offices civil or military, with other penalties, exclusive however of death. Various causes have been assigned for this measure. It is known that Galerius had always been hostile to the Christians, while Diocletian had openly favored them, had employed them in his armies and about his person; and Eusebius speaks of the prosperity, security, and protection which the Christians enjoyed under his reign. They had churches in most towns, and one at Nicomedia in particular under the eye of the emperor. Just before the edict was issued, Galerius had repaired to Nicomedia to induce Diocletian to proscribe the Christians. He filled the emperor's mind with reports of conspiracies and seditions. The imperial palace took fire, Constantine ("Oratio ad Cœtum Sanctorum") says, from lightning, and Galerius suggested to the emperor that it was a Christian plot.

The heathen priests on their part exerted themselves for the same purpose. It happened that on the occasion of a solemn sacrifice in presence of the emperor, while priests were consulting the entrails of the victims, the Christian officers in the imperial retinue crossed themselves; upon which the priests declared that the presence of profane men prevented them from discovering the auspices. Diocletian, who was very anxious to pry into futurity, became irritated, and ordered all his Christian officers to sacrifice to the gods under pain of flagellation and dismissal, which many of them underwent. Several oracles which he consulted gave answers unfavorable to the Christians. The church of Nicomedia was the first pulled down by order of the emperor. The rashness of a Christian who publicly tore down the imperial edict exasperated Diocletian still more: the culprit was put to a cruel death. Then came a second edict, ordering all magistrates to arrest

the Christian bishops and presbyters, and compel them to sacrifice to the gods. This was giving to their enemies power over their lives, and it proved, in fact, the beginning of a cruel persecution, whose ravages were the more extensive in proportion to the great diffusion of Christianity during a long period of toleration. This was the last persecution under the Roman Empire, and it has been called by the name of Diocletian. But that emperor issued the two edicts reluctantly and after long hesitation, according to Lactantius's acknowledgment: he fell ill a few months after, and on recovering from his long illness he abdicated. Galerius, who had instigated the persecution, was the most zealous minister of it; the persecution raged with most fury in the provinces subject to his rule, and he continued it for several years after Diocletian's abdication, so that it might with more propriety be called the Galerian persecution. Legend says that he died of a horrible disease, filled with remorse and imagining himself haunted by the martyred spirits. The countries under the government of Constantius suffered the least from it.

In November of that year (303) Diocletian repaired to Rome, where he and Maximianus enjoyed the honor of a triumph, followed by festive games. This was the last triumph that Rome saw. The populace of that city complained of the economy of Diocletian on the occasion, who replied that moderation and temperance were most required when the censor was present. They vented their displeasure in jibes and sarcasms, which so hurt Diocletian that he left Rome abruptly in the month of December for Ravenna, in very cold weather. In this journey he was seized by an illness which affected him the whole of the following year, which he spent at Nicomedia. At one time he was reported to be dead. He rallied, however, in the spring of 305, and showed himself in public, but greatly altered in appearance. Galerius soon after came to Nicomedia, and it is said that he persuaded Diocletian to abdicate. Others say that Diocletian did it spontaneously.

On the 1st of May he repaired with his guards to a spot three miles out of Nicomedia, where he had thirteen years before proclaimed Galerius as Cæsar, and there addressing his officers and court, he said that the infirmities of age warned him to retire from power, and to deliver the administration of the state into stronger hands. He then proclaimed Galerius as Augustus, and Maximinus Daza as the new Cæsar. Constantine, who has given an account of the ceremony, which is quoted by Eusebius in his life of that prince, was present, and the troops fully expected that he would be the new Cæsar; when they heard another mentioned, they asked each other whether Constantine had changed his name. But Galerius did not leave them long in suspense; he pushed forward Maximinus and showed him to the assembly, and Diocletian clothed him with the purple vest, after which the old emperor returned privately in his carriage to Nicomedia, and immediately after set off for Salona in Dalmatia, near which he built himself an extensive palace by the sea-shore, in which he lived for the rest of his life, respected by the other emperors, without cares and without regret.

Part of the external walls which inclosed the area belonging to his palace

Fotograwiura Hanfstaengla

and other buildings still remain, with three of the gates, as well as a temple, which is now a church at Spalatro, or Spalato, in Dalmatia, a comparatively modern town, grown out of the decay of the ancient Salona, and built in great part within the walls of Diocletian's residence, from the name of which, "Palatium," it is believed that "Spalato" is derived.

At the same time that Diocletian abdicated at Nicomedia, Maximianus, according to an agreement between them, performed a similar ceremony at Milan, proclaiming Constantius as Augustus, and Severus as Cæsar. Both Severus and Maximinus Daza were inferior persons, and creatures of Galerius, who insisted upon their nomination in preference to that of Maxentius and Constantine, whom Diocletian had at first proposed. Maximianus retired to his seat in Lucania, but not being endowed with the firmness of Diocletian he tried some time after to recover his former power, and wrote to his old colleague to induce him to do the same. "Were you but to come to Salona," answered Diocletian, "and see the vegetables which I grow in my garden with my own hands, you would no longer talk to me of empire." In his retirement he used to observe to his associates how difficult it is, even for the best-intentioned man, to govern well, as he cannot see everything with his own eyes, but must trust to others, who often deceive him.

Once only he left his retirement to meet Galerius in Pannonia for the purpose of appointing a new Cæsar, Licinius, in the place of Severus, who had died. Licinius, however, did not prove grateful, for after the death of Galerius, in 311, he ill-treated his widow, Valeria, Diocletian's daughter, who then, with her mother, Prisca, took refuge in the territories of Maximinus Daza. The latter offered to marry Valeria, but on her refusal exiled both her and her mother into the deserts of Syria, and put to death several of their attendants. Diocletian remonstrated in favor of his wife and daughter, but to no purpose, and his grief on this occasion probably hastened his death, which took place at his residence near Salona in July, 313. In the following year his wife and daughter were put to death by order of Licinius.

Diocletian ranks among the most distinguished emperors of Rome; his reign of twenty-one years was upon the whole prosperous for the empire, and creditable to the Roman name. He was severe, but not wantonly cruel, and we ought to remember that mercy was not a Roman virtue. His conduct after his abdication shows that his was no common mind. The chief charge against him is his haughtiness in introducing the Oriental ceremonial of prostration into the Roman court. The Christian writers, and especially Lactantius, have spoken unfavorably of him; but Lactantius cannot be implicitly trusted. Of the regular historians of his reign we have only the meagre narratives of Eutropius and Aurelius Victor, the others being now lost; but notices of Diocletian's life are scattered about in various authors, Libanius, Vopiscus, Eusebius, Julian in his "Cæsars," and the contemporary panegyrists, Eumenes and Mamertinus. His laws or edicts are in the "Code." Among other useful reforms, he abolished the *frumentarii*, or licensed informers, who were stationed in every province to

report any attempt at mutiny or rebellion, and who basely enriched themselves by working on the fears of the inhabitants. He also reformed and reduced the number of the insolent Prætorians, who were afterward totally disbanded by Constantine.

ALARIC THE BOLD

By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.

(360–410)

Alaric, the "All-ruler," surnamed the Baltha, or Bold, was born, about 360, on an island in the delta of the Danube. As long as the great Theodosius lived, the Goths continued in his pay; but when he died in 395, and Alaric was elevated on the shield as king of the Visigoths, he determined to lead his nation to independent victory. In 395 and 396 he invaded Greece,* and Stilicho, the Vandal general of the Western Emperor, advanced against him. The strategy of Stilicho was masterly, and it would probably have gone hard with Alaric had not Stilicho been suddenly bidden by the Eastern Emperor, Arcadius, to withdraw his western troops. Again, in 396, Stilicho penned Alaric in the Peloponnesus, but for some unknown reason allowed him to escape into Illyricum. The Gothic chief had, however, struck deadly terror into the Eastern Empire; and by way of pacifying him Arcadius made him Master-General of Illyricum.

Alaric had already found the way to Italy when he accompanied Theodosius in his campaign against the usurper Maximus in 394. In 400 he descended into Italy, not with an army only, but with the migration of his entire people. He defeated the Romans under the walls of Aquileia, and in 401 besieged Honorius

* In this first invasion he overran all Greece, and took Athens with little resistance. He spared her art treasures, and acted with great moderation and humanity. Our illustration "Alaric in Athens" represents him seated among the inhabitants, who welcomed him as a conqueror, with every demonstration of reverence.

Ludwig Thiersch.

in Milan. In 402 a vast army under Stilicho met him at Pollentia; and when an old chieftain advised him to retire, Alaric, with fierce indignation, silenced his timid counsellor, and told him that he had been assured by a voice which came from the grave and said to him, "*Thou shalt penetrate to the City*" (*ad Urbem*). But the oracle on this occasion had "paltered" with him in a double sense. He penetrated indeed *ad Urbem*, not however "to the *City*," but to the little river *Urbis* (or Borbo), near Pollenzo. On Good Friday, April 4, 402, the Western army, under a dwarfish Hun chieftain named Saulus, attacked and routed Alaric, recovering the splendid spoils of Greece, freeing his captives, and winning back the purple robes which the Emperor Valens had lost in the battle of Adrianople. In that disastrous defeat even the wife of Alaric, if we may believe the poet Claudian, was taken prisoner.

Alaric retreated through Lombardy, and the feeble Emperor Honorius—"a crowned nothingness"—celebrated at Rome, in 404, that triumph which was signalized by the last display of the brutal gladiatorial games. No sooner had the first blood been shed than the Eastern monk Telemachus sprang down into the arena to part the combatants. His life paid the price of his glorious temerity. He was hewn and stoned to death. But that death was not in vain. The horrid massacres, at which not only men but women gazed in demoniac pleasure and excitement, had been condemned centuries before by the genius of Christianity. It was monstrous that an emperor calling himself a Christian should preside at such a spectacle. But the martyrdom of Telemachus at last touched the callous and torpid consciences of nominal Christians. Thenceforth the games of the amphitheatre were abolished. But it was too late for repentance. Alike "the incomparable wickedness and the incomparable splendor" of the Imperial City were doomed to destruction. Even the blood of a Christian martyr voluntarily shed would not atone for the blood of hundreds of brave barbarians who, in that huge Flavian amphitheatre, had been

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday."

The day was near at hand when the Goths would arise and glut their ire.

Alaric, though he had retreated, was still in a position to dictate terms to Stilicho. He fixed his camp at Æmona, and was promised large pay and the government of a Western province under nominal allegiance to the Western Emperor. But the pledges made to him were broken, and their fulfilment delayed. In 408 the promise of the oracle was fulfilled, for he led his troops under the walls of Rome. The feeble and timid Honorius had retired to Ravenna, where he was safe behind the marshes, the pine-woods, and the stone walls against which Alaric said that he did not fight. In 408 the wretched court filled to the full the brimming cup of its iniquities—first by a massacre of barbarian auxiliaries at Pavia, and then by the foul, ungrateful murder of Stilicho himself, at the command of Honorius. No army barred the path of Alaric, but an Italian hermit denounced on him the wrath of heaven. This might have awoke the superstitious terrors of the Gothic soldiers if Alaric had not assured them, with confidence, that he was

obeying a divine and irresistible command. The Goths encamped under the walls which for six hundred and nineteen years had never been threatened by a foreign enemy. The wealthy, effeminate, corrupted nobles, and people of the Eternal City thought to terrify Alaric back by boasts of their numbers. His scornful answer simply was, "The thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed." He demanded all their gold, silver, movables, and barbarian slaves. "What then, O King, will you leave us?" He grimly said, "Your lives."

He was content, however, this time to accept a ransom, of which the most curious element was three thousand pounds of pepper.

The folly, pride, and braggadocio of Honorius, or rather of his miserable court, brought Alaric a second time to Rome in 409. The city capitulated, and he raised Attalus to the purple as a rival to Honorius. But Attalus proved utterly incompetent, and the next year Alaric publicly and insultingly degraded him to a private position. In 410 a fresh insult and wrong inflicted on the Goths by Honorius brought Alaric once more to Rome. He burst in by the Salarian gate, and sacked the city, which was only saved from irretrievable destruction by the respect of the Goths for the churches, which they regarded as inviolable asylums. The pillage and conflagration of Rome, and the resultant ruin and misery, came on the world like a shock of earthquake; but the Pagans saw that the catastrophe would have been yet more awful if the conquerors had not been Christians as well as the conquered.

It seemed as if even the Imperial City could not fall without some circumstance of irony and insult. Paganism may be said to have perished in two bursts of laughter: one when in Alexandria the Christian mob burst into merriment to see the rats scurry out of the rotten head of the shattered statue of Serapis; and again when Theodosius and his soldiers laughed at the golden thunderbolts torn from the uplifted arms of the menacing statue of Jupiter. And Honorius managed to invest even the fall of Rome with ludicrous associations. He was a great fancier of fowls, and had a particularly large hen, which, out of compliment, he called *Roma*. When the agitated eunuch entered to tell him that "Rome had perished," "What!" cried the Emperor, in a voice of deep concern, "why, she was feeding out of my hand only an hour ago!" "It is the *city* of Rome that has fallen, sire!" "Oh, my friend," said the Emperor, with a sigh of relief, "but I thought you meant that my *hen* 'Roma' had died."

Laden with spoils of priceless value, the creaking wagons of the Gauls went southward. Alaric meant to lead them to the conquest first of Sicily, then of Africa. But death overtook him amid the schemes of his ambition. He died after a short illness, and was buried in the bed of the river which washes the walls of Cosentia. The captives who reared the tomb were massacred, that none might know where the hero lay. The Visigothic kingdom of Spain, founded by the warrior tribe which he first led into the West, is one of the most permanent results of his invasion.

STALLAERT, PINXIT.

THE LAST GLADIATORIAL CONTEST.

ATTILA

By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.

(reigned 434–453)

The Goths were "improvable barbarians;" but the Huns whom Attila led to ravage the fair peninsula were mere Tartar savages of the lowest stamp.

All the other invaders of Italy were of Teutonic origin, but the Huns were Mongols—of such perfect hideousness that Jornandes regarded them as the offspring of witches and demons. Attila, son of Mundzuk, "the scourge of God," resembled his soldiers in his flat, swarthy features, deep-set, fierce, rolling black eyes, and stunted figure. The Huns were uncivilizable savages, who might harry a continent, but neither under Attila, nor Genghis, nor Timour, could ever found an organized kingdom. This terrific and brutal little Kalmuck, with his bead-like eyes, this skin-clad devourer of raw flesh, delighted to lay waste whole empires with fire and sword, and to terrify the world. In 434 he became king of the Huns with his brother Bleda. In 445 Bleda died, possibly by murder; and in 445 Attila, now sole king of the Huns, invaded the Eastern Empire, and ravaged it even to the gates of Constantinople. He was only bought off from destroying it by an enormous tribute. The infamous plot to assassinate him by the treachery of Edecon, who was one of his counsellors, was discovered and foiled, and Attila sent message after message filled with insults to Theodosius II. In 451 his vast army moved westward, and devastated Gaul. It was met in the Mauriac plain and defeated by Ætius in the tremendous battle of Chalons, after a carnage among the most frightful that the world has ever seen. The Huns were only saved from final destruction by the heroic boldness of Attila. He had a vast hill of saddles and other spoils erected, and declared his determination to burn himself alive rather than be taken captive. He led back his shattered host to Pannonia, and there in his wooden palace meditated revenge. In the one authentic glimpse which we get of his mode of life, we see him at a banquet, while his nobles and warriors caroused and burst into peals of laughter at the buffooneries of an idiot and a jester. But the Hunnish king sat grave and silent, caressing the cheeks of the boy Ernak, his favorite son, whom the augur pointed out as the heir of his destinies.

In 452 he once more put his myriads in motion and invaded Italy. Every-

where the land was as the garden of Eden before him; behind him it was a desolate wilderness. Encouraged by the omen of some storks leaving their nest, he stormed and destroyed Aquileia, and, razing city after city into heaps of blackened ruins, advanced to Milan, boasting that "where his horses' hoofs trod the grass never grew." Rome awaited with trembling a fate which seemed to threaten unprecedented catastrophe. But in this awful crisis the Pope, Leo I., showed himself the true *Defensor civitatis*. He headed a splendid embassy to the camp of Attila. Already Leo had helped to trace with firm hand the deep lines of Christian orthodoxy which were accepted by the Church at the fourth great Œcumenical Council of Chalcedon in 451 as her final utterance as to the true Godhead, the perfect Manhood, the invisible yet distinct union of both Godhead and Manhood, in the person of her Lord. Now Leo showed what miracle could be achieved by the irresistible might of weakness. Attila's god was a naked iron sword of gigantic size, which had been accidentally found by a herdsman and presented to him, but which he palmed off on his nation as the authentic sword of the Scythian war-god. Yet he was easily overawed by the majesty of religion. He scorned the guilty, corrupt courtiers of Constantinople, but he almost trembled before a holy man. Already in 451 he had spared the defenceless city of Troyes at the entreaty of its bishop, St. Lupus, and had asked the benefit of his prayers. And when he gazed on the calm countenance, noble presence, and dauntless demeanor of Pope Leo, an awful dread fell upon him. Alaric had conquered Rome, but Alaric had died immediately afterward. How if it would be so with Attila? He yielded, he retired; he said—or perhaps he said—that he could conquer *men*, but that the wolf (Lupus) and the lion (Leo) had learnt how to conquer him. The tide of brutal and barbarous invasion was rolled back again, and the world and the city saw that while the Emperor Valentinian had been ready to fly, the Pope Leo was not afraid to advance, and that "when the successor of Cæsar had been proved useless, the successor of St. Peter had been a very present help." Indirectly Attila was the strengthener of the Papacy, and the founder of Venice. That stately and gorgeous city owes its origin to the Italians who fled in terror before the brutal Huns from ruined Padua to the islands and lagoons at the mouth of the Piave.

In retiring, Attila had demanded once more the hand and dower of Honoria, the disgraced sister of Theodosius II. But in 453 he added a beautiful maiden, Ildico, to his innumerable wives. He retired from the banquet after a deep carouse, and in the morning was found dead amid a flood of gore by which he had been suffocated, while Ildico sat weeping beneath her veil by the dead king's bedside. He died as a fool dieth; and his warriors gashed their cheeks and wept tears of blood, and gave him a splendid burial. And his name passed into legend as the King Etzel of the Niebelungen Lied, and Alti of the Saga. But his "loutish sons" quarrelled among themselves. The Teutons, Goths, Gepidæ, Alani, and Heruli reasserted their independence in the great victory of Netad in Pannonia in 454; and though the Huns left their name in Hungary, henceforth the empire of Attila became mere "drift-wood, on its way to inevitable oblivion."

Ulpiano Checa.

Photogravure Coupil & C°

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CLOVIS THE FIRST

By Thomas Wyatt, A.M.

(465–511)

The honor of having established the French monarchy and the French nation, of having raised himself from his position as chief of a petty and turbulent tribe to be the ruler of a powerful and permanent kingdom, unquestionably belongs to Clovis the First, who was born in the year 465. The multitude of petty kingdoms subsisting in Gaul at this time, forms, says an illustrious historian, one of the greatest difficulties in the ancient history of France. In a manuscript work, still preserved in the King's library at Paris, it is imputed to the disorders which prevailed after the expulsion of Childeric, father of Clovis, when such as were sufficiently powerful took advantage of the anarchy in which the nation was involved, to establish independent monarchies of their own. Clovis ascended the throne at the age of fifteen, and at the early age of twenty began to show his jealousy toward those whom he considered usurpers of his territories. His courtiers, ever ready to fan into a flame the spark they had discovered in the breast of their master, incited him to challenge Syagrius, a Roman who still had possession of Soissons and a part of the adjacent country.

The challenge was accepted by this self-made prince, and a bloody battle was the result. Syagrius saved himself by flight, taking refuge among the Visigoths; but Alaric II., then king, fearing the threats of Clovis, delivered the refugee into his power, who caused him to be beheaded.

The Frankish leader was now a man of note in the world; but he was still nothing more than the leader of a band of warriors, often retaining his authority only by brute force. At one time, his band having stormed the Christian city of Rheims and carried off from its church a vase "of marvellous size and beauty," the bishop sent word to their leader entreating him to return it. "That will I," responded Clovis to the envoy, "if when we divide our spoil the vase falls to my lot." In his desire to gratify the bishop, who was an old friend, the chieftain went a step beyond his promise and requested his companions to give him the great vase as his share. Then cried one of their number, striking

the trophy angrily with his axe, "No, you shall draw lots with the rest of us, and take what comes honestly to you." His comrades, however, felt that this was going too far. The vase was given to their leader, and by him returned to Rheims. A year passed, and Clovis gave no sign that he remembered the affront. Then, having called his band together for a review, he passed them one by one, examining and approving their arms, till, last of all, he reached the warrior who had opposed him; and he eyed this man sternly. "Your weapons suit you poorly," he said, "none of them are fit for service." And, snatching the man's axe from him he threw it to the ground. The other stooped to recover it, when, whirling up his own axe, Clovis crashed it through the rebel's skull. "'Twas so you struck my vase," he cried.

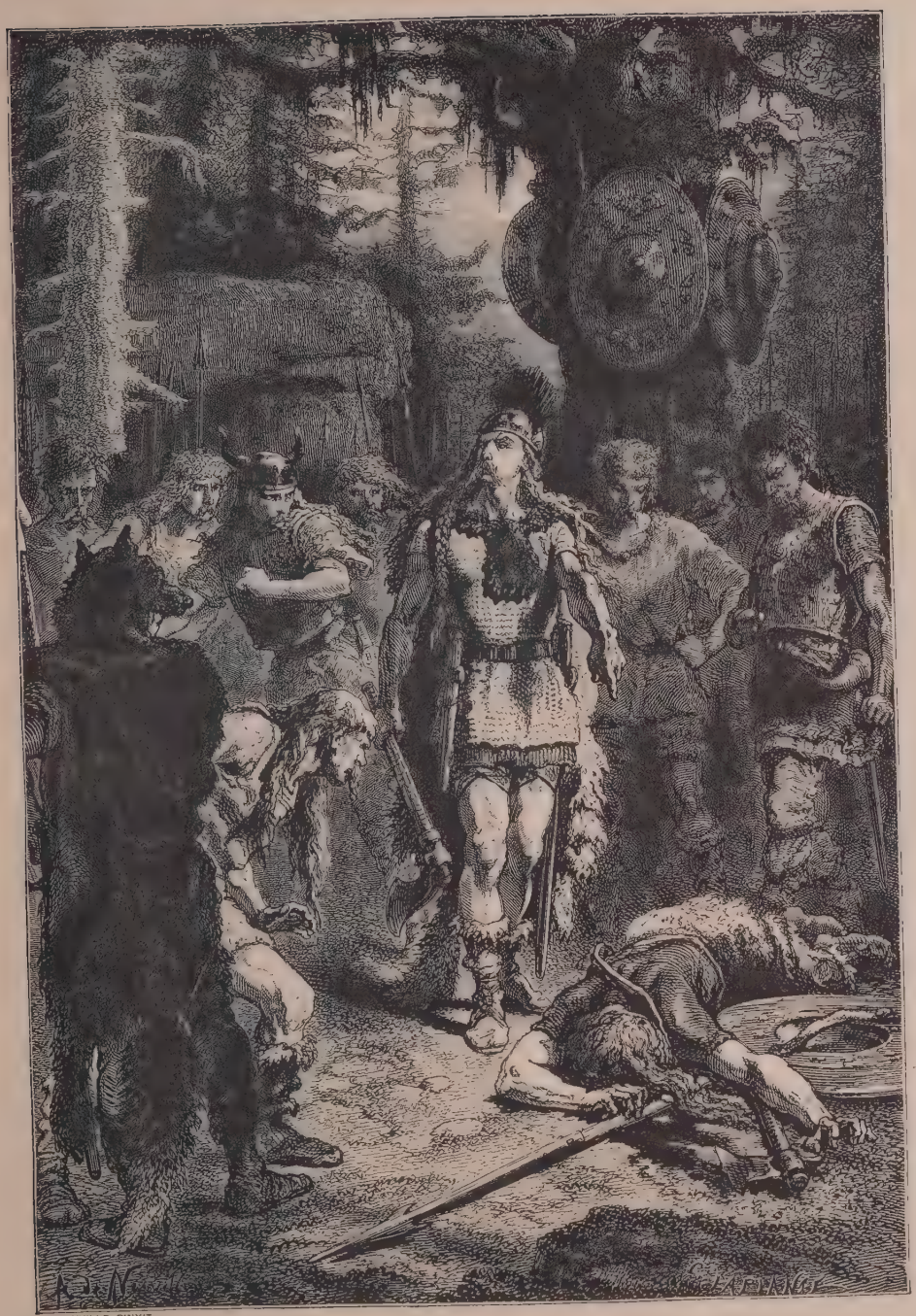
Such a leader, who could so long await a fitting opportunity, and then so sternly avenge an insult to his power, was well calculated to wield great authority among these stern and hardy warriors. He had enjoyed several years of uninterrupted tranquillity, when Basinus, King of Thuringia, made a sudden irruption into that part of the dominions of Clovis situated beyond the Rhine. Clovis was no sooner informed of this invasion, than he assembled his army, and entering the enemy's country, laid it waste with fire and sword, and imposed a perpetual tribute on the offending monarch.

Clovis now bent his thoughts on the formation of an alliance by marriage with some of the neighboring princes. He accordingly despatched his ambassadors to the King of Burgundy, asking for the hand of the Princess Clotildis, his niece, the accounts of whose extraordinary piety and beauty had made a deep impression on his heart. The court of Burgundy, fearful of offending a young and powerful prince, whose arms had hitherto been everywhere victorious, complied with his request.

Great preparations were made for the departure of the queen elect, and she began her journey in a kind of wagon, called *basterne*, drawn by oxen, which was the most elegant vehicle then in use. The marriage was celebrated at Soissons, amid the joyful acclamations of the people.

Heaven smiled on this propitious union; Clotildis became mother of a prince, who received baptism with the king's consent, and was named Ingomer. The subsequent death of this child, on whom Clovis had so firmly set his affections, inspired him, notwithstanding the prayers and remonstrances of his affectionate and pious princess, with an aversion to the Christian religion. He was prevailed on, however, to suffer his second son to undergo the ceremony of baptism. He also was attacked by a severe indisposition, but the prayers of this pious woman were heard and answered, the young prince restored to health, and the anxiety of his father dispelled.

The conversion to Christianity of Clovis, soon after this, is thus related by historians: The Germans had commenced preparing for incursions into the dominions of Clovis; he, being apprised of their intentions, hastened to impede their progress, and met them on the plains of Tolbiac, not far from Cologne, where a bloody battle was fought. Clovis, perceiving that the strength of his



DENEUVILLE PINXIT.

CLOVIS PUNISHING A REBEL.

army was diminishing, lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed, "God of my Queen Clotildis, grant me victory, and I here vow to worship none other than you." He immediately rallied his yielding forces, again led the charge, pierced with irresistible ardor the enemy's battalions, and entirely put them to flight. He then followed them into Germany, where he dispersed the remains of the vanquished army, reduced to obedience a nation hitherto invincible, and compelled them to pay him an annual tribute.

Faithful to his vow, he requested to be made acquainted with the mysteries of the Christian religion; and on Christmas-day, 496, received baptism at the church of St. Martin, in Paris, from Remigius, Bishop of Rheims, a prelate equally distinguished for his birth and piety. His sister Albofleda, and about three thousand of his subjects, followed his example. An improbable legend prevails, that during the ceremony of the baptism of Clovis, a dove descended from Heaven, bringing a phial of balsam, with which he was consecrated. This is what is now called *La Sainte Ampoule*, the Holy Phial; which was kept with extreme care, and contained the oil used by the monarchs of France at their coronation.

The conversion of Clovis had not repressed his warlike ambition. Brabant, the country of Liege, and that part of Flanders which was situated on the sea-coast, had not yet submitted to the new conqueror of Gaul.

The most considerable of these small states was the Arborici, a Christian nation, firmly attached to the Christian religion, and thence maintaining an enmity against the French, who were pagans. But the recent conversion to Christianity of Clovis and so many of his subjects, diminished the aversion of the people of this peaceful nation; they were induced to consent to an alliance with him, acknowledge him for their sovereign, and became subjects of the French kingdom. The Roman garrisons, following the example, capitulated and gave up all the places that were still in their possession, toward the ocean and on the banks of the Rhine.

Clovis did not as yet consider his victories complete; the conquest of Brittany was soon followed by that of Alaric II., King of the Visigoths. Before the French set out on this latter expedition, they made a vow not to shave themselves till they had subdued their enemies. Vows of this kind were very common at that period. It was the custom of those times to draw an omen from the verse that was chanting, when a person entered the church. The king's envoys, at their entrance into the church of St. Martin, heard these words from the Psalms: "Thou hast endued me with strength for the wars; thou hast supplanted those that had risen up against me; and hast put mine enemies to flight." This fortunate prognostic was confirmed on the banks of the Vienne. The army was at a loss where to pass that river, when a hind plunged into the stream in sight of the whole camp, and showed them a ford which still retains the name of the Passage of the Hind.

The two armies met in the plains of Vouille, near Poictiers. Soon after the commencement of the battle, the monarchs of either nation perceiving each

other, rushed forward at the same instant, and engaged in single combat, when the superior skill and strength of Clovis decided the victory in his favor; he dismounted his adversary, and slew him on the spot. Nothing now remained to impede the progress of the conqueror, who extended his empire from the banks of the Loire to the Pyrenean mountains. Clovis then withdrew to Paris, and fixed his residence in a palace in the southern part of the capital, which had formerly been inhabited by the emperors Julian and Valentinian the First. Success had hitherto attended all the plans of Clovis, and allowing for the ferocious and martial spirit which then prevailed, he had preserved his fame from any material pollution.

The assembling of the Council of Orleans was the last remarkable event of the reign of Clovis, who died the same year, A.D. 511, at the age of forty-five, and was buried in the church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, which he had caused to be built. It has been a subject of dispute with historians, whether the military or the political talents of this prince were the most eminent. Gaul, subdued by his arms, preserved by his prudence, affords a proof that he was equally skillful in the cabinet and formidable in the field.

BELISARIUS*

By Charlotte M. Yonge

(505–565)

Few men have performed greater achievements than this general, to whom it was given to be conqueror again and again over nations hitherto invincible, and to arrest, during his own lifetime, the disintegration of the Roman Empire. He lived in the early part of the sixth century of the Christian era, though the date of his birth is not certainly known, and he was in the prime of life about 530. He is believed to have been the son of a peasant of Thrace, probably of Slavonian descent, as his name, stripped of its classical form, would belong to that language and would be Beli-than, or the White Prince. Apparently he began life as a common soldier, and gradually rose by courage and ability. His master, the Emperor Justinian, was an equally remarkable personage, capable of conceiving and accomplishing magnificent designs, yet withal of a mean, ungenerous, ungrateful character. The codification under Christian conditions of the old Roman law, so as to serve as the foundation of jurisprudence to all the European nations except the English; the building of the church of St. Sophia, and the rolling back for a time the flood that on all sides was overwhelming the ancient Empire of Rome were all due to this prince.

For the last two centuries the East and the West had been separated, though

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sometimes coalescing under one head, but in 476, the last titular Emperor of the West had been deposed. Italy had been the prey of successive swarms of Teutonic nations. Vandals and Ostro- or Eastern Goths had burst upon Rome, and while the Vandals proceeded to devastate the great Roman province of Northern Africa and set up a kingdom there, the Goths had established another in Italy. Constantinople still held its ground as the magnificent capital of the Eastern Empire, maintaining the old civilization, but her dominions were threatened by the vigorous Persians on the east, and on the north by the Bulgarians, a nation chiefly Slavonic and very savage and formidable.

This was the inheritance to which Justinian succeeded, in right of his uncle Justin, a successful soldier. He was forty-five years old at the time, 527, having had an entirely civil and literary training, and though warfare continued through the thirty-eight years of his reign, he never once appeared at the head of his armies. Yet his foresight and ambition were great, and he had not long been on the throne before he decided on an endeavor to recover the African provinces. The Vandals were Arian heretics, denying the Godhead and Eternity of our Blessed Lord, and they had cruelly persecuted and constantly oppressed the Catholics, who entreated the Eastern Empire to deliver them, so that religious zeal added strength to Justinian's ambition. The luxuries of Carthage and the other African cities had in a couple of generations done much to destroy the vigor of the Vandals, so that the conjuncture was favorable.

Belisarius had proved his abilities in a dangerous retreat in the Persian war, but he probably owed his appointment to the African expedition to his wife Antonina. She was the daughter of a charioteer in the exhibitions of the hippodrome, which were loved to a passionate, almost incredible degree, by the people of the Eastern cities; and Theodora, the wife of the emperor was likewise the child of one of these competitors in the races. Both ladies were devotedly loved by their husbands, though scarcely worthy of their affection, and it was thus that Belisarius obtained the opportunity for his career, a curious parallel in this, as in other respects, to the great Duke of Marlborough.

Belisarius only took on this expedition 10,000 foot and 6,000 horse, picked men, with carefully selected officers, bred in the old Roman discipline, for he

much preferred a small army whom he could trust, to a large and unwieldy host; and his fleet amounted to 500 vessels of different sizes.

The expedition sailed from Heraclea in June, 533, and one of the first acts of the general showed his sternness of discipline. A murder was committed in a drunken fit by two Huns, and he immediately hung them both, and silenced the murmurs of the rest by a speech in which he declared that Roman arms must be carried in pure hands, and that no courage would obtain pardon for violence or insubordination.

He landed in September at Caput Vadas, five days' distance from Carthage, without opposition and with an eager welcome from the natives, who rejoiced to be delivered from the Vandal oppression, and Belisarius preserved their goodwill by hindering his soldiers from committing any act of plunder or violence. Indeed Gelimer, king of the Vandal horde, was only like an enemy occupying the place; there had been no amalgamation, and persecution had sown seeds of bitter hatred. Gelimer, however, marched out to meet the invaders, and at ten miles from Carthage was totally defeated, and his brother and nephew killed. He fled into the deserts of Numidia, recalling his brother who was putting down a revolt in Sardinia, and leaving the city to Belisarius, who entered on the feast of the great Carthaginian martyr, St. Cyprian, amid the extreme joy of the populace. When the brother of Gelimer returned from Sardinia there was still another battle to fight, but as usual Belisarius conquered. Gelimer submitted and received an estate in Galatia, and lived there in honor and prosperity for the rest of his days. The bravest of his warriors took service in the Roman army under their victor! Gelimer had, however, first to march in the triumph of Belisarius, the only one ever held at Constantinople! Justinian had recalled the general, though it would have been far wiser to have left him to consolidate his conquest; but no Roman emperor could be free from the suspicion that a victorious general might become his rival, nor could the scrupulous loyalty of Belisarius disarm him. It is said that Gelimer marched along, repeating, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

The next scheme of Justinian was the recovery of Italy from the Goths. This people had never shown the same savage cruelty as the Vandals, but had settled amicably among the Italians, and adopted much of their civilization and learning. They had recently had a truly great monarch, Theodoric, who deserves to rank with Alfred or Charlemagne, but he had left only a daughter, Amalasanta, a noble woman, and an ally of Justinian. She was stifled in her bath by Theodatus, the husband whom she had raised to the throne. The Gothic kingdom was convulsed by the crime, and Justinian saw both motive and opportunity for conquest. Yet he only gave Belisarius 4,500 horse and 3,000 infantry when this great enterprise was begun in 535, besides some choice troops of the imperial guard.

Sailing to Sicily he met no resistance except at Panormis (Palermo), but observing that his masts overtopped the walls, he hung up small rafts full of archers, whose arrows disconcerted the inhabitants so that they surrendered, and the whole island was restored to the Roman power. Theodatus tried to treat with

Justinian, and while the negotiations were going on, Belisarius crossed over to the African province, which was threatened by the Moors of Mount Atlas. Strong measures were needed, but for the time the incursions were repressed, and by the time the bad faith of Theodatus had disgusted the Greeks, Belisarius was ready to cross into Italy and besiege Naples. As usual, the native inhabitants were his friends, but were in terror of the Gothic garrison, and these, on their side, were afraid of treating with the Greek general because Theodatus had their wives and children as hostages.

Theodatus, however, shut himself up in Rome and gave no aid to Naples, and Belisarius had made up his mind to raise the siege and attack Rome itself, when one of his soldiers came to tell him that in exploring an aqueduct which had been stopped, he had found that the passage for the water could easily be enlarged so as to admit armed men. Once more he summoned the native magistrates, but the inhabitants would not submit, and he sent on the bravest of his men, with two trumpets and with lanterns, while he made an attack to divert the attention of the Goths. The way was long, and the soldiers found themselves in the very heart of Naples, in a basin with very steep sides, impossible, as it seemed, to climb. One man however, scrambled up and found himself in a hovel, where he obtained a rope and pulled up his companions. The Goths who were resisting the escalade, threw down their arms when they were attacked from behind. Belisarius did his utmost to stop slaughter and plunder, but could not entirely succeed, for many of his soldiers were savage Huns, barely kept under restraint at any time.

Theodatus remained in Rome, and appointed a brave general called Vetiges by the Greeks, but whose name was probably Wittich, to the command. The army suspected treachery, raised Wittich on their shields and proclaimed him king. Theodatus fled, and was murdered on his way, in 536. Wittich thought it better to draw off to Ravenna to reorganize his army, so the way to Rome was left open to Belisarius, who had only to summon a small garrison to submit. He gained it in the March of 537, and immediately repaired the defences; and indeed there was need, for Wittich besieged him there for a whole year, and he had terrible difficulties to contend with. The Roman populace had lost all their spirit of patriotism, and murmured from the first that with a mere handful of soldiers, he should bring down the Goths upon them, and when the distresses of a protracted siege came on them, they loudly complained, though all the useless mouths were safely sent off by sea to the fertile fields about Naples.

It is impossible to dwell at length on the events of the siege and the gallant deeds on either side. The Goths, under Wittich, were gallant enemies, but the diseases of the Campagna reduced their numbers, and finally, late in the March of 538, Wittich broke up his camp and retreated to Ravenna. There he called the Franks to his assistance, but they were mere barbarians, who plundered Goths as well as Italians and added to the general misery of the country. At last, in 539, Wittich yielded Ravenna to Belisarius who sent him to Constantinople, where he lived in honor and prosperity.

Justinian recalled his general, always fearing the result of his success. The

city of Pavia was still left to the Goths, and here they chose as king, a kinsman of Wittich, called Totila, young, gallant, and generous. The utter incapacity and greed of Justinian's governors left the country open to him, and he traversed the whole peninsula collecting Goths again to his standard, till their kingdom was restored. Indeed the whole of the land was so desolate that hardly any opposition was offered. In 544 Justinian was obliged to send Belisarius back to Italy, but most insufficiently supplied with men and money. He had in the meantime been fighting on the Persian frontier, with the great King Chosroës, and with more success than could have been hoped for with such means as were at his disposal. He came to Ravenna, but his forces were too scanty to enable him to undertake any enterprise, and where he did not command in person, the so-called Roman captains were uniformly beaten. Totila occupied Rome in 546, and tried to destroy it, overthrowing the walls and beginning to ruin the ancient buildings. Belisarius wrote to him a remonstrance, telling him how after-ages would regard such destruction, and he actually thanked the great general for his advice and spared the churches and monuments, but carried off all the inhabitants, so that when, forty days later, Belisarius re-entered the city not a man was found there. He tried to rebuild the defences, but Justinian would not send him money or men, and when Totila again advanced, he was forced to abandon the beloved and honored city. Justinian then recalled him, preferring to leave Italy to its fate rather than trust to his unswerving loyalty. An unwarlike despot, who knew that the will of an army might at any time raise a popular captain in his stead, could hardly fail to dread the one man who was beloved by his soldiers and always successful. The Empress Theodora was dead, and no honors awaited Belisarius, only undeserved suspicion.

Once again, however, the great man was called for. The Bulgarians were desolating Thrace. There was an outcry that none but Belisarius could save the Empire. He was placed at the head of only 300 old soldiers, and found the peasants helpless and incapable, yet he succeeded in repulsing the enemy and driving them beyond the Danube. The outcries of admiration alarmed the emperor, now in his eightieth year, and the notion that Belisarius, almost as old, must be a traitor, haunted him. There was a real conspiracy, and the enemies of the general accused him of sharing in it. The acts of accusation were read to the old man, but he stood, listening and not answering a single word, no doubt in his disdain. The emperor caused the brave old man's eyes to be put out, and he was stripped of all his possessions. It is said that he stood in front of his former palace with a wooden dish for alms. "*Date obolum Belisario*," give a penny to Belisarius, has become a proverb. However, Justinian seems to have repented, and he restored to Belisarius his wealth and his palace, in which, shortly after, the old man died on the 13th of March, 565, only eight months before his ungrateful sovereign.

C. M. Yonge

DAVID PINXIT.

BELISARIUS RECEIVING ALMS.

CHARLES MARTEL

By Henry G. Hewlett

(694–741)

TOWARD the close of the seventh century of our era, the kingdom which we now name France was peopled by a half-barbarous, professedly Christian race, of mixed tribes, the ruling portion of which originally sprang from Germany. The Frankish kingdom, as it was called, had risen upon the ruins of the Roman Empire, and for about a century was remarkable for the ability of its sovereigns. But after the death of King Dagobert I., in A.D. 638, the royal family seemed devoid of any mental or moral strength whatsoever, and the kings of this line have been always known as *fainéants*—weak idlers. The real power of the government was held by a succession of chief officers of the household, styled "Mayors of the Palace." The most distinguished of these noblemen was Pepin d'Héristal, who, from the year 688 to his death in 715, was virtually king of France—the nominal sovereigns being but puppets in his hands. The country was then divided into two great districts—the eastern, known as Austrasia; and the western, as Neustria. At his death Pepin left the reins of government to his grandson, Theodebald, an infant under the guardianship of his mother, Plectrude. The lawful king, Dagobert III., was also a child. It was clear that a fierce race of warriors required a strong arm to keep them in check, and could not long brook an infant's sway. The Neustrians commenced the revolt by expelling Theodebald and his mother, and choosing for their ruler a Mayor of the Palace named Raginfred. They then attacked Austrasia, which had not joined in the revolt. It was without fitting defences, and had no able man to direct its resistance against this assault. What course should the Austrasians take? Pepin, as we have said, left the government of France to a grandson; but he had a natural son, Charles, then in the flower of his youth. Whether on account of his not having been born in wedlock, or his having offended Pepin by some misconduct, Charles had been slighted, and even hated, by his father, who banished him to a monastery at Cologne, far from the intrigues of statecraft and the tumult of war. "Here," said the Austrasians, "is the likeliest man for our leader; a son of the wisest and firmest ruler the kingdom has yet acknowledged." It was agreed, therefore, by the people, that he should be invited to come, and a sum-

mons was sent from Metz, the then capital of the district, to the cloister at Cologne. Young and brave, pining in uncongenial society, and debarred from the employment of his talents, Charles seized this opportunity of release. Eagerly accepting the invitation, he hastened to return with the messengers, and soon, amidst the shouts of the delighted Austrasians, put himself at their head, under the title of Duke. The family of Pepin was not royal, and Charles doubtless saw the wisdom of yielding to the popular reverence for the ancient race of kings. The Neustrians had the same prejudice; and, accordingly, while Charles in the one district, and Raginfred in the other, virtually governed, their respective tools were Clothaire IV., King of Austrasia, and Chilperic II., King of Neustria, two descendents of the old dynasty. These events took place in A.D. 716.

The two countries now prepared for war. The Franks of Neustria were not so thoroughly and habitually warlike as their brethren of Austrasia, whose military system was better developed, in consequence of their position near the Rhine continually exposing them to conflicts with bands of Germans, which crossed the river in hopes of conquest. Nevertheless, the Austrasian Franks were now at a disadvantage, by reason of the unprepared state in which the Neustrian attack found them. Charles and Raginfred collected each an army, and marched at its head. The encounter was for some time doubtful, but the Neustrians gained a considerable advantage in the first campaign, and Charles was obliged to seek an asylum in the forests of the Ardennes region. Here, however, he did not long remain in concealment. Issuing forth at the head of a fresh body of men, he came upon the Neustrian army by surprise. A fearful slaughter took place, which he followed up by a vigorous pursuit. The Neustrians made a stand at Vincy, near Cambray. Charles met them here, and after a gallant struggle completely routed the force of Raginfred. This victory decided the fate of Neustria, and the crown of both countries was, in the year 719, placed on the head of Chilperic II. Either from motives of policy or of generosity, Charles did not abuse his success by the punishment of his rival, Raginfred, on whom he conferred the earldom and province of Anjou. He himself was content to remain sole Mayor of the Palace, under a show of obedience to a powerless king.

A brave, iron-willed man, this Charles Martel appears to us—dimly as the light of historic tradition permits us to behold him. He made his army the sole engine of his power, and cultivated it to the fullest extent then possible to him. Even the Church was not able to resist him; and at his pleasure he seized on benefices which he deemed too important to be placed in priestly hands, and bestowed them on his warriors. A rebellion among the nobles of Aquitaine demanded his attention; and thither he marched with ruthless determination, stemming revolt and establishing order. But he had a work to do in his generation far more important to Europe than any he had yet performed.

The Arab tribes, which in the last century had been converted, by the genius of Mohammed, from idolatry to the worship of God, and from lawless bandits into disciplined soldiers, were at this period pursuing their career of religious

conquest into the heart of Christendom. The Gothic monarchy of Spain, under its last king, Roderick, had fallen beneath the invading force, which now threatened France. The Duchy of Aquitaine, which considered itself independent of France, but which Charles had reduced to comparative submission, opposed the only barrier to Arabian aggression. Eudes (or Eudin), then Duke, was a gallant prince, and did all that in him lay to resist the claim which the new lords of Spain asserted to his province of Septimania (Languedoc). He defeated one invading army before Toulouse in the year 721; but the tide of invasion still flowed in. He then tried intrigue, and bestowed his daughter on Musa, a revolted general of the great Arabian leader, Abd-er-rahman. But all was in vain. In 732 the Moslem once more appeared, in tremendous force, all over the south of France, ravaging as they came, finally besieging Arles and defeating its relieving army.

The wives and children of the invaders followed in their train, as though they intended to settle in the country. Abd-er-rahman was advancing yet farther on his victorious way, when Eudes, as a last resource, applied for aid to his enemy, Charles. What were personal enmities now? This common, national danger must be averted at all hazards. So thought Eudes when he sent to Charles. So thought Charles when he quickly summoned an army, and marched toward the plains between Poitiers and Tours, where the Arabs were quartered. The importance of the struggle that ensued cannot well be over-estimated. Christianity and Mohammedanism were at issue for the possession of Europe. The difficulties that lay in the way of the success of Charles were very great. The Arabs were animated with the fanatical zeal of a new faith, and a greedy desire of domination. The Franks, on the other hand, were probably not at all conscious of, or concerned for, the religious interests which were at stake, and aimed at no more than a vigorous rebuff of an unprovoked assault. They had the advantage of familiarity with the country and climate; but were outmatched, beyond comparison, in numbers. The old monkish chronicles tell us that the battle lasted seven days. The Arab army was mainly composed of cavalry and bowmen, and the Franks suffered greatly from the charges of the former and the unerring shots of the latter. But on the seventh day the combatants closed with each other. Heavily fell the iron hands of the sturdy Franks upon the sinewy, but slender frames of their Asiatic opponents. Nevertheless, Charles had no cavalry; and the swift steeds of Arabia, with their daring riders, trampled down his battalions. Suddenly there was a cry in the rear of the Moslem army that the infidels were spoiling the camp. More eager to save their treasure than to slay their foes, the Arabs turned in this direction. Skilfully interpreting the movement as a flight, Charles cheered on his men to pursue. The crisis was fatal to Abd-er-rahman. He tried to rally his cavalry. It was too late; and he fell, pierced through with many a Frankish spear. Night separated the contestants, and when in the morning the Franks would have renewed the battle, they found that their foes had stolen away in the night, fled, leaving their treasure and their dead upon the field. The incredible number of 300,000 Arabs is said to have

fallen in this memorable defeat. The remainder fled through Aquitaine before the avenging sword of Charles. Well was he named "Martel," from the hammer-like might of his good arm! Who can say whether France and Germany, ay, England and all Europe, might not at this hour be sunk in such poverty and degradation of moral and intellectual life as Turkey now exhibits, had Charles Martel and his bold Franks fought less valiantly and enduringly at Tours?

History tells us but little more of Charles. He carried his arms into the Netherlands, conquered the Frisians and other tribes which then dwelt there, made them Christians by force, and vassals of the Frankish crown. In Saxony, and other parts of Germany also, his power was feared and obeyed. Pope Gregory II. offered to transfer to him the allegiance due from Rome to the Greek emperor, but the scheme was ended by the death of Charles. After the decease of King Chilperic II., in 720, Thierry IV. reigned in the same feeble manner as the other kings of his degenerate race. On his death, in 736, the people did not care to appoint a successor, being satisfied with the government which Charles continued to exercise under the title of "Duke of the Franks." He died in 741, at the age of forty-seven, leaving the monarchy to his three sons, Pepin, Carloman, and Griffo. Of the elder of these, we shall hear more anon. Charles Martel is the first hero who succeeded in stamping his image upon the surface of European history, after the chaos of the broken Roman empire had in some measure yielded to the spirit of order. He was chieftain of an unruly tribe, rather than king of a settled state. In this light we must regard him if we would judge his character fairly; and thus considered, he may be said to have governed France wisely and well. If his memory cannot be cleared from the reproach of certain deeds of violence, we can afford to pardon him when we remember the good service that his strong hammer once wrought for Europe.

PEPIN THE SHORT

By Henry G. Hewlett

(714–768)

CHARLES MARTEL, as we have seen, was never king of the Franks, and his sons were too politic to assume the title on his death. Griffo, the third son, may be dismissed from our notice at once, as he was from the government of the kingdom, his brothers, Carloman and Pepin, taking advantage of his weakness to dispossess him. After this act of supremacy they were for some time content to act as Mayors of the Palace, in the districts of Neustria and Austrasia respectively, under the nominal sovereignty of Childeric III., the last of the *fainéant* kings, whom they set up as a puppet. Carloman distinguished himself by attacking the Saxons and other tribes which threatened

STEUBEN PINXIT.

CHARLES MARTEL AT TOURS.

aggression; and in 744 Pepin severely punished a revolt of his father's old enemy (Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine), who, as already stated, had been compelled to do homage to the Frankish crown. Pepin soon had no sharer in his power or fame. Carloman was not made for a soldier, and, under the sudden impulse of devotional feeling, resigned his office in 747, and retired into a Roman monastery.

Pepin, thus left sole lord of France, did not hastily attempt to cut prejudice against the grain. Feeling his way gradually, he sounded popular opinion for three years, on the subject of changing the royal dynasty, and placing the crown on the head of one who had a good right arm to defend it. Finding himself strong enough at last to take decided measures, he quietly dethroned Childeric III.; and shaving off his long hair, the symbol of royalty among the early Frankish kings, sent him to one monastery at St. Omer, and his son Thierry to another at Fontenelle. This accomplished, Pepin proceeded to obtain justification for his acts from the Pope. This was a novel step; for although the bishops of Rome had great spiritual influence over Christendom, in virtue of their alleged descent from St. Peter, their temporal authority was by no means admitted out of their own diocese. Pepin was a wise man in his generation, though short-sighted as far as posterity was concerned. He saw clearly enough that no sanction which he could obtain for his acts was likely to be so binding upon the minds of his subjects, and the world at large, as that pronounced by a power which had already fastened its yoke on the soul and conscience. The Pope, Zachariah, was not insensible to the importance of the Frankish monarchy, being at the time of Pepin's accession especially in need of help against Astolpho, king of the Lombards, who threatened to seize on the Eternal City itself. When, therefore, Pepin's envoys arrived at Rome, and conveyed their master's application, the pontiff did not hesitate to answer that it was truly fitting for one to be king in name who was king in deed. Thus fortified against opposition, Pepin proceeded to fulfil all the ceremonies attaching to the kingly dignity. He and his queen, Bertha, were duly crowned and consecrated by Boniface, the "Apostle of Germany," and Bishop of Mainz. This rite was performed at Soissons, in 752, with all the pomp that the Jewish kings had been wont to employ on such occasions. The national assembly was summoned; and in presence of the great Frank nobles Boniface produced a phial of oil, announcing it as that which had fallen from heaven on the day when the first king of the Franks (Clovis) had received bap-

tism. The sacred oil was then poured upon the head of Pepin, and amid the acclamations of nobles, soldiers, and peasants, he was crowned their king.

He was a man, like his father, well fitted to rule over a warlike and rude people. What was most admired in a king at that period was personal courage, and, what was most needed, strength of will. Pepin had both; but he had one defect which, though to us it may seem a trifle, to men who prized the body far more than soul or mind, was a serious matter. He was of small stature, and acquired the name of "the Short" in consequence. Fully conscious that this was a disadvantage to him, and, indeed, hearing his name once derided by his courtiers, Pepin took a speedy opportunity of proving that what he lacked in height he more than made up in strength and bravery. It was common in those days to exhibit animal fights at the Frankish court, as indeed, to her shame be it spoken, is common in Spain to this day. On one of these occasions a lion and a bull were engaged in a savage and mortal struggle. Pepin and his courtiers were seated round the arena looking on, when suddenly the king started up, and cried: "Who will dare to separate those beasts?" There was a dead silence. The attempt was madness—certain destruction. Unsheathing his sword, and glancing scornfully round upon his courtiers, Pepin leapt into the arena, and drew the attention of the combatants upon himself. Raging with fury, they turned to attack him; but with cool and measured steps he evaded their onset, and by a succession of well-aimed blows struck off, one after the other, the heads of lion and bull. Then, throwing down his streaming sword, he accosted the astonished courtiers: "Am I worthy to be your king?" A deafening shout was the reply, and the name of "Pepin the Short" was no longer a term of derision but of honor.

Having thus established his reputation for those qualities which were most essential to his influence, Pepin took measures to render it permanent by acts of wisdom and liberality. He frequently called together the national assemblies, and included in the summons bishops as well as chieftains. Consulting with them as to the most prudent course of action, he preserved their affection to his person and obedience to his orders. He especially courted the favor of the Church, and showed his gratitude for the sanction which Pope Zachariah had given to his accession, by assisting the next Pope, Stephen III., in a serious contest which broke out in 753 with the Lombards. Their king, Astolpho, took an active part in the great religious quarrel which then agitated Christendom, with respect to the worship of images, espousing the cause of the image-breakers, while Pope Stephen supported the opposite side. Threatened with invasion, the Pope flew to the court of Pepin, who received him with much reverence, and in return was crowned king for the second time. Stephen even pronounced sentence of excommunication against all who should dare to choose a king of France from any other than Pepin's family. At the Pope's request the king assembled an army, and marched against Astolpho. The war lasted for two years, but eventually terminated in the success of Pepin, who compelled Astolpho to yield up to the Pope the exarchate of Ravenna, the last relic of the great Roman empire in Italy, and of which the Lombards had deprived the Eastern emperors.

LYBAERT PINXIT.

PEPIN AFTER THE MURDER OF DUKE WAIFRE.

Pepin, however, had in view a more national war than this. The duchy of Aquitaine was perpetually in a state of resistance to the authority of the Frankish kings. This was owing, in some measure, to the difference of language and civilization which prevailed between the people of the duchy and those of the kingdom. A spirit of hostility was also fostered by the increase of population which Aquitaine obtained from the Gascons, a tribe from the Pyrenees, not subject to the Franks. After a long period of uncertain warfare, Pepin determined to decide the struggle by active operations. He accordingly, in 759, took advantage of a rising of the people of Septimania against their Arabian rulers. He made himself master of Narbonne and other towns, and freed the Septimanians. Then turning upon Waifre, Duke of Aquitaine, he summoned him to disgorge the spoils which he had seized from the Aquitanian lands of certain churches of France. Waifre replied in defiant terms, and for nine years resisted the attempts of Pepin to reduce him to submission. It was a sanguinary and desolating war. The fairest districts of Auvergne, Limousin, and Berry, were laid waste and burnt by Pepin; and in the Frankish territories Waifre levied an equally terrible retribution. He was murdered at last by some of his own subjects, at the instigation of the Frankish king. This is the one instance of actual crime which we find recorded against Pepin; and legend tells that its shadow rested heavily upon his mind. Aquitaine was annexed to the kingdom.

It was Pepin's last achievement. He did not, as we might have expected he would, die in harness on the battle-field, but of dropsy, at the age of fifty-four. This event occurred in 768, at St. Denis. Long before his death he had obtained the coronation of his two sons, Charles and Carloman, jointly with his own, and directed his territories to be divided between them.

To be the successful founder of a new dynasty demands a genius which we may justly entitle heroic, expressive as that word is of strength of character merely, without regard to moral worth. Pepin, however, was not devoid of the latter, to a limited extent, and has left a memory which, if not remarkable for virtue, is at least not disfigured by vice.

CHARLEMAGNE

By Sir J. Bernard Burke

(742–814)

The birthplace of Charlemagne is unknown, but from various data we may infer that he was born somewhere about the year 742, nearly seven years before his father, Pepin the Short, assumed the title of king. His mother was Bertha, daughter of Charibert, Count of Leon.

Of his boyhood we know as little as of his birth, but he seems at an early age to have mingled in the real business of life, for when only twelve years old

we find him despatched to receive and welcome the sovereign pontiff who came to implore his father's aid against the barbarians that threatened Rome. From the usual habits of the Franks, it is also probable that he accompanied Pepin in his campaigns at an early age; but the first time that we really see him in the field, is on the renewal of the war with the rebellious Duke of Aquitaine.

Upon the death of Pepin, 768, Charlemagne and his younger brother, Carloman, succeeded to equal portions of one of the most powerful European kingdoms, bounded by the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Mediterranean, and the ocean. But this would hardly have enabled the monarchs, even had they been united, to resist successfully the incursions of the barbarous tribes on the German frontiers of France, which had commenced with the first establishment of the Frankish dominion in Gaul; and which was kept alive by the constant pouring out of fresh hordes from the overpopulated North. The situation of Charlemagne was rendered yet more perilous by the passive enmity of his brother, and the rebellion of Hunald, the turbulent Duke of Aquitaine. But fortunately, Charlemagne had a genius equal to the difficulties of his situation; though his brother refused to aid him, he defeated Hunald; and no less illustrious by his clemency than by his valor and military skill, he forgave the vanquished rebel.

Desiderius, the king of Lombardy, had made large encroachments upon the states of the Roman pontiff, whose cause was taken up by Charlemagne. This led to feuds, which Bertha, the mother of the Frankish king, endeavored to appease by bringing about a union between her son and the daughter of the Lombard. But Charlemagne soon took a disgust to the wife thus imposed upon him, and repudiated her, that he might marry Hildegarde, the daughter of a noble family in Suabia.

In 771 Carloman died, and Charlemagne was elected to the vacant throne, to the exclusion of his nephews, whose extreme youth, indeed, made them incapable of wearing the crown in such troubled times. Gilberga, the widow of Carloman, immediately fled, and sought an asylum with Desiderius, the common place of refuge for all who were hostile to the Frankish monarch. But the attention of Charlemagne was called off to a more immediate danger from the Saxons, of whom the Frisons were either a branch or the perpetual allies. Had the tribes of which this people were composed been united under one head, instead of being governed by various independent chiefs, the result would probably have been fatal to France. Such a day, however, might come; a second Attila might

arise; and with a full conviction of these perils, Charlemagne, when he marched against the barbarians, determined to put them down effectually. He took and destroyed the famous temple of the Irminsule, the great idol of their nation—that is, the Hermansaule, or Pillar of Hermann, which had originally been raised to commemorate the defeat of the Roman Varus by that hero, though in time the name had got corrupted, and the cause of its erection been forgotten. The Saxons were too wise to meet their powerful opponent in the field, and when, as often happened, they were brought to bay, they made a feigned submission, and obtained mercy by vows they never meant to keep. Meanwhile events had been taking place in another quarter, that called away Charlemagne, and obliged him to leave his generals to watch over them.

The Lombard king, Desiderius, had made use of his absence to plunder the papal see, to which Adrian had now succeeded. With some difficulty the Pope contrived to give his friend notice of his danger, when Charlemagne assembled a vast army, one division of which he himself led into Italy over the Alps by Mount Cenis, while the other was conducted to the same ground by his uncle, Duke Bernard, over the Mons Jovis, or Mount Joux, which from this event received the name it has borne ever since, of the Great Saint Bernard. Although surprised by an invasion from a quarter so unexpected, Desiderius marched out to meet his enemy, but his flank being turned, he fled hastily to Pavia, without having struck a blow; Charlemagne pursued the fugitives, but finding the city too strong to be taken by storm, he blockaded it with one portion of his army, while with the other he proceeded against Verona, having reduced which, he returned to the siege of Pavia. Month after month passed, till at length Easter approached, when, leaving the city blockaded as before, he determined to visit Rome in his capacity of patrician or governor. His march through the Italian towns was one of uninterrupted triumph; everywhere he was met with acclamations, and at Rome he was received by the Pope, as well as the people, with the liveliest expressions of gratitude for having freed them from the tyranny of the Lombards. The friendship then cemented between Adrian and his young deliverer lasted through the remainder of their lives without any serious interruption.

Having thus asserted his rights of Patrician or Exarch, Charlemagne was liberal in his donations to the Church, and soon afterward returned to the siege of Pavia, which it now became important for him to bring to a speedy conclusion, the Saxons having again taken advantage of his absence to ravage his frontiers. About the middle of the year, the city surrendered, and he was crowned with the iron crown of Lombardy. He then marched against the Saxons, defeating them whenever they ventured to make a stand, till they found their best resource was in submission.

It was not long before a fresh revolt amongst the Lombards recalled him to their country. Once more he was victorious and once more he was summoned from his career of conquest to meet the Saxons. As usual, they were beaten out of the field, and so completely, that many of them, seeming to have lost all

faith in their gods, from repeated defeats, presented themselves with their wives and children to receive baptism.

Amid all these fatigues and battles, which might appear sufficient to have occupied the attention of any one man, Charlemagne retained in his own hands the general government of the state. The local administration was distributed among twelve provincial officers, with the title of Dukes, each of them having the command of a county. Subordinate to these officers were the Counts, who, in fact, were the judges of the land, and had full authority to decide and punish within their jurisdiction. To secure the faithful performance of their duties by these Dukes and Counts, certain officers, under the name of Missi Dominici, were sent in visitations from time to time to inquire into their conduct. In great ecclesiastical questions, or those affecting the more powerful vassals of the crown, either the king himself, or the count of his palace, sat as judge.

Spain next demanded his attention. That country had been subdued by the Arabs, but the descendants of the first conquerors quarrelled among themselves, and Ibn al Arabi, a powerful chief, sought aid of Charlemagne, who marched thither, and being, as usual, victorious, secured to himself a barrier against the Saracens and Gascons. This was seen with ill-will by Lupo, Duke of Gascony, who when the Frankish king was leaving Spain to meet fresh dangers on the Rhine, treacherously laid an ambush for his destruction in the gorges of the Pyrenees. The monarch himself was allowed to pass with the first division of his army, the second was assailed and destroyed in the valley of Roncesvalles, and the conquerors secreting themselves in their mountain fastnesses, presented no object for the vengeance of the indignant monarch. Besides, the barbarians were again ravaging his frontiers, under the command of Witikind, with a fierceness that went far beyond even the worst of their earlier incursions. Their cruelty, however, was retaliated by their almost total annihilation while attempting to retreat across the Adern, and in the ensuing season Charlemagne reduced them, as it seemed, to a state of total submission. But no sooner had he set out for Italy, whither he was called by many pressing affairs, than Witikind, the great leader of the Westphalians, started forth from his retreat in Denmark and stimulated all Saxony to a renewed contest. The time was well chosen. Witikind, who appears to have been as superior to the generals of Charlemagne as he was inferior to the king himself, gave the Franks a complete overthrow.

When these tidings were brought to Charlemagne, he returned in all haste to the northern frontiers. The scene was at once reversed. Cowed by his name alone, they had recourse, as usual, to submission, guaranteed by oaths which they never meant to keep, and by hostages who did not hesitate to incur the fatal penalty attached to the certain faithlessness of their countrymen. But this time the king would listen to no terms short of ample vengeance. He demanded that four thousand of the most hostile and turbulent should be delivered up to him, all of whom he had executed in one day, in order to do by intimidation what he had failed to do by kindness. His severity, however, failed in producing the

Photogravure. Hanfstaengl

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desired effect. It was not long before the Saxons again flew to arms, when they sustained so signal a defeat that very few of all their host escaped from the bloody field. Yet still the spirit of the barbarians, supported by an indomitable passion for war and plunder, continued as little quelled as ever. Witikind and Albion, their most popular chiefs, still maintained the contest, even when suffering nothing but disasters, until at length, their conqueror, subduing them more by policy than by arms, won them over to the Christian faith, which was then embraced by all Saxony.* This, for the time, produced a better feeling, though the truce was not of long duration.

Hildegarde, the wife of Charlemagne, had now been dead some short time, when he married Fastrada, the daughter of a Frankish noble. It is said that from this union there arose a spirit of discontent among some of the leading men of his nation, who in consequence rebelled against him; but, finding themselves too weak to contend with him, dispersed, and endeavored to find safety in concealment. They did not, however, escape their merited punishment. Being sooner or later taken, some had their eyes put out, others were degraded from their rank, none were condemned to death, but all to exile. Even these severe examples did not prevent the rise of many petty revolts, the different parts of which the Frankish kingdom was composed not being as yet sufficiently amalgamated; but they were suppressed by the united wisdom and vigor of the monarch.

The short interval of peace now allowed him, Charlemagne employed in endeavoring to educate and civilize his people. He made a tour through his dominions, spreading local and general improvement, reforming laws, advancing knowledge, and building churches and monasteries, Christianity being one of the chief means to which he trusted for the attainment of his grand objects. In this he was no less successful than he had before been in war. With the exception of the Eastern Empire, France was now the most cultivated nation in Europe, even Rome herself sending thither for skilful workmen, while commerce, roads, and mechanics must have been much advanced, as we may infer from the facility with which marble columns and immense stone crosses were often carried through the whole extent of France upon carriages of native construction. Luxury, too, with its attendant arts, had made considerable strides. Vases of gold and silver richly carved, silver tables brightly wrought, bracelets, rings, and table-cloths of fine linen, might be seen in the houses of the nobles. The people must have been dexterous in working iron, for their superiority in this respect is evinced by the severe laws forbidding the exportation of arms.

The calm, thus wisely employed, did not last long. Charlemagne was soon aroused from his peaceful occupations to put down a revolt of Tassilo, Duke of Bavaria, as well as a meditated attack upon Italy by Adalgisus, the son of the deposed Lombard king, Desiderius, who was assisted underhand by the Greek empress, Irene, and had besides formed a secret alliance with the Duke of Beneventum. Tassilo, being seized, was condemned to death by the great council. He

*Witikind was baptized with solemn ceremony by the great bishops of the realm, in presence of his conqueror. Paul Thumann has vividly portrayed the scene in the painting here copied.

appealed to the clemency of the king, who, ever averse to shed blood, mitigated the sentence into a lifelong seclusion from the world in a cloister. Adalgisus was met by the Duke of Beneventum, not to assist him, as he had expected, but to oppose him, for the duke had in good time discovered that loyalty was more likely to prosper than treason. He therefore joined the army of France under Grimwold, and in the battle which succeeded the Greek forces were entirely routed, and Adalgisus disappears from the busy scene.

The empire of Charlemagne was next to be assailed by the Huns, not the same people whose fathers had fought under Attila, though probably descended from the same stock. Upon the death of that ferocious conqueror, the tribes whom his talents had kept united, again sundered. Shortly afterward a warlike nation, calling themselves Avars, approached the northern parts of Europe, having been driven from their native country by the Turks. They spread rapidly, acquiring territory and power, until they were invited by Tassilo to aid him in his meditated treachery. They lost more than one battle against the Franks; but neither their own defeat, nor the total overthrow of their ally, made any change in their purposes. They persisted; fought a hard battle, and were so utterly routed, that they drew back and remained quiet for a while, in order to collect their strength before venturing upon a fresh contest with their tremendous adversary, who, on his part, was no less desirous of a respite for the same object. Little rest, however, was allowed him. No sooner had he beaten back these Huns, than he had to contend with a new enemy, the Weletabes, a Slavonian tribe inhabiting the northern part of Germany, near Brandenburg and Pomerania, from the Elbe to the Baltic. In themselves they might not have excited much alarm, but, if they met with only a temporary success, their example might have been fatal, by rousing the Saxons, who still with reluctance submitted to the yoke imposed upon them. The king, therefore, without loss of time, met and defeated the Weletabes; when he received them into grace, and ever afterward found them faithful.

Having freed himself from this peril, Charlemagne next found that he must turn his arms against the Huns of Hungary, which appears to have been defended by them after a singular fashion. The whole country was surrounded by nine circles of double palisading, formed of trunks of trees twenty feet in height. The interstices of the palisade were twenty feet wide, filled with stone and lime compacted, the top being covered with earth, and planted with shrubs. At the distance of twenty Teutonic, or forty Italian miles, was a second fortified line of the same kind; and thus the circles were repeated, the circumference always narrowing till you came to the innermost, or ring, in which the Avars kept all their wealth, the accumulation of centuries of rapine. Such, at least, is the account, however improbable, handed down to us by an historian of the day.

In the outset fortune favored Charlemagne as usual. He took the first three of the defensive circles sword in hand, and laid waste the country to the junction of the Raab with the Danube, while his son Pepin had met and routed their army in another quarter. But unhappily a pestilential disease broke out among

the horses, who died by thousands, and he was obliged to retreat, unpursued, however, by the Avars, their surprise and terror not having yet subsided.

In the doubtful lull that followed, a conspiracy was raised against the life and throne of the monarch, in which his natural son, Pepin the Hunchback, was implicated. It was discovered in time, and all the conspirators were put to death, with the exception of Pepin, who was confined for life within a monastery.

Scarcely had the king escaped this danger, than he was alarmed by news that the Saxons had revolted, and uniting themselves with the Huns, had given a bloody defeat to his cousin, Theodoric. Close upon this came other tidings of equally evil import. In the late campaign against the Huns, Charlemagne had called to his aid his son Pepin, King of Italy, who, notwithstanding he was himself embroiled with Grimbald, Duke of Beneventum, did not hesitate to obey. To reward this prompt obedience, Charlemagne early in the winter had despatched another son, Louis, King of Aquitaine, to the help of his brother, when the Saracens took advantage of the latter's absence to attack his frontiers, and even penetrated to Narbonne before any forces were ready to oppose them. From this expedition they returned home laden with plunder, and satisfied with this success, remained for a while in quiet. Charles therefore had a brief respite to turn against the Saxons; and as he had hitherto found all his precautions unavailing to keep them within the bounds of good order, he broke up the nation, and transported an immense number of the most turbulent to a distance from their own country. Multitudes of men, women, and children were dispersed over France, and not a few were transported to Brabant and various parts of Flanders.

About this time, 793, the first collision took place between the Franks and the piratical Northmen.

It would be alien from our present purpose to follow Charlemagne step by step in his march of conquest and civilization. We need only say in general terms, that he drove back the Arabs, reduced the Huns, became the friend of Haroun al Raschid, his only rival in the paths of greatness, and effectually protected his long line of coast from the attempted incursion of the Northmen. It is said that upon one occasion he arrived at a certain port just as the pirates were preparing to land; but the moment they by some means learnt the presence of the monarch, they immediately fled in terror at his mere name. He remained gazing on the departing vessels, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. His nobles could not help showing surprise at such unusual emotion in the monarch, which being observed by him he exclaimed, "I weep not, my friends, because I myself fear these miserable savages; but I weep that they should dare to show themselves upon my coast while I am living, for I foresee the evils they will bring upon my people when I am dead."

It was always an object of first importance with Charlemagne to support the papal authority, as holding out the only means of spreading Christianity, which he justly considered the most effectual instrument he could employ to enlighten and civilize the world. An attempt had been made to mutilate the Pope, and thus disqualify him for his office, by Campulus and Paschal, two disappointed aspir-

ants to the papacy; but he escaped from their hands and brought his complaints before Charlemagne. The conspirators then attempted to justify the deed, by accusing the Pope of atrocious crimes; and the king calling to his aid certain of the Roman prelates, proceeded to sit in judgment on him. The prelates, however, declared that by all the canonical rules they could not judge their superior; and Leo therefore was allowed, according to an old custom, to purge himself, by a solemn oath, of the crimes which had been laid to his charge.

Many motives of policy at this time induced the Pope to set up an emperor of the West in opposition to the Eastern Empire. It was Christmas-day, when, with the rest of the Catholic world, Charlemagne presented himself in the church of St. Peter. At the desire of the Romans he was dressed in the long robe of the patrician, and unsuspicious, it is said, of the honor intended him, knelt at the high altar; but, just as he was about to rise, Leo advanced, and suddenly placed upon his head the crown of the Western world, amidst the popular acclamations, "Long life and victory to Charles Augustus, crowned by God, great and pacific Emperor of the Romans!"

To end the long-existing feuds between the Western and Eastern Empires, Charlemagne now proposed to marry Irene, who, having deposed her son and put out his eyes, had usurped the throne of Constantinople. Irene herself was not unwilling to accept the offer; but she was overruled by a faction, and a treaty of peace was substituted for a treaty of marriage. But while the negotiations were going on, Irene herself was deposed by the great treasurer, Nicephorus, who even refused to grant her the smallest pittance, so that the degraded empress was obliged to support herself by the labors of the distaff. He was, however, glad to conclude a peace with Charlemagne.

Though troubled from time to time by disputes among the neighboring barbarians, the Frankish monarch might now be said to enjoy peace; and while still in the possession of robust health, he resolved to prepare for death, by allotting among his children such portions of territory as he wished them to possess when he should be removed from the scene. Both his sons and the people willingly consented to the proposed arrangements, which, indeed, bore the stamp of his usual wisdom and justice. But the advanced age which he attained, brought with it the usual evils of protracted life. He saw his friends and children swept away before him. His son Louis alone remained to inherit his vast dominions. With this single drawback the remainder of his time was as prosperous as his earlier career had been; till at length, being suddenly attacked with pleurisy, he expired, after a short illness, in the seventy-second year of his age and the forty-seventh of his reign, January 28, 814.

OLAF TRYGGVESON

Extracts from "Early Kings of Norway," by THOMAS CARLYLE

(955–1000)

OLAF TRYGGVESON also makes a great figure in the Faröer Saga, and recounts there his early troubles, which were strange and many. He is still reckoned a grand hero of the North, though his *vates* now is only Snorro Sturrleson of Iceland. Tryggveson had indeed many adventures in the world. His poor mother, Astrid, was obliged to fly with him, on murder of her husband * by Gunhild—to fly for life, three months before her little Olaf was born. She lay concealed in reedy island, fled through trackless forests, reached her father's with the little baby in her arms, and lay deep-hidden there; tended only by her father himself; Gunhild's pursuit being so incessant and keen as with sleuth-hounds. Poor Astrid had to fly again deviously to Sweden, to Esthland (Esthonia), to Russia. In Esthland she was sold as a slave, quite parted from her boy, who also was sold, and again sold; but did at last fall in with a kinsman high in the Russian service; did from him find redemption and help, and so rose, in a distinguished manner, to manhood, victorious self-help, and recovery of his kingdom at last. He even met his mother again, he as King of Norway, she as one wonderfully lifted out of darkness into new life, and happiness still in store.

Grown to manhood, Tryggveson, now become acquainted with his birth, and with his, alas! hopeless claims, left Russia for the one profession open to him, that of sea-robbery; and did feats without number in that questionable line in many seas and scenes,—in England latterly, and most conspicuously of all. In one of his courses thither, after long labors in the Hebrides, Man, Wales, and down the western shores to the very Land's End and farther, he paused at the Scilly Islands for a little while. He was told of a wonderful Christian hermit living strangely in these sea-solitudes; had the curiosity to seek him out, exam-

* Tryggve, one of the Norwegian sub-kings, slain by order of Gunhild, Queen of Norway.

ine, question, and discourse with him ; and, after some reflection, accepted Christian baptism from the venerable man. In Snorro the story is involved in miracle, rumor, and fable ; but the fact itself seems certain, and is very interesting ; the great, wild, noble soul of fierce Olaf opening to this wonderful gospel of tidings from beyond the world, tidings which infinitely transcended all else he had ever heard or dreamt of ! It seems certain he was baptized here ; date not fixable ; shortly before poor heart-broken Dunstan's death, or shortly after ; most English churches, monasteries especially, lying burnt, under continual visitation of the Danes. Olaf, such baptism notwithstanding, did not quit his viking profession ; indeed, what other was there for him in the world as yet ?

We mentioned his occasional copartneries with Svein of the Double-beard, now become King of Denmark, but the greatest of these, and the alone interesting at this time, is their joint invasion of England, and Tryggveson's exploits and fortunes there some years after that adventure of baptism in the Scilly Isles. Svein and he "were above a year in England together," this time : they steered up the Thames with three hundred ships and many fighters ; siege, or at least furious assault, of London was their first or main enterprise, but it did not succeed. The "Saxon Chronicle" gives date to it, A.D. 994, and names expressly, as Svein's copartner, "Olaus, King of Norway,"—which he was as yet far from being ; but in regard to the Year of Grace the "Saxon Chronicle" is to be held indisputable, and, indeed, has the field to itself in this matter. But finding London impregnable for the moment (no ship able to get athwart the bridge, and many Danes perishing in the attempt to do it by swimming), Svein and Olaf turned to other enterprises ; all England in a manner lying open to them, turn which way they liked. They burnt and plundered over Kent, over Hampshire, Sussex ; they stormed far and wide ; world lying all before them where to choose. Wretched Ethelred, as the one invention he could fall upon, offered them Danegelt (£16,000 of silver this year, but it rose in other years as high as £48,000) ; the desperate Ethelred, a clear method of quenching fire by pouring *oil* on it ! Svein and Olaf accepted ; withdrew to Southampton—Olaf at least did—till the money was got ready. Strange to think of, fierce Svein of the Double-beard, and conquest of England by him ; this had at last become the one salutary result which remained for that distracted, down-trodden, now utterly chaotic and anarchic country. A conquering Svein, followed by an ably and earnestly administrative, as well as conquering, Knut (whom Dahlmann compares to Charlemagne), were thus by the mysterious destinies appointed the effective saviours of England.

Tryggveson, on this occasion, was a good while at Southampton ; and roamed extensively about, easily victorious over everything, if resistance were attempted, but finding little or none ; and acting now in a peaceable or even friendly capacity. In the Southampton country he came in contact with the then Bishop of Winchester, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, excellent Elphegus, still dimly decipherable to us as a man of great natural discernment, piety, and inborn veracity ; a hero-soul, probably of real brotherhood with Olaf's own. He even

A NORSE RAID UNDER OLAF.

made court visits to King Ethelred; one visit to him at Andover of a very serious nature. By Elphegus, as we can discover, he was introduced into the real depths of the Christian faith. Elphegus, with due solemnity of apparatus, in presence of the king, at Andover baptized Olaf anew, and to him Olaf engaged that he would never plunder in England any more; which promise, too, he kept. In fact, not long after, Svein's conquest of England being in an evidently forward state, Tryggveson (having made, withal, a great English or Irish marriage, —a dowager princess, who had voluntarily fallen in love with him,—see Snorro for this fine romantic fact!) mainly resided in our island for two or three years, or else in Dublin, in the precincts of the Danish Court there in the Sister Isle. Accordingly it was in Dublin, as above noted, that Hakon's spy found him; and from the Liffey that his squadron sailed, through the Hebrides, through the Orkneys, plundering and baptizing in their strange way, toward such success as we have seen.*

Tryggveson made a stout, and, in effect, victorious and glorious struggle for himself as king. Daily and hourly vigilant to do so, often enough by soft and even merry methods,—for he was a witty, jocund man, and had a fine ringing laugh in him, and clear pregnant words ever ready,—or if soft methods would not serve, then by hard, and even hardest, he put down a great deal of miscellaneous anarchy in Norway; was especially busy against heathenism (devil-worship and its rites): this, indeed, may be called the focus and heart of all his royal endeavor in Norway, and of all the troubles he now had with his people there. For this was a serious, vital, all-comprehending matter: devil-worship, a thing not to be tolerated one moment longer than you could by any method help! Olaf's success was intermittent, of varying complexion; but his effort, swift or slow, was strong and continual; and on the whole he did succeed. Take a sample or two of that wonderful conversion process:

At one of his first Things he found the Bonders all assembled in arms; resolute to the death seemingly, against his proposal and him. Tryggveson said little; waited impassive, "What your reasons are, good men?" One zealous Bonder started up in passionate parliamentary eloquence; but after a sentence or two broke down; one, and then another, and still another, and remained all three staring in open-mouthed silence there! The peasant-proprietors accepted the phenomenon as ludicrous, perhaps partly as miraculous withal, and consented to baptism this time.

On another occasion of a Thing, which had assembled near some heathen temple to meet him,—temple where Hakon Jarl had done much repairing, and set up many idol figures and sumptuous ornaments, regardless of expense, especially a very big and splendid Thor, with massive gold collar round the neck of him, not the like of it in Norway,—King Tryggveson was clamorously invited

* Hakon, now King of Norway, sent a spy to learn if Olaf thought of regaining his inheritance. Guided by the spy, Olaf did sail with his fleet for Norway, found the people there in unexpected rebellion against Hakon's tyranny, set himself at their head, easily overthrew the king, executed him amid general rejoicing, and established himself upon the throne.

by the Bonders to step in there, enlighten his eyes, and partake of the sacred rites. Instead of which he rushed into the temple with his armed men; smashed down, with his own battle-axe, the god Thor prostrate on the floor at one stroke, to set an example; and in a few minutes had the whole Hakon Pantheon wrecked; packing up, meanwhile, all the gold and preciosities accumulated there (not forgetting Thor's illustrious gold collar, of which we shall hear again), and victoriously took the plunder home with him for his own royal uses and behoof of the state.

By unwearied industry of this and better kinds, Tryggveson had trampled down idolatry, so far as form went,—how far in substance may be greatly doubted. But it is to be remembered withal, that always on the back of these compulsory adventures there followed English bishops, priests, and preachers; whereby to the open-minded, conviction, to all degrees of it, was attainable, while silence and passivity became the duty or necessity of the unconvinced party.

In about two years Norway was all gone over with a rough harrow of conversion. Heathenism at least constrained to be silent and outwardly comformable. Tryggveson next turned his attention to Iceland, sent one Thangbrand, priest from Saxony, of wonderful qualities, military, as well as theological, to try and convert Iceland. Thangbrand made a few converts; for Olaf had already many estimable Iceland friends, whom he liked much, and was much liked by; and conversion was the ready road to his favor. Thangbrand, I find, lodged with Hall of Sida (familiar acquaintance of "Burnt Njal," whose Saga has its admirers among us even now). Thangbrand converted Hall and one or two other leading men; but in general he was reckoned quarrelsome and blusterous rather than eloquent and piously convincing. Two skalds of repute made biting lampoons upon Thangbrand, whom Thangbrand, by two opportunities that offered, cut down and did to death because of their skaldic quality. Another he killed with his own hand, I know not for what reason. In brief, after about a year, Thangbrand returned to Norway and King Olaf, declaring the Icelanders to be a perverse, satirical, and inconvertible people, having himself, the record says, been "the death of three men there." King Olaf was in high rage at this result; but was persuaded by the Icelanders about him to try farther, and by a milder instrument. He accordingly chose one Thormod, a pious, patient, and kindly man, who, within the next year or so, did actually accomplish the matter; namely, get Christianity, by open vote, declared at Thingvalla by the general Thing of Iceland there; the roar of a volcanic eruption at the right moment rather helping the conclusion, if I recollect. Whereupon Olaf's joy was no doubt great.

One general result of these successful operations was the discontent, to all manner of degrees, on the part of many Norse individuals, against this glorious and victorious, but peremptory and terrible king of theirs. Tryggveson, I fancy, did not much regard all that; a man of joyful, cheery temper, habitually contemptuous of danger. Another trivial misfortune that befell in these conversion

operations, and became important to him, he did not even know of, and would have much despised if he had. It was this: Sigrid, queen-dowager of Sweden, thought to be among the most shining women of the world, was also known for one of the most imperious, revengeful, and relentless, and had got for herself the name of Sigrid the Proud. In her high widowhood she had naturally many wooers; but treated them in a manner unexampled.

In spite of which, however, there went from Tryggveson, who was now a widower, some incipient marriage proposals to this proud widow; by whom they were favorably received; as from the brightest man in all the world, they might seem worth being. Now, in one of these anti-heathen onslaughts of King Olaf's on the idol temples of Hakon—(I think it was that case where Olaf's own battle-axe struck down the monstrous refulgent Thor, and conquered an immense gold ring from the neck of him, or from the door of his temple)—a huge gold ring, at any rate, had come into Olaf's hands; and this he bethought him might be a pretty present to Queen Sigrid, the now favorable, though the proud. Sigrid received the ring with joy; fancied what a collar it would make for her own fair neck; but noticed that her two goldsmiths, weighing it on their fingers, exchanged a glance. "What is that?" exclaimed Queen Sigrid. "Nothing," answered they, or endeavored to answer, dreading mischief. But Sigrid compelled them to break open the ring; and there was found, all along the inside of it, an occult ring of copper, not a heart of gold at all! "Ha," said the proud queen, flinging it away, "he that could deceive in this matter can deceive in many others!" And was in hot wrath with Olaf; though, by degrees, again she took milder thoughts.

Milder thoughts, we say; and consented to a meeting next autumn at some half-way station, where their great business might be brought to a happy settlement and betrothment. Both Olaf Tryggveson and the high dowager appear to have been tolerably of willing mind at this meeting; but Olaf interposed, what was always one condition with him, "Thou must consent to baptism, and give up thy idol-gods." "They are the gods of all my forefathers," answered the lady; "choose thou what gods thou pleasest, but leave me mine." Whereupon an altercation; and Tryggveson, as was his wont, towered up into shining wrath, and exclaimed at last, "Why should I care about thee then, old faded heathen creature?" And impatiently wagging his glove, hit her, or slightly switched her, on the face with it, and contemptuously turning away, walked out of the adventure. "This is a feat that may cost thee dear one day," said Sigrid. And in the end it came to do so, little as the magnificent Olaf deigned to think of it at the moment.

Olaf Tryggveson, though his kingdom was the smallest of the Norse Three, had risen to a renown over all the Norse world which neither he of Denmark nor he of Sweden could pretend to rival. A magnificent, far-shining man; more expert in all "bodily exercises," as the Norse called them, than any man had ever been before him, or after was. Could keep five daggers in the air, always catching the proper fifth by its handle, and sending it aloft again; could shoot supremely, throw a javelin with either hand; and, in fact, in battle usually threw

two together. These, with swimming, climbing, leaping, were the then admirable Fine Arts of the North; in all which Tryggveson appears to have been the Raphael and the Michael Angelo at once. Essentially definable, too, if we look well into him, as a wild bit of real heroism, in such rude guise and environment; a high, true, and great human soul. A jovial burst of laughter in him, too; a bright, airy, wise way of speech; dressed beautifully and with care; a man admired and loved exceedingly by those he liked; dreaded as death by those he did not like. "Hardly any king," says Snorro, "was ever so well obeyed, by one class out of zeal and love, by the rest out of dread." His glorious course, however, was not to last long.

King Svein of the Double-beard had not yet completed his conquest of England,—by no means yet, some thirteen horrid years of that still before him!—when, over in Denmark, he found that complaints against him and intricacies had arisen, on the part principally of one Burislav, King of the Wends (far up the Baltic), and in a less degree with the King of Sweden and other minor individuals. Svein earnestly applied himself to settle these, and have his hands free. Burislav, an aged heathen gentleman, proved reasonable and conciliatory; so, too, the King of Sweden, and Dowager Queen Sigrid, his managing mother. Bargain in both these cases got sealed and crowned by marriage. Svein, who had become a widower lately, now wedded Sigrid; and might think, possibly enough, he had got a proud bargain, though a heathen one. Burislav also insisted on marriage with Princess Thyri, the Double-beard's sister. Thyri, inexpressibly disinclined to wed an aged heathen of that stamp, pleaded hard with her brother; but the Double-bearded was inexorable; Thyri's wailings and entreaties went for nothing. With some guardian foster-brother, and a serving-maid or two, she had to go on this hated journey. Old Burislav, at sight of her, blazed out into marriage feast of supreme magnificence, and was charmed to see her, but Thyri would not join the marriage party, refused to eat with it or sit with it at all. Day after day, for six days, flatly refused; and after nightfall of the sixth, glided out with her foster-brother into the woods, into by-paths and inconceivable wanderings; and, in effect, got home to Denmark. Brother Svein was not for the moment there; probably enough gone to England again. But Thyri knew too well he would not allow her to stay here, or anywhere that he could help, except with the old heathen she had just fled from.

Thyri, looking round the world, saw no likely road for her, but to Olaf Tryggveson in Norway; to beg protection from the most heroic man she knew of in the world. Olaf, except by renown, was not known to her; but by renown he well was. Olaf, at sight of her, promised protection and asylum against all mortals. Nay, in discoursing with Thyri Olaf perceived more and more clearly what a fine handsome being, soul and body, Thyri was; and in a short space of time winded up by proposing to Thyri, who, humbly, and we may fancy with what secret joy, consented to say yes, and become Queen of Norway. In the due months they had a little son, Harald; who, it is credibly recorded, was the joy of both his parents; but who, to their inexpressible sorrow, in about a year

died, and vanished from them. This, and one other fact now to be mentioned, is all the wedded history we have of Thyri.

The other fact is, that Thyri had, by inheritance or covenant, not depending on her marriage with old Burislav, considerable properties in Wendland, which she often reflected might be not a little behooveful to her here in Norway, where her civil-list was probably but straitened. She spoke of this to her husband; but her husband would take no hold, merely made her gifts, and said, "Pooh, pooh, can't we live without old Burislav and his Wendland properties?" So that the lady sank into ever deeper anxiety and eagerness about this Wendland object; took to weeping; sat weeping whole days; and when Olaf asked, "What ails thee, then?" would answer, or did answer once, "What a different man my father Harald Gormson was" (vulgarly called Blue-tooth), "compared with some that are now kings! For no King Svein in the world would Harald Gormson have given up his own or his wife's just rights!" Whereupon Tryggveson started up, exclaiming, in some heat, "Of thy brother Svein I never was afraid; if Svein and I meet in contest, it will not be Svein, I believe, that conquers;" and went off in a towering fume. Consented, however, at last, had to consent, to get his fine fleet equipped and armed, and decide to sail with it to Wendland to have speech and settlement with King Burislav.

Tryggveson had already ships and navies that were the wonder of the North. Especially in building war-ships—the Crane, the Serpent, last of all the Long Serpent—he had, for size, for outward beauty, and inward perfection of equipment, transcended all example.

This new sea expedition became an object of attention to all neighbors; especially Queen Sigrid the Proud and Svein Forkbeard, her now king, were attentive to it.

"This insolent Tryggveson," Queen Sigrid would often say, and had long been saying, to her Svein, "to marry thy sister without leave had or asked of thee; and now flaunting forth his war navies, as if he, king only of paltry Norway, were the big hero of the North! Why do you suffer it, you kings really great?"

By such persuasions, and reiterations, King Svein of Denmark, King Olaf of Sweden, and Jarl Eric,* now a great man there, grown rich by prosperous sea-robbery and other good management, were brought to take the matter up, and combine strenuously for destruction of King Olaf Tryggveson on this grand Wendland expedition of his. Fleets and forces were with best diligence got ready; and, withal, a certain Jarl Sigwald of Jomsburg, chieftain of the Jomsvikings, a powerful, plausible, and cunning man, was appointed to find means of joining himself to Tryggveson's grand voyage; of getting into Tryggveson's confidence, and keeping Svein Forkbeard, Eric, and the Swedish king aware of all his movements.

King Olaf Tryggveson, unacquainted with all this, sailed away in summer, with his splendid fleet; went through the Belts with prosperous winds, under bright skies, to the admiration of both shores. Such a fleet, with its shining

* Eric, son of King Hakon.

Serpents, long and short, and perfection of equipment and appearance, the Baltic never saw before. Jarl Sigwald joined with new ships by the way. "Had," he too, "a visit to King Burislav to pay; how could he ever do it in better company?" and studiously and skilfully ingratiated himself with King Olaf. Old Burislav, when they arrived, proved altogether courteous, handsome, and amenable; agreed at once to Olaf's claims for his now queen, did the rites of hospitality with a generous plenitude to Olaf; who cheerily renewed acquaintance with that country, known to him in early days (the cradle of his fortunes in the viking line), and found old friends there still surviving, joyful to meet him again. Jarl Sigwald encouraged these delays, King Svein & Co. not being yet quite ready. "Get ready!" Sigwald directed them, and they diligently did. Olaf's men, their business now done, were impatient to be home, and grudged every day of loitering there; but, till Sigwald pleased, such his power of flattering and cajoling Tryggveson, they could not get away.

At length, Sigwald's secret messengers reporting all ready on the part of Svein & Co., Olaf took farewell of Burislav and Wendland, and all gladly sailed away. Svein, Eric, and the Swedish king, with their combined fleets, lay in wait behind some cape in a safe little bay of some island, then called Svolde, but not in our time to be found: the Baltic tumults in the fourteenth century having swallowed it, as some think, and leaving us uncertain whether it was in the neighborhood of Rugen Island or in the Sound of Elsinore. There lay Svein, Eric & Co. waiting till Tryggveson and his fleet came up, Sigwald's spy messengers daily reporting what progress he and it had made. At length, one bright summer morning, the fleet made appearance, sailing in loose order, Sigwald, as one acquainted with the shoal places, steering ahead, and showing them the way.

Snorro rises into one of his pictorial fits, seized with enthusiasm at the thought of such a fleet, and reports to us largely in what order Tryggveson's winged Coursers of the Deep, in long series, for perhaps an hour or more, came on, and what the three potentates, from their knoll of vantage, said of each as it hove in sight. Svein thrice over guessed this and the other noble vessel to be the Long Serpent; Eric always correcting him: "No, that is not the Long Serpent yet" (and aside always), "Nor shall you be lord of it, King, when it does come." The Long Serpent itself did make appearance. Eric, Svein, and the Swedish king hurried on board, and pushed out of their hiding-place into the open sea. Treacherous Sigwald, at the beginning of all this, had suddenly doubled that cape of theirs, and struck into the bay out of sight, leaving the foremost Tryggveson ships astonished, and uncertain what to do, if it were not simply to strike sail and wait till Olaf himself with the Long Serpent arrived.

Olaf's chief captains, seeing the enemy's huge fleet come out, and how the matter lay, strongly advised King Olaf to elude this stroke of treachery, and, with all sail, hold on his course, fight being now on so unequal terms. Snorro says, the king, high on the quarter-deck where he stood, replied, "Strike the sails! never shall men of mine think of flight. I never fled from battle. Let

God dispose of my life; but flight I will never take." And so the battle arrangements immediately began, and the battle with all fury went loose; and lasted hour after hour, till almost sunset, if I well recollect. "Olaf stood on the Serpent's quarter-deck," says Snorro, "high over the others. He had a gilt shield and a helmet inlaid with gold; over his armor he had a short red coat, and was easily distinguished from other men." Snorro's account of the battle is altogether animated, graphic, and so minute that antiquaries gather from it, if so disposed (which we but little are), what the methods of Norse sea-fighting were; their shooting of arrows, casting of javelins, pitching of big stones, ultimately boarding, and mutual clashing and smashing, which it would not avail us to speak of here. Olaf stood conspicuous all day, throwing javelins, of deadly aim, with both hands at once; encouraging, fighting, and commanding like a highest sea-king.

The Danish fleet, the Swedish fleet, were, both of them, quickly dealt with, and successively withdrew out of shot-range. And then Jarl Eric came up, and fiercely grappled with the Long Serpent, or, rather, with her surrounding comrades; and gradually, as they were beaten empty of men, with the Long Serpent herself. The fight grew ever fiercer, more furious. Eric was supplied with new men from the Swedes and Danes; Olaf had no such resource, except from the crews of his own beaten ships; and at length this also failed him; all his ships, except the Long Serpent, being beaten and emptied. Olaf fought on unyielding. Eric twice boarded him, was twice repulsed. Olaf kept his quarter-deck; unconquerable, though left now more and more hopeless, fatally short of help. A tall young man, called Einar Tamberskelver, very celebrated and important afterward in Norway, and already the best archer known, kept busy with his bow. Twice he nearly shot Jarl Eric in his ship. "Shoot me that man," said Jarl Eric to a bowman near him; and, just as Tamberskelver was drawing his bow the third time, an arrow hit it in the middle and broke it in two. "What is this that has broken?" asked King Olaf. "Norway from thy hand, King," answered Tamberskelver. Tryggveson's men, he observed with surprise, were striking violently on Eric's; but to no purpose; nobody fell. "How is this?" asked Tryggveson. Our swords are notched and blunted, King; they do not cut." Olaf stept down to his arm-chest; delivered out new swords; and it was observed as he did it, blood ran trickling from his wrist; but none knew where the wound was. Eric boarded a third time. Olaf, left with hardly more than one man, sprang overboard (one sees that red coat of his still glancing in the evening sun), and sank in the deep waters to his long rest.

Rumor ran among his people that he still was not dead; grounding on some movement by the ships of that traitorous Sigwald, they fancied Olaf had dived beneath the keels of his enemies, and got away with Sigwald, as Sigwald himself evidently did. "Much was hoped, supposed, spoken," says one old mourning Skald; "but the truth was, Olaf Tryggveson was never seen in Norseland more." Strangely he remains still a shining figure to us; the wildly beautifullest man, in body and in soul, that one has ever heard of in the North.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

By G. W. Prothero

(1027–1087)

William I., King of England, surnamed the Conqueror, was born in 1027 or 1028. He was the son of Robert, Duke of Normandy and Herleva, daughter of Fulbert, a tanner of Falaise. When he was about seven years old his father, intending to go on pilgrimage and having no legitimate sons, proposed him as his heir. The great men of the duchy did homage to the child, and a year later (1035) his father's death left him to make good his claim. Anarchy was the natural result of a minority. William's life was on more than one occasion in danger, and several of his guardians perished in his service. At the earliest possible age he received knighthood from the hands of Henry I. of France, and speedily began to show signs of his capacity for government.

In 1042 he insisted that the "truce of God" should be proclaimed and observed in Normandy. When he was about twenty years old his authority was threatened by a general conspiracy, which spread through the western half of his duchy. An attempt was made to seize him at Valognes, and he only escaped by riding hard all night to his own castle at Falaise. Bessin and Cotentin, the most Norman parts of Normandy, rose in rebellion. William sought and obtained aid from King Henry, and completely defeated the rebels at Val-ès-Dunes near Caen (1047). The battle was but a combat of horse, but it decided the fate of the war and left William master of his duchy. The debt which he owed to Henry was repaid next year. War broke out between Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, and Henry (1048), and William came to his suzerain's assistance. Alençon, one of the chief border fortresses between Normandy and Maine, which had received an Angevin garrison, was captured by the duke. The inhabitants had taunted him with his birth, and William, who had dealt leniently with the rebels after Val-es-Dunes, took a cruel revenge. Soon afterward Domfront, another important border fortress, fell into his hands.

In 1051 William visited England. Two years later he married Matilda, daughter of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, and a descendant of Alfred. The marriage had been forbidden by a council at Rheims as uncanonical, and was opposed by Lanfranc, Prior of Bec. This produced a quarrel between Lanfranc and William, who ravaged the lands of the abbey and ordered the banishment of its prior. Lanfranc, however, soon came to terms with the duke, and engaged to obtain a dispensation from Rome, which, however, was not granted till 1059.

Strengthened by this alliance with Flanders, William showed himself more than a match for all his enemies. Henry, who had hitherto been for the most part friendly, now turned against him. After the suppression of some isolated revolts, William was threatened in 1054 by a great confederacy. His dominions were invaded by the forces of the French king, in combination with those of Geoffrey of Anjou, Theobald of Blois, and others. William remained at first on the defensive; then, falling suddenly on one of the French armies at Mortemer, in the northeastern corner of his duchy, he cut it to pieces. This blow put an end to the war; Henry made peace (1055), and William took the opportunity of extending his dominions in a southerly direction. He built fresh fortresses and exacted homage from Count Geoffrey of Mayenne.

In 1058 Henry and Count Geoffrey made a final effort to crush their dangerous neighbor; but the effort failed, like those which preceded it. William again allowed the allies to enter and ravage his territory; but, while the French army was crossing the Dive at Varaville, he attacked and completely destroyed their rear-guard, which was cut off from the van by the advancing tide. Henry again made peace, and soon afterward died (1060). The death of Geoffrey of Anjou in the same year relieved William of his most formidable rival for the possession of Maine. Herbert Wake-Dog, the lawful ruler of that territory, who had been dispossessed by Geoffrey, recovered his dominions on the latter's death. He at once "commended" himself to William, thus making the duke his heir. On his death in 1063, William took possession of Le Mans and the county of which it was the capital—an acquisition which extended his southern frontier nearly to the Loire, almost severed Brittany from the rest of France, and paved the way for the subsequent junction with Anjou.

It was apparently soon after this event, in the year 1064, that Harold, then Earl of Wessex, visited Normandy, and, according to legend, was entrapped into an oath to support William as heir to the English throne. When Harold was elected and crowned King of England (1066), William's first step was to send an embassy to him demanding the fulfilment of his promise. The purport of the demand is as uncertain as that of the pledge; but, whatever it was, Harold rejected it. The duke thereupon summoned a council of his supporters, who advised him to call together an assembly representing the whole duchy. This assembly, a typical feudal parliament, met at Lillebonne. While acting together it appears to have opposed the scheme for the conquest of England which William laid before it, but its members were won over singly. He then made a compact with Tostig, the banished brother of Harold; he came to terms with the Emperor

Henry; he conciliated Philip, King of France, by offering to hold England as his vassal; and—most important of all—he obtained the sanction of Rome.

Pope Alexander II., not only issued a bull declaring William to be the rightful heir to the throne, but sent him a ring and a banner as symbols that the blessing of heaven was on his claim. Embarking at St. Valéry, William landed, on 28th of September, at Pevensey. The battle of Senlac or Hastings (October 14, 1066), was a decisive victory for the Duke of Normandy; but it took five years more to complete the conquest of England.

Early in 1067 William made a progress through the eastern and central parts of his new dominions. All that had as yet submitted to him was comprised in the old kingdoms of Wessex and East Anglia, and a small portion of Mercia. He at once secured his hold over these districts by the erection of fortresses in London, Norwich, and elsewhere. He received homage from the great men; he confiscated the lands of those who had resisted him; and, while keeping a large number of manors for himself, he granted others to his followers. Even those who had not resisted were regarded as having legally forfeited their title and had to submit to a re-grant on less advantageous terms. In March, 1067, William returned to Normandy, taking with him as hostages the Earls Eadwine, Morkere, and Waltheof.

The revolts which broke out in the north and southwest compelled him to return to England in December. Early in 1068 he marched on Exeter, as the centre of the western revolt. He took the town and built a castle, after which he subdued Cornwall, and then marching northward forced Bristol to submit. In the summer of 1068 there was a general rising of the North, of which Eadgar was the nominal head; but Eadwine and Morkere were the moving spirits. The insurgents were aided by Malcolm, King of Scotland. William had, however, only to show himself in order to put down the insurrection. He journeyed northward, by way of Warwick and Nottingham, to York, received the submission of Eadwine, Morkere, and Malcolm, and returned by way of Lincoln and Cambridge. His march was accompanied by heavy confiscations, and great castles, rising in places of vantage, rendered the Norman power at once visible and secure.

In the spring of 1069 a fresh revolt broke out. Robert of Comines, the newly appointed Earl of Northumberland, was slain at Durham; a Danish fleet entered the Humber, and a Danish army, joined by Eadgar and Waltheof, seized and burned York. The sons of Harold attacked Devon, while other isolated outbreaks took place in the west. These were speedily put down by William's lieutenants; and in the autumn the king himself, going northward a second time, recovered York, and harried Northumberland with ruthless deliberation. Returning to keep Christmas at York, he set out again in January, 1070, to oppose Malcolm, who had crossed the border in aid of the insurgents. He forced Waltheof to submit, and drove the Scottish king back into his own country; then, marching over pathless fells in the depth of winter, he reached Chester, took the town, and founded another castle.

DE LOUTHERBOURG, PINXIT.

WILLIAM AT HASTINGS.

Northumbria, exhausted and ruined, gave up the struggle, and the omission of the northern counties from the Domesday survey throws a grim light on the completeness of the Conquest. In one district only, the fens of Cambridgeshire, where Hereward still held out, the spirit of resistance survived. In April, 1071, William arrived at Cambridge and commenced a regular blockade. Advancing cautiously by means of a causeway through the fens, he entered Ely in October, and therewith the last flicker of independence died out. The conquest of England was completed. To guard against any fresh incitements to rebellion from Scotland, William in 1072 invaded that country and forced Malcolm to do him homage—an event which had an important effect on the subsequent relations of the two countries.

Henceforward such trouble as William met with came, not from the English, but from his Norman vassals or his own family. In 1073 the citizens of Le Mans took advantage of his absence to set up a "commune," and invited Fulk of Anjou to protect them. William was soon in the field, this time assisted by English troops. He harried the country, recovered Le Mans, and made an advantageous peace with the count. By a skilful compromise he recognized Fulk as overlord of Maine, but kept actual possession of the district, for which his son Robert did homage. A year later a formidable revolt broke out in England. Two of William's great vassals, Ralph, Earl of Norfolk, and Roger, Earl of Hereford, rebelled, and a Danish fleet, probably in alliance with them, appeared in the Humber. William returned at once to England and put down the insurrection. A great meeting of the witan was summoned to try Roger and Waltheof, for the latter, though he took no part in the rebellion, had undoubtedly been privy to it. Roger was imprisoned for life and Waltheof was condemned to death.

This was the last instance of opposition to William in England; but the remaining ten years of his life were occupied with almost continuous troubles on the Continent. In 1076 he was engaged in a war with Brittany, which the interference of Philip of France forced him to bring to an unsuccessful conclusion. Next year he quarrelled with his son Robert. Matilda took the young man's side against her husband, and Philip lent him his assistance. In 1080 William was at open war with his son. While besieging him at Gerberoi he received a wound and was forced to raise the siege. A temporary reconciliation followed, soon to give way to another and a final quarrel. Three years later Matilda died, and troubles thickened upon William. A rebellious vassal, Hubert of Beaumont, seems to have held him at bay for nearly three years. Rival claims to Vexin, a district on the eastern frontier of Normandy, involved him in another war with France. He was growing old and weary, and, as he lay sick at Rouen in the summer of 1087, the French army harried his territories with impunity. When he had recovered sufficiently to take the field, he invaded Vexin and burned the town of Mantes. But his horse, plunging in the burning cinders, inflicted on him an internal injury, which proved his death-wound. He was carried to St. Gervais, where, on September 9, 1087, he died. His body was conveyed to Caen and buried in the great minster which he had built.

The career of William as a warrior and conqueror occupies of necessity the largest space in his life; but his fame as a statesman and administrator is not less than that which he won on the battle-field. This is not the place to discuss the results of the Conquest, but the policy of the Conqueror in regard to Church and State cannot be overlooked. An orthodox churchman, a supporter of union under the successor of Peter against the schismatic tendencies of the English Church, he nevertheless repelled any claim on the part of Rome to interference with his political sovereignty. He allowed Peter's pence to be collected, but refused to pay tribute to the Pope. While recognizing him as head of the Church, he declined to hold his kingdom as his vassal, nor would he permit papal bulls to enter England or excommunications to be issued against any of his subjects without his leave. He controlled all appointments to important ecclesiastical dignities; he made laws for the Church; he dealt justice to ecclesiastics, high and low, in his own courts. At the same time he had no desire to humiliate the Church; on the contrary, he sought to elevate it to a higher position in the State, to make it a more potent agent of civilization. A weaker statesman might have seen his own advantage in encouraging the rivalry between Canterbury and York; William strengthened the Church by forcing the younger to give way to the elder see. With the same object, that of increasing the efficiency of ecclesiastical organization, he severed the temporal and spiritual jurisdictions and furthered the enforcement of clerical celibacy. Finally, the trust which he reposed in Lanfranc from the time of his appointment to the see of Canterbury in 1070 shows not only his insight into character but his respect for the head of the English Church.

In regard to temporal affairs William was rather an administrator than a lawgiver. His reign is not marked by a series of legislative acts like those of Henry II. or Edward I.; but his work was the indispensable preliminary to theirs, for a strong monarchy was the first requisite of the state. To establish the power of the crown was William's principal care. The disintegrating tendencies of feudalism had already been visible under the Anglo-Saxon kings. William, while he established fully developed feudalism as a social, territorial, and military system in his new dominions, took measures to prevent it from undermining his own authority. He scattered the estates of his great vassals, so as to hinder them from building up provincial principalities; he maintained the higher popular courts against the encroachments of manorial jurisdictions; he prevented the claims of feudal lordship from standing between himself and the mass of his subjects, by exacting an oath from every landholder at the meeting of Salisbury plain; finally, by the great survey which resulted in "Domesday Book" he not only asserted his right to make a general inquisition into property, but laid the firm basis of knowledge which was indispensable to centralized government and taxation.

The care which he took to maintain English laws and institutions is part of the same policy. He balanced the two nationalities over which he ruled, and obliged each to depend upon him as its leader or protector against the other. He ruled as an English king; his feudal council was the witenagemot with a new qualifica-

tion; but at the same time he was lord of the land as no king had been before him, and he enjoyed not only all the income of his predecessors but in addition all the dues which came to him as feudal sovereign. He was thus perhaps the strongest and most absolute monarch that has ever sat upon the English throne.

In character William was stern, self-reliant, and imperious in a high degree. He was not naturally cruel; but he was ruthless if it served his purpose, and could take pitiless vengeance for an insult or a wrong. He was too strong to prefer deceit when force would serve as well, but his diplomacy was subtle and guileful, and no scruple turned him aside from his aim. His temper, originally forgiving, was soured by opposition toward the end of his life, and his tyrannical tendencies were strengthened by the long exercise of uncontrolled power. His passionate devotion to the chase is only too clearly shown in the harshness of his forest laws. In private life he displayed domestic virtues, and his fidelity to his wife was exceptional in the annals of his house and time.

GODFREY DE BOUILLON

By Henry G. Hewlett

(1060–1100)

In the year 1094 the Turks besieged the Holy City of Jerusalem, then ruled by the Fatimite caliphs, and took it. Pilgrims were then subjected to every form of violence and insult. The Greek emperor Alexius Comnenus, whom the Turks had recently defeated, implored the assistance of the great Christian states against this new and formidable foe. Pope Urban, to whom the letter was addressed, summoned a council of nobles and prelates in Auvergne and, with solemn and weighty words, appealed to the princes and soldiers of France who were seated before him. He reminded them of the national exploits of their fathers, whom Charles Martel and Charlemagne led against the Saracens, and called on the sons of such fathers to achieve yet greater deeds. As the burning words dropped from his lips they lighted a flame in every heart, and the whole assembly suddenly rose, and shouted with one voice, "It is God's will! It is God's will!" Urban caught up the cry: "Yes, without doubt,

it is God's will. He has dictated to you the words, let them be your war-cry, and be this your badge!" As he spoke he held up a crucifix. The great meeting was moved like one man; and, falling on their knees, all confessed their sins, received absolution, and took vows of service in the Holy War. A red cross, embroidered on the right shoulder, was the common sign assumed by all the soldiers, who thence acquired the name of "Crusaders." Estates were pawned and sold to obtain money for the expenses of the undertaking, and many commercial cities purchased important liberties from their lords at this favorable opportunity. The chief of one of three great divisions into which the Christian army was formed was a man whom we have taken as the very type and model of a true Crusader,—Godfrey de Bouillon.

He was the son of Gustavus, Count of Bouillon, or Boulogne, in the district of Ardennes and province of Luxembourg, and was born about the year 1060. His profession had been from his youth that of arms, and his earliest services in the field were rendered to his lord, the Emperor of Germany. In the war of Investiture he had taken an active part against Gregory VII., and bore the Imperial standard at the battle of Merseberg. By his hand the usurper, Rudolph, Duke of Suabia, fell in that decisive encounter. Godfrey's sword, swayed by his young and powerful wrist, is said to have shorn off the right arm of Rudolph at a single stroke. For this valiant deed, Henry IV. created Godfrey Duke of his province of Bouillon; or, according to some historians, Lower Lorraine. At the subsequent siege of Rome, Godfrey made himself again prominent by scaling the city walls among the first. This action colored his whole life. All his contemporaries portray his nature as displaying the loftiest integrity and deepest piety. Sound and clear as his intellect was, he yet shared in the superstition of his times, and was led by reflection to believe that, in bearing arms against God's vicegerent, and attacking a city where so many apostles and martyrs lay buried, he had been guilty of a heinous sin. Remorse worked on his mind so heavily that he took a vow to join in the Crusade, from a conviction that his glaring crime could only be blotted out by a heroism equally conspicuous. His noble birth, and yet nobler character, won for him so high a place in the estimation of his fellows, that, on announcing his intention of undertaking the Crusade, hundreds flocked to his standard. A worthy general, truly, of soldiers thus ardent in a cause which they deemed divine! To the qualities of bodily strength and beauty, which in those days were chiefly valued in the head of an army, Godfrey happily united the more durable strength of intellect and beauty of soul. His knightly heart and statesman's mind never ran counter, and whatever generous policy the one dictated, was carried into effect by the wisdom of the other. Although averse to distinction, it was thrust upon him by the votes of his fellow-chiefs, and their decision was gladly hailed by the common soldiers, who loved Godfrey as a father. He would not, therefore, refuse the post of general, but applied himself to its duties with activity. He first set an example of unselfish zeal to his brother nobles, by disposing of his duchy for the purpose of his expedition,—an example faithfully followed by the leading nobility of France and the Rhine. He then

summoned his army to join him in August, 1096, on the banks of the rivers Meuse and Moselle. At the appointed time, a force of 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse assembled under his banner, and set out on its march through Germany,—the two other divisions of the Christian army taking a different route. On reaching Hungary, Carloman, who then ruled that country, showed some signs of objection to the passage of so formidable a body,—remembering the licentious excesses that had been committed by the rabble which followed Peter the Hermit. Here Godfrey's wisdom was admirably displayed. By his firm measures of restraint on the impetuosity of his troops he first proved that they were under the influence of strict discipline. Then, confiding himself to the justice and good faith of Carloman, he disarmed that monarch's suspicions by frankness and simplicity. The result was that, instead of opposition, the Hungarian prince gave him help, and escorted the Crusaders with a body of cavalry into the territories of Greece. Alexius Comnenus was by this time alarmed at the eagerness with which the Christian states had responded to his appeal for aid against the infidel. He mistrusted, not without reason, the intentions of some of the chiefs of the expedition,—mere adventurers, like the Norman Bohemond of Tarentum for example, who was his avowed foe,—and therefore deemed it politic to guard against danger to himself by demanding homage from all the Crusaders who entered his dominions. The two other divisions of the Christian army were now on their way to Constantinople, by a different road from that taken by Godfrey. One of the French nobles, the Count de Vermandois, was shipwrecked on the coast of Epirus, and Alexius unjustifiably detained him as a prisoner or hostage for the good faith of the other leaders. On learning these tidings, Godfrey, who was now in Thrace, sent to the emperor, requiring the count's release. This was not accorded, and Godfrey therefore treated the country as hostile, levying contributions on the people as he marched through. The emperor immediately saw his error, and promised to grant the count's release on the arrival of the French army. This promise satisfied Godfrey, and his march was once more peaceful. The wily emperor, in the meanwhile, obtained from his prisoner an oath of homage, hoping to induce the other Crusaders to follow the example. Godfrey, on his

arrival, at first refused this, as unbecoming the rank and character which he bore; but, finding that the act would appease the jealousies which had already broken out between the Greeks and Franks, and put a check on the schemes of those leaders in the crusading ranks whom Alexius especially dreaded, he at last consented. The other chieftains made a like submission; and this sacrifice of pride, by healing internal discords, served for a season to promote the success of the Crusade.

After a sojourn of some time at Constantinople, the Crusaders, now formed into one army, crossed the Bosphorus, and entered Bithynia. Here the sight of the carnage which the Turks had inflicted on the weak and disorderly body that Peter had led forth, stimulated the zeal and indignation of the Christian host. Its passage through the Turkish kingdom of Roum was not unresisted. David, then Sultan, a valiant prince, had already prepared an army, and fortified his capital of Nice,—a position of great natural strength.

The Crusaders advanced in excellent order, and, after twice routing the Turkish army of defence, commenced the siege. Godfrey is said to have distinguished himself by a feat of skill on one occasion during this assault. A gigantic Turk, who was the hero of the Moslem army, had greatly harassed the Christians by his wondrous success in the use of the javelin. Having spent his shafts one day, he ascended a tower, and showered masses of rock on the besiegers, whom he at the same time abused and defied to combat. The Christian archers played upon his person, without bringing him down; until Godfrey grasped a crossbow, and at one shot pierced the giant's heart. The siege lasted seven weeks; and was prosecuted with such vigor and ingenuity by the Crusaders that the Turks were on the point of yielding, when Alexius, who had sent a body of Greeks with the army, craftily procured to himself the glory of conquest by instructing his general to intrigue with the enemy secretly, and persuade them to yield to his power, on condition of protection. The Greek general so worked upon the fears and hopes of the garrison, that his advice was accepted; and, to the surprise and anger of the Franks, the emperor's flag one day appeared on the towers of Nice, and the city surrendered. This act of perfidy reopened the jealousy between the Eastern and Western Christians, which Godfrey had labored to extinguish; and from this time may be dated the rise of those internal divisions which eventually proved so fatal to the Crusaders.

Leaving Nice, the Crusaders advanced in two divisions, both without guides, and through a hostile and desert country. The Turks, in great numbers, followed in their rear. Godfrey and the Count of Toulouse headed one division; Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, and Robert, Duke of Normandy (son of William the Conqueror), the other. The latter body had separated from the former at some distance, and was traversing the plains near Dorylæum, in Phrygia, when a sudden attack was made upon it by a powerful army of Turks. The Christians were taken by surprise, while exhausted with heat and fatigue, and in an unfavorable situation. In spite of the heroic valor of Bohemond, Robert, and other knights, the battle was turning against them, when Godfrey's division, to which a message had been despatched, came up. He shouted aloud the Cru-

saders' war-cry : " It is God's will ! " and the whole army, echoing the shout, by a gallant charge retrieved the fortunes of the day and completely routed the Turks. After this success the Crusaders resolved to march in a single body, and thus prevent a recurrence of the hazard which they had escaped. The Turks preceded them, burning the crops as they went, and the Christians, in consequence, suffered fearful privations from famine during the march. Hundreds perished from exhaustion. The horses died for want of sufficient food and water ; and knights were seen either walking on foot, or riding on oxen and asses, carrying their own armor. In passing through Pisidia, an anecdote is related of Godfrey which is characteristic of his courage and gallantry. He was wandering among the recesses of a forest in pursuit of game, which was needed for the supply of the troops, when he came upon a private soldier of the army, who was defending himself from the attack of a bear. Godfrey struck at the beast, which at once turned on its new assailant, inflicting a deep wound in his thigh. Another stroke from the skilful hunter's arm terminated the contest ; but the blood streamed from his wound so rapidly, that he scarcely reached the camp alive. The grief of his soldiers was intense, as they beheld their beloved leader stretched on a litter, and borne into his tent as if dead. The skill of his physicians and a long interval of rest triumphed over the weakness occasioned by the loss of blood, and Godfrey once more appeared at the head of his army.

Antiochetta, the capital of Pisidia, attempted no resistance ; and here the main body of the Christians recruited for some time. Meanwhile, a party of Crusaders, headed by Baldwin, brother of Godfrey, and a famous knight named Tancred, had been sent forward to clear a passage for the army. Tancred subdued the city of Tarsus ; but his victory was usurped by Baldwin, whose ambitions and covetous nature bore no resemblance to that of his brother. Tancred, a man after Godfrey's heart, surrendered this conquest for the sake of peace ; but, when Baldwin showed symptoms of repeating his injustice, resisted by force. Tancred was defeated, but a reconciliation took place between the combatants. Baldwin, who had no real interest in the success of the Crusade, soon afterwards turned aside into Mesopotamia, where he made himself master of Edessa, and formed a Christian state there. Though founded by merely personal ambition, this eventually proved of great assistance to the Crusaders, by checking the progress of the Turkish arms in Asia.

The main body now crossed the Taurus, after a tedious and painful passage, and presented itself before the walls of Antioch, then ruled by an independent Turkish emir named Accien. This city was especially dear to the Christians, as the first in which their title had been assumed ; and the sight of its walls roused their flagging spirits. Some of the generals advised that the siege should be deferred for some months, until reinforcements arrived, and the winter was over ; but the majority of the chiefs, among whom Godfrey was conspicuous, confident of success, and dreading the depressing influences of delay, urged an immediate attack, which was accordingly made. The Turks adopted the stratagem of apparently neglecting to defend the city ; and the Christians, falling into the snare,

scattered their forces. The licentiousness of some of their number, moreover, proved fatal to their vigilance, and a sudden sortie of the garrison inflicted deadly havoc. The siege was then commenced in earnest; but the city was so strongly guarded, that months elapsed without any impression being made upon its walls; and disease, famine, and the inclemency of the season, united with the missiles of the Turks to weaken the Christian force. Many of the leaders (Robert, Duke of Normandy, among them), withdrew in cowardly disgust at the failure of the siege and the pressure of want; while despair drove many of those who remained to courses of reckless vice. Godfrey, firm to his duty and strong in faith, aided the exertions of the clergy in encouraging the spirits of his troops, and restraining their profligate excesses. A timely supply of provisions from some of the Armenian monasteries, and a brilliant victory obtained by Bohemond and the Count of Toulouse over an army which the Sultans of Aleppo and Damascus had sent to the succor of Antioch, rewarded Godfrey's confidence and infused new vigor into the hearts of his army. This was needed to sustain the brunt of a desperate encounter which shortly afterward took place between the besieged and their besiegers. A reinforcement of Italian Crusaders having arrived, it was suddenly attacked by a large Turkish force, and thrown into disorder. Godfrey, who had been engaged on the siege, rapidly marshalled his men, and fell upon the enemy. A sortie of the garrison was immediately made, and a fearful conflict ensued under the walls of the city. The Turks were put to flight with immense loss, and the Christians pursued them up to the very gates. In this scene of carnage, Godfrey's recorded feats of valor approached the incredible. His sword clave the stoutest armor asunder at a blow. A gigantic Arab horseman offered him single combat, and broke his shield by way of challenge. Godfrey rose in his stirrups, and smote the Arab on the shoulder with such tremendous force as to split his whole body in twain; half of which, with the head, fell into the river Orontes, while the remainder, yet clinging to the terrified horse, was carried back into the city.

Notwithstanding all these exploits, the Turks held out, and were only defeated at last by stratagem. This was achieved by the skill of Bohemond, who intrigued with Phirous, one of the leaders of the garrison, for the surrender of the city, upon favorable terms to himself. Bohemond stipulated with his fellow-chiefs that the principality of Antioch should be granted him in return for his services; and, after some opposition, this was conceded. Phirous managed the perilous task of admitting the Crusaders with the utmost adroitness. At the dead of night the walls were scaled by Bohemond and his followers, and Antioch was taken, in June, 1098, after a siege of eight months. Accien, its prince, and 6,000 Turks, are said to have fallen on this eventful night.

The Crusaders had no sooner obtained this signal success than they were in their turn besieged by an army raised by the Sultans of Mossoul and other cities. Antioch had just sustained so long a siege, that the Christians found scarcely any provisions on their entrance, and their besiegers now cut off all supplies from without. Famine soon raged in the city to such an extent, that horses, roots,

leaves, leathern shoes, and even human bodies, were eagerly devoured by the starving soldiers. Godfrey shared his scanty meals with his comrades, and is related to have slain his last charger for food. Desertion from the ranks now occurred in great numbers, and despair led many to blaspheme who were ashamed to fly. To add to the misery of the Christians, they learned that the Emperor Alexius, who was advancing with reinforcements, had judged their case hopeless, and retraced his steps. The city was now scarcely defended, and many proposed to surrender it, even on degrading terms, so that their lives were spared.

Godfrey and the clergy again exerted themselves successfully. They ventured to challenge the Turkish army to a combat of picked troops; and when the proposal was spurned, boldly advanced to attack the whole force. The appearance of the Crusaders, as they marched out of the city, must have been indeed pitiable. Privations had so reduced them, that many had no clothing. Some were nearly fainting from weakness. The barons and knights proceeded chiefly on foot, and camels and asses supplied the place of horses to most of those who rode. Yet the burning zeal of the Christians made the march seem like a triumphal procession; and while the clergy sang hymns of consolation and victory, the soldiers responded with the war-cry, "It is God's will! It is God's will!" The Turkish general, fearing nothing from an army so scantily provided with the means of war, was taken by surprise, but hastily arranged his troops in order of battle. The sight of several natural prodigies, such as the sudden appearance of a meteor, and the favorable direction of the wind, acting upon the superstitious fancy of the Christians, impelled them to extraordinary exertions. The Moslem forces, on the other hand, were weakened by the existence of rivalries and discords in their midst, and lacked the stimulus which the Christians derived from desperation. The attack was commenced by a volley of arrows, followed by a charge of the Turkish and Arabian archers, which the Crusaders not only steadily sustained, but vigorously returned. Godfrey, who commanded their right wing, broke the left wing of the Moslem; but the latter had encompassed the river with a large force, and attacked the Christians in the rear. In spite of the heroism of Godfrey and Tancred, who slaughtered all that ventured to compete with them, and the brave resistance of the whole army, the enemy was evidently gaining ground, when (according to the historians) three horsemen, in brilliant armor, suddenly appeared at the head of a reinforcement descending from the adjacent mountains. Some of the clergy seized on this circumstance to reanimate the Crusaders. "Behold your heavenly succor!" cried a bishop. "Heaven has sent the holy martyrs, George, Demetrius, and Theodore to fight for you!" As he spoke, the whole army seemed inspired with irresistible strength; and, shouting the well-known war-cry, made another vigorous charge which broke the Moslem ranks. The Sultan of Mossoul fled, and his immense force dispersed in the utmost disorder. The extravagant number of 100,000 is said to have fallen in this engagement.

The Crusaders, instead of proceeding at once to Jerusalem, remained for several months in Antioch, employing the time in re-establishing Christianity in

that city, and sending to their brethren in the West for further aid. The delay was prejudicial, as the disputes between the rival chiefs, which the din of war had silenced, again broke out, and disease committed terrible ravages in the camp. Certain expeditions, however, were made in the neighborhood, and several towns fell into the hands of the Christians. Meantime, news arrived that an army of Egyptian Arabs—who acknowledged the Fatimite caliphs, and had as yet resisted the attempt of the Turks to usurp dominion over all the followers of the Prophet —had captured Jerusalem. The Crusaders, filled with indignation, resumed their march to the Holy City, conquering on their way several towns. Embassadors were sent from the Caliph of Cairo with superb presents to the Christian leaders, and proposals of peace between them and the Egyptians. But Godfrey would not be bribed to accept the humiliating terms proposed; one of which was, that only unarmed Christians should be admitted into the city. The embassadors were sent back with the answer that the Crusaders were on their march, and, if opposed, might extend their conquests even to the Nile.

By daybreak on June 10, 1099, the Christian army came in sight of Jerusalem. The spectacle transported all with mingled feelings of joy, reverence, and remorse. Some fell on their knees and prayed; others kissed the sacred soil; many wept for their sins; and the air ever and anon resounded with the shout: "It is God's will!" The siege was commenced at once, Godfrey fixing his camp on Mount Calvary. The Egyptians had prepared for a protracted defence, by strengthening the fortifications and furnishing the garrison with ample provisions. They had likewise ravaged the neighboring country, and filled up the cisterns so as to harass the besiegers as much as possible. Owing to these impediments the Christians made slow progress. After various disappointments, however, they at length manufactured engines of great size and strength, shaped like towers, which were to be wheeled up to the walls, so as to enable the besiegers to enter by means of drawbridges. On July 14, 1099, at daybreak, the Crusaders were in arms, and at the same moment the assault was made on various points. Godfrey stood on his wooden tower, which was stationed near one of the gates, and by voice and action stimulated his soldiers to deeds of daring. His death-dealing javelin never missed its aim. The Egyptians employed every possible agent of defence,—showering down boiling oil, combustible materials, and various descriptions of missile, on the heads of their assailants. During the first day the Crusaders were repulsed at every point; but on the morrow fortune turned. The first half of the day was with the Egyptians, who cast lighted torches against the wooden engines of the Crusaders, and effected the destruction of many. Godfrey was, as usual, conspicuous, and became the mark of repeated attacks,—the cross of gold which surmounted his tower especially enraging the Moslem. An incident, supposed to be supernatural, was the immediate cause of the Christians' success. Godfrey and the Count of Toulouse at the same time observed the figure of a knight on the Mount of Olives, who with his buckler signalled to the Christians that they should enter the city. The two leaders, animated by a common feeling, cried out, "Behold

PILOTY PINXIT.

GODFREY DE BOUILLON ENTERING JERUSALEM.

St. George!" The enthusiasm of the Crusaders from this moment was irresistible. Godfrey's tower was first pushed close beside the walls, and in spite of flame and missile the drawbridge was lowered. Then, accompanied by several of his bravest knights, he dashed into the city. Others followed at the same point; the gates were broken down, and Jerusalem was taken. A horrible carnage of the Moslem ensued, in which Godfrey, although unable to check, refused to share. His first act was to retire from his comrades, and with three attendants to repair, unarmed and barefooted, to the Church of the Sepulchre. His vow was accomplished, and the desecration of one holy site atoned for by the preservation of another yet holier. This act of devotion, so worthy of the true Crusader, recalled from carnage those who had forgotten their vows in the thirst for vengeance, and the whole army, led by the clergy, followed him to the same church in penitential procession.

Godfrey's work was now nearly ended, and his reward came. The leaders of the army, soon after the capture of the city, held a council for the purpose of deciding to whom should be given the crown of Jerusalem. No decision was arrived at; so many various opinions being expressed, and so many interests at stake. Ten of the most esteemed chiefs were then formed into an elective body, and proceeded to make careful inquiries into the fitness of those who were proposed for the kingly office. Godfrey took no part, it would seem, in either discussion or inquiry, and displayed no sort of anxiety as to his own claims. But the clergy and the mass of the soldiers were devoted to him,—endeared as he was by a thousand memories of his piety, courage, and generosity. On all hands the electors heard his praises sounded, and, to the joy of the whole army, they concluded their labors by announcing the choice to have fallen upon him. But, to the surprise of all, he declined the offered rank. "I will not wear a golden crown," said he, "in a city where my king and Saviour has been only crowned with thorns." All that his fellow-chiefs could persuade him to accept was the title of Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre, though he did not deem it right to refuse the kingly authority. He soon had occasion to exert his power, for the Caliph of Cairo had by this time collected a large army, and was on his march to Jerusalem. The Crusaders, though unfitted for a fresh campaign, prepared to defend their conquest, and, at the head of his troops, Godfrey advanced toward Ascalon, where the enemy was stationed. A battle took place on the adjoining plains, in which the Moslem force was routed with terrific slaughter. The city itself would have fallen but for the covetous spirit displayed by the Count of Toulouse, who, unable to obtain a promise that the possession of the place should be given him, deserted Godfrey with all his men. A quarrel ensued between the two leaders, but was terminated through the influence of their brothers in arms,—Godfrey being ready to forgive any injury to himself for the sake of the common cause.

The Crusade was now completed, but Godfrey's duties as king were yet to commence. He set about fulfilling them with activity, fortifying various important positions, subduing revolts of hostile tribes, dividing the conquered terri-

tories equally among his generals, according to the feudal system, and summoning an Assize, or Assembly of his wisest councillors to draw up a code of laws. This code, which long remained in operation, amply testified to the legislative wisdom of the Crusaders. But the new state was not long favored with his presence to enforce and exemplify its constitution. In returning from a successful expedition against some Arabs of Galilee, he was met by the Emir of Cæsarea, who offered him a present of fruits. Godfrey tasted a cedar apple, and immediately was seized with illness. He died, not without suspicion of poison having been thus administered, shortly after reaching Jerusalem, commending to his comrades the care of the holy places, and the state which he had founded. His age scarcely exceeded forty years.

One of the most celebrated and beautiful Italian poems, the "Jerusalem Delivered" of Tasso, has "the pious Godfrey" for the presiding hero of the glorious scenes which it narrates. But there are no grounds for supposing that his fame belongs to romance rather than history. Contemporary writers have painted his portrait in no less flattering colors than Tasso has used, and the poet's affectionate fancy has scarcely exaggerated the tribute which the soberest historian may feel warranted in rendering to the memory of the great and good Crusader, Godfrey de Bouillon.

SALADIN*

By Walter Besant

(1137–1192)

There are two great names in the tangled and somewhat tedious story of Islam which stand out, deathless, from the crowd of sultans, viziers, and Moslem conquerors — the names of Haroun al Raschid and Saladin. The former has become the accepted type of a good and just despot; the latter is the Bayard of his religion, the knight and captain, king and magistrate, *sans peur et sans reproche;* whose enemies respected and trusted him as much as his own people loved him. His conquest of Jerusalem and overthrow of the Latin kingdom were but episodes, and from his point of view, not the most important episodes in his thirty years of war and victory. The History of Egypt, the History of Syria, the History of the Mohammedan faith, contain more pages filled with the achievements of Saladin than even the History of the Crusades. Everyone has read of the battle of Hattîn;* but of the healing of the great schism and the restoration of Egypt to orthodoxy—a step thought to be impossible and of the highest importance to

* In the battle of Tiberias, or Hattîn, Saladin completely overthrew the Christians and conquered their kingdom.

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Islam—very few know anything. Let us endeavor to present the history of this great man with some attempt to show the true proportions of his achievements in the eyes of the East, if not the West.

Yûssuf ibn Ayûb—Joseph the son of Job—was by descent a Kurd. His father was a retainer or follower of the celebrated Nûr-ed-Din (Light of Religion), Sultan of Syria, the prince who, after many years of humiliation, recovered some of the lost prestige of the Mohammedan name, wrested many of their outlying strongholds from the Christians, and prepared the way for his more illustrious successor.

The caliphate was then divided into the Fatimite line, which reigned at Cairo, and the Abbaside, which reigned at Baghdad. Both branches had by this time fallen into a mere semblance of authority. The bitterness of theological differences survived, and though for the re-establishment of Moslem power, it was absolutely necessary that the schism should cease, there seemed no likelihood whatever of any change. The weaker of the two, since the rise of Nûr-ed-Din, was undoubtedly the Egyptian house. The last of the Fatimite caliphs were mere tools in the hands of rival ministers, and passed their ignoble lives—*Rois Fainéants*—in their luxurious palaces. Syria, which had been theirs, was lost to them, and occupied partly by Mohammedans of the rival sect, and partly by the Christians. Their final fall, however, was caused by internal dissensions and the quarrels of two candidates for the post of Grand Vizier. Their names were Shawer and Dargham. The former, unable to contend against his rival, applied for assistance to Nûr-ed-Din, offering for reward a third of the Egyptian revenues. The expedition which was sent in reply was the first chance of distinction which young Yûssuf had obtained. The army, commanded by his uncle Shirkoh, easily defeated Dargham and reinstated Shawer. Then followed the reluctance to keep the terms of the agreement which is so common in history; and when Shirkoh in return seized the city of Balbek and held it as security, Shawer sent to Amaury, King of Jerusalem, for succor. Amaury, the bravest if not the wisest of the Crusader kings, thinking that here was a chance of striking a double blow, readily acceded, and joining the Fatimite army forced Shirkoh to retire. It was, how-

ever, only in order to collect new forces. Next year he was back again. Alexandria was taken by his nephew, and held for three months against the combined forces of Christians and Fatimites. At last a peace was agreed upon: both Christians and Damascenes were to retire, each party to have a share in the revenues of Egypt. The first part of the contract was faithfully carried out; the second part neither Syrian nor Christian expected to be obeyed. And now the same ambition possessed the mind both of Amaury and of Nûr-ed-Din. This was nothing less than the conquest of Egypt. Both perceived that the Fatimite power was gone. Both realized the fact that the country could easily be overrun. As for the Christian king, he had dreams of a splendid and luxurious capital, grander than his own narrow city set in the midst of the mountains; his knights, orientals now and fallen from the old western rudeness, looked on with envy at the luxuries of these weak Mohammedans; it would be a fine thing to transfer the capital of the Christian kingdom in the East to Cairo, leaving Jerusalem as a Christian Mecca, a city for the priests. And the Syrian sultan, for his part, would restore the unity of Islam, would unite Egypt with Syria, and by the strength of that union would destroy the Christian and recover the Holy Places. These were schemes worthy of statesman or of soldier. The only question was —how were they to be realized?

The point which Amaury failed to understand was this. He who moved first was bound to lose. For he would draw upon himself the other two. Amaury moved first. We cannot follow the Christian king on his disastrous attempt. It is sufficient to say that Shirkoh, after a brief struggle, remained master of the field and of Egypt, and that the fall of the Latin kingdom, thus rendered possible, was only delayed until the consolidation of the new power was complete.

Immediately after his final victory Shirkoh died, and was succeeded by his nephew Yûssuf ibn Ayûb, now called Salah-ed-Din (Shield of Religion), el Melek el Mansûr (the Victorious King), and Emir el Jayûsh (Commander-in-chief of the Forces). The Fatimite caliph, not yet deposed, made him Grand Vizier. In other words this soldier of fortune was master of Egypt and of the Fatimite caliphate. More important still, if the King of Jerusalem understood the importance of the fact, he acknowledged himself to be the vassal of Nûr-ed-Din, Sultan of Syria.

The first step taken by Saladin, a *coup d'état* which restored Egypt to the orthodox sect, was the substitution of the Abbaside caliph's name for that of their own prince in the Friday prayers. This was done without the slightest opposition; contempt for the head of their religion could not be more effectually shown; Saladin therefore boldly proclaimed the name of the Baghdad caliph. It was received so quietly, as the Arab historian says, "that not a brace of goats butted over it." The last of the Fatimite caliphs died a few days after: it was one of those deaths, so frequent in history, which occur so exactly at the moment most convenient. Did Saladin order him to be bowstrung? Probably. Such an act would be regarded as perfectly legitimate and in accordance with the rules of the game.

How the victorious emir, on the death of Nûr-ed-Din, succeeded in making himself master of Syria and succeeding his lord; how he carried on the war with

DORÉ FECIT.

SALADIN.

the Christians unceasingly, would require in the telling volumes. Many volumes indeed have been devoted to this history. His two great achievements were the reunion of Islam and the destruction of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. The latter at least, he effectually accomplished. Western Europe was incapable of a second effort so great as that mighty wave of enthusiasm which won back the Holy Land and covered the plains of Asia Minor with the bones of Crusaders. Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus, Frederick II., the kings of Cyprus, the Knights of St. John, carried on the long, interminable struggle, but Jerusalem was lost.

Of the chivalry and honor of Saladin his biographers are never weary. When, for instance, the Christians took Jerusalem they slaughtered every soul in the place; their horses were knee-deep in blood. When Saladin took the city he suffered none to be slain; when there was no more money for ransom he suffered thousands to go free; to the weeping widows and fatherless girls he gave purses of money and suffered no outrage to be done to them. He divided them into three bands and assigned an escort to each company. And then was seen the strange spectacle, when the women and children grew fatigued, of the victors placing them on their horses and walking afoot, or even carrying the children in their arms. Again, why has no one painted that famous scene when Richard Cœur de Lion wanted no oaths, but instead gave his hand to Saladin in token of respect for his enemy and his own loyalty?

Such is the brief history of Saladin, a soldier first, always a soldier, spending his whole life on the battle-field; the perfect knight of the Mohammedans, fierce in fight, generous in victory, faithful to his word, true to his religion, of a larger heart and nobler soul than Cœur de Lion, the only antagonist who can be named with him; one of the few out of the countless millions of humanity, whose name lives and whose memory will never die; his life an example; his history a monument.

Walter Besant

EDWARD I. OF ENGLAND

By Thomas Davidson

(1239–1307)

EDWARD I., King of England, was the elder of the two sons of Henry III., by his queen, Eleanor, daughter of Count Raymond Berenger of Provence, and was born at Westminster, June 17, 1239. His name was given him by his father out of reverence for the memory of Edward the Confessor, and in its English sound, as well as in the honest English temper, no less than the yellow hair and stalwart figure with which the young prince grew up, Englishmen might well have read the promise, that once more, after two hundred years, England would be ruled by

a native English king. Edward was brought up at Windsor, was given by his father in 1252 the government of Gascony, and in 1254 married, in the monastery of Las Huelgas, Eleanor, sister of Alfonso X. of Castile, receiving immediately thereafter from his father Gascony, Ireland, and the Welsh march betwixt the Conway and the Dee, where, in fighting with the turbulent Welshmen, he learned his first lessons in warfare.

At the Parliament of Oxford (1258) he took part with his father in his contest with his troublesome nobles, but thereafter appears to have at first sided with the great Earl Simon de Montfort, the leader of the barons or national party, without, however, impairing his own personal loyalty and affection for his father, with whom ere long he was reconciled. It was his rash eagerness in pursuing an advantage gained over the Londoners, who were devoted to the party of Simon, that lost the battle of Lewes (1264), one immediate consequence of which was the prince's imprisonment as a hostage for his father's pledges. Conditions for his liberation, discussed at Simon's famous parliament of 1265, were frustrated through Edward's escape by a stratagem from Hereford Castle; and at the final battle at Evesham (August 4), where Simon recognized in the skilful disposition of his enemy's forces a fatal lesson learned from himself, the struggle practically ended with the great popular champion's death on the battle-field. Edward gained much influence by the wise prudence and moderation with which he stamped out the last embers of rebellion.

In 1270 he started, at the instigation of Louis IX. of France, to join the last of the Crusades, but when he reached Tunis, found that king dead, and the expedition already desperate of success. He went on to Acre, and won great renown as a knight, but failed to save the Frankish kingdom in the East from its inevitable fate. In June, 1272, while sitting alone on his bed, his own strength and energy saved him from being murdered by one of the infamous sect of the Assassins. Hastily guarding himself with his arms, and receiving a desperate wound, from which he afterward suffered much, he tore the knife from his assailant's hand, and buried it in his heart. The ancient story that his queen Eleanor, who had followed him in his pilgrimage, saved his life at the risk of her own by sucking the poison from the wound, unfortunately lacks historical support, but fits well with the romantic temper of the times, as well as with the deep affection that survived throughout life betwixt husband and wife.

Two months later he started for home, and at Capua, in the January of 1273, heard of his father's death two months before. Meantime he had been quietly proclaimed king, and as things went well in England, he visited the pope, did homage at Paris for his French provinces, and did not return to his kingdom till the August of 1274. At his coronation he received the homage of Alexander III. of Scotland for his lands in England, but Prince Llewelyn of Wales neglected the summons to attend, and only did his homage in 1276, under the combined terrors of excommunication and the royal army. Edward at once commenced that wise and large policy of domestic consolidation and financial as well as legal reform, that has shed such lustre upon the reign of the English Justinian, as he has been called, and made it almost the most important epoch in the constitutional history of England.

His first warfare was with the turbulent and disaffected Welshmen, who had profited by the intestine turmoil of the preceding reign, and intrigued perpetually with the rebellious nobles of Henry III. for their own ends. The forced peace of 1277, and the national dissatisfaction at the stringent terms granted by Edward, which was not abated by the personal favors he heaped upon the princes Llewelyn and his brother David, were but the preludes to the final struggle which commenced three years later, and ended in the complete suppression of Welsh nationalism, with the defeat and death of Llewelyn, near Builth, in Brecknockshire, and the cruel execution of David at Shrewsbury, as a traitor, in 1284. By the famous Statute of Wales in the same year, the ancient principality was finally annexed to the English crown, while English laws and English institutions were forced upon the conquered people.

Edward devoted the next year to legislation, then went abroad to mediate, without success, in the quarrel between France and Aragon. He had soon to return to quell fresh disturbances in Wales, and even in England, where the great Statute of Winchester, which had been passed in 1285 to place the defence of the country on a really national basis, had not yet had time to effect its end. Finding that most of his judges had been corrupting justice, he punished them with an iron hand, next banished in 1290 all the Jews to the number of over sixteen thousand from the kingdom, on the plea of extortionate usury. Earlier in the reign he had hanged 280 for money-clipping and forgery.

Just at this time the death of the young Scottish queen, the Maid of Norway, whom Edward had caused to be betrothed to his eldest surviving son, Edward of Caernarvon, opened up a fatal contest for the Scottish crown, which gave Edward his opportunity to assert anew the old but somewhat shadowy claim of the English crown to the over-lordship of Scotland. The southern half of that composite kingdom was inhabited by people of English blood and English institutions; its southeastern part, the Lothians, had undoubtedly once formed part of the Anglian kingdom of Northumbria; while its southwestern, Strathclyde or Scottish Cumbria, the population of which was in great part Celtic, had in 945 been given by the English king Edmund I. to Malcolm as a fief. The northern portion of the kingdom was purely Celtic in blood, and had at no time been sub-

ject to English influences, but though the reigning family was itself of Celtic origin, its authority hardly extended effectively beyond the region inhabited by men of English blood. Undoubtedly the Scottish king in 921 chose Edward the Elder "to father and to lord," and the right then acknowledged was claimed successively by William the Conqueror, Rufus, and other English kings. Moreover, from the twelfth century it had been customary for the Scottish kings or their sons to receive English earldoms, and do homage for them, but it continued to remain somewhat vague whether such homage was understood to be extended beyond these earldoms, so as to include the Lowland provinces and the whole Scottish kingdom. William the Lion, taken prisoner at Alnwick in 1174, for his freedom acknowledged the supremacy of Henry II. in the treaty concluded at Felaise on December 7; but on his return found his subjects ill-disposed to accede to his cowardly submission; and fifteen years later the claim founded on this special act of submission was formally renounced for a sum of 10,000 merks by Richard I., who was eager to raise money for his Crusade. Such was the ill-defined position of this ancient controversy, when fate seemed to fling into Edward's hands the opportunity of defining it anew with all the clearness dear to his legal mind. It was easy for him to secure a recognition of his superiority from the selfish and eager candidates for the crown, and meantime he secured the Scottish castles, and after a deliberate examination of the rival claims, decided in favor of John Baliol, who, on his accession, paid homage distinctly for the whole kingdom of Scotland. He soon found his position as a vassal-king intolerable, betwixt the unruly turbulence of his subjects and the imperious demands of his over-lord, who allowed appeals to be led from Baliol's subjects to himself.

Meantime the ambitious projects of the new King of France, Philip IV., involved Edward in anxieties for the safety of Guienne and his other possessions in France. Ere long the high-handed conduct of the French king made war necessary, and Edward, with characteristic energy, at once began his preparations, and summoned in 1295 an assembly of the estates of the realm, which was practically the beginning of the modern parliaments.

The ever-increasing exasperation of the Scots at length broke out into open warfare in 1296. Edward at once marched northward, captured Berwick, and carried his victorious arms as far north as Aberdeen, Banff, and Elgin, taking the great castles on the way, formally accepted Baliol's surrender of the crown at Montrose, and returned to Berwick (August 22), carrying with him the famous coronation-stone from Scone, after having subdued the whole kingdom in about five months. Here, six days later, he received the fealty of the clergy, barons, and gentry of Scotland, whose names fill the thirty-five skins of parchment known as the "Ragman Roll."

At length he was at liberty to turn to France, but the great cost of his late expenditure had already driven him to make such heavy demands upon the revenues of the Church, that the clergy now refused fresh subsidies, headed by Archbishop Winchelsea and supported by the bull "Clericis Laicos" of Pope Boniface VIII. The king retaliated by placing the clergy of the kingdom in

outlawry. At the Salisbury parliament in February, 1297, the great barons also refused to take part in foreign war, while the merchants were exasperated because their wool had been seized. A compromise was soon effected with the clergy, and a temporary illegal grant for the immediate purposes of the war was procured from the nobles and commons who were with him. Edward sailed for Flanders, and at Ghent confirmed the Charter with such supplementary clauses as were demanded by his refractory nobles, thus finally establishing the right of the people themselves to determine taxation.

This is only second in importance to Magna Charta itself as a landmark in the history of England. The suspicious fears of his people compelled Edward to repeat the confirmation at London in 1300, and again at Lincoln in 1301—an insult to his honesty which the king never forgave, and to which his subsequent banishment of Winchelsea was due. In 1303, and again the year after, Edward, in desperate straits for money, levied, by agreement with the foreign merchants, some new customs—the beginning of import duties, without consent of the estates, and collected a *tallage* from the royal demesne; and again, in 1305, he obtained from Clement V. a formal absolution from the obligations of 1297. It is true that the first two measures were contrary to the spirit rather than the letter of his promise, and that he never sought to avail himself of the dangerous power granted him by the papal absolution, yet these three facts, says Bishop Stubbs, "remain on record as illustrations of Edward's chief weakness, the legal captiousness, which was the one drawback on his greatness."

It was the dangerous aspect of affairs in Scotland that forced the king to submit so easily to the demands of his barons. Already, in the spring of 1297, Wallace, without any countenance from the Scottish nobility, had commenced a guerilla warfare, and his handful of desperate men soon increased into an army, which completely defeated Earl Warenne and Cressingham at Cambuskenneth (Stirling Bridge), in September, 1297, and ravaged England, with the most atrocious cruelties, from Newcastle to Carlisle. Edward's expedition to Flanders had been a failure, but he hastened to conclude a truce, so as to find time to chastise the Scots, cementing it by his betrothal to Philip's sister Margaret. The good Queen Eleanor had been already dead nine years.

Meantime, Wallace's success had merely earned him the bitter jealousy of the Scottish nobles, and his power was finally broken in the disastrous defeat by Edward's army at Falkirk in July, 1298. The king had two of his ribs broken by a kick from his horse on the morning of the battle, but rode throughout the day as if unhurt. The struggle lingered on some years under various leaders, as Edward found his energy paralyzed the while by the intrigues of Philip, and the constitutional struggle with his barons. Pope Boniface, in 1301, put forth a claim to the over-lordship of Scotland, which was repudiated by the whole body of the estates at Lincoln. It was not till the June of 1303 that the king was able to resume his conquest. Accompanied by a fleet carrying his supplies, he penetrated again into the far North, tarried a while in Dunfermline, and settled the kingdom after the reduction of Stirling, the last place of strength that held out. In 1305

Wallace was betrayed into his hands, sent to London, and cruelly executed as a traitor. The fate of this noble-hearted patriot is a fatal blot upon his conqueror's memory, but it should not be forgotten that Edward was profoundly convinced of the legality of his own claims over Scotland, and that Wallace to him was merely a pestilent rebel, who had earned his doom by treason to his lord and by the cruelties he had inflicted upon Englishmen. The same year the king prepared a new constitution for the conquered kingdom, divided it into sheriffdoms like the English counties, and made arrangements for the representation of the Scots in the English parliament—a measure which, had it been successful, might have anticipated by four centuries the benefits of the union.

It might now have been expected that Scotland was effectively subdued, but ere long Robert Bruce, who had hitherto played a dubious game, raised a revolt in the beginning of 1306, got rid of the regent Comyn, his most serious rival, by a foul murder in Dumfries church, was crowned king at Scone, and kept up an incessant but varying struggle during the winter of 1306 and the spring of 1307. The treachery of those who had sworn fealty to him, and whom he had trusted implicitly, roused Edward to the pitch of exasperation, and at the knighting of Prince Edward at Westminster, he swore a solemn vow to be revenged upon Bruce. He at once despatched a force to Scotland, and though now old and infirm, began preparations for his fourth expedition; but he was attacked with dysentery on the march, and his malady increased so much upon him that he died on the 7th of July, 1307, at Burgh-on-Sands, near Carlisle, within sight of Scotland, leaving for his son Edward the dying command not to bury his body till he had utterly subdued the Scots, but to carry his bones with the army until the victory was complete. Eleven days later the young prince reached Carlisle, but returned a few weeks after to London, and buried his father's body in Westminster, where it still rests under a slab, with the simple but truly descriptive inscription: "Eduardus primus, Scotorum malleus, hic est."

EDWARD III. OF ENGLAND

(1312–1377)

EDWARD III., King of England, the eldest son of Edward II. and of Isabella, was born at Windsor, November 13, 1312. He was appointed guardian of the kingdom, October 26, 1326, and received the crown February 1, 1327. On January 24, 1328, he was married to Philippa, daughter of the Count of Hainault. During his minority the government of the kingdom was intrusted to a body of guardians with Henry of Lancaster at their head, but was virtually usurped by Roger Mortimer, until the king, irritated by his arrogance, caused him to be seized at

Nottingham on October 15, 1330, and conveyed to the Tower. He was executed at Tyburn on November 29.

The overthrow of Mortimer made Edward, at the age of eighteen, a king in fact as well as in name. In person he was graceful; and his face was 'as the face of a god.' His manners were courtly and his voice winning. He was strong and active, and loved hunting, hawking, the practice of knightly exercises, and, above all, war itself. Considerable care must have been spent on his education, for he certainly spoke English as well as French, and evidently understood German. He was fearless in battle, and, though over-fond of pleasure was, until his later years, energetic in all his undertakings. Although according to modern notions his ambition is to be reckoned a grave defect in his character, it seemed in his day a kingly quality. Nor were his wars undertaken without cause, or indeed, according to the ideas of the time, without ample justification. His attempts to bring Scotland under his power were at first merely a continuation of an inherited policy that it would have been held shameful to repudiate, and later were forced upon him by the alliance between that country and France. And the French War was in the first instance provoked by the aggressions of Philip, though Edward's assumption of the title of King of France, a measure of political expediency, rendered peace impossible. He was liberal in his gifts, magnificent in his doings, profuse in his expenditure, and, though not boastful, inordinately ostentatious. No sense of duty beyond what was then held to become a knight influenced his conduct. Although the early glories of his reign were greeted with applause, he never won the love of his people; they groaned under the effects of his extravagance, and fled at his coming lest his officers should seize their goods. His commercial policy was enlightened, and has won him the title of the "father of English commerce" but it was mainly inspired by selfish motives, and he never scrupled to sacrifice the interests of the English merchants, to obtain a supply of money or secure an ally. In foreign politics he showed genius; his alliances were well devised and skilfully obtained, but he seems to have expected more from his allies than they were likely to do for him, for England still stood so far apart from continental affairs, that her alliance was not of much practical importance, except commercially. As a leader in war Edward could order a battle and inspire his army with his own confidence, but he could not plan a campaign; he was rash, and left too much to chance. During the first part of his reign he paid much attention to naval administration; he successfully asserted the maritime supremacy of the country, and was entitled by parliament

the "king of the sea;" he neglected the navy in his later years. Little as the nation owed him in other respects, his achievements by sea and land made the English name respected.

It is said to have been chiefly through Mortimer's influence that, on April 24, 1328, a peace was concluded between England and Scotland, the chief provisions of which were that the Scots agreed to pay the sum of £20,000, and that Edward agreed to recognize the independence of the Scotch crown.

The treaty was very unpopular in England, and it is not surprising, therefore, that, when Edward Baliol in 1332 made his attempt to mount the Scotch throne, Edward III. gave him indirect assistance, and that after Baliol's dethronement in 1333 an invasion of Scotland was resolved on. On July 19 Edward defeated the Scots at the battle of Halidon Hill. His army was in great danger, and was hemmed in by the sea, the Tweed, the garrison of Berwick, and the Scottish host, which far outnumbered the English. On the 20th he drew up his men in four battles, placing his archers on the wings of each; all fought on foot, and he himself in the van. The English archers began the fight; the Scots fell in great numbers, and others fled, the rest charged up the hill and engaged the enemy hand to hand. They were defeated with tremendous loss; many nobles were slain, and it was commonly said in England that the war was over, for that there was not a Scot left to raise a force or lead it to battle. Edward ordered a general thanksgiving for this victory. Receiving as the result of his victory the submission of the principal Scotch nobles, he annexed the whole of Scotland south of the Forth to his own crown, and allowed Baliol to reign over the remainder as titular king. Soon after, Baliol was again a fugitive, but was again aided by Edward to mount a nominal throne.

After a short period of peace Edward, in July, 1336, ravaged and burned Scotland as far as Aberdeen, but growing complications with France compelled him in the same year to return to England. Though he professed to have a claim, through his mother, on the French throne against Philip of Valois, that claim was left in abeyance until several acts of aggression on the part of Philip brought about a rupture between the two kings. The Count of Flanders, at Philip's instigation, had broken off commercial relations with England; French privateers were daily committing ravages on English commerce; Aquitaine was continually threatened by desultory attacks; and Philip, though he hesitated to accept the responsibility of being the first to declare war, scarcely attempted to conceal his endeavors to throw that responsibility on Edward. Edward sailed for Flanders July 16, 1338, and at Coblentz held a conference with the Emperor Louis V., at which the latter appointed him his vicar-general, and gave orders for all the princes of the Low Countries to follow him in war for the space of seven years. In 1339 Edward laid siege to Cambrai, but soon afterward raised the siege and invaded France. Philip advanced to meet him, but declined battle, and Edward concluded his first campaign without achieving anything to compensate him for its cost.

In 1340 he defeated the French fleet before Sluys. The French fleet of one

hundred and ninety galleys and great barges was superior to his in strength, for many of his ships were small. Nineteen of their ships were the biggest that had ever been seen, and grandest of all was the Christopher that had been taken from the English. Edward's fleet seems to have been "to the leeward and westward" of the enemy, and about noon he ordered his ships to sail on the starboard tack, so as to get the wind which presumably was north-east, and avoid having the sun in the faces of the archers. Then, having made their tack and got the wind, his ships entered the port and engaged just inside it. The French ships seem to have hugged the shore, and could not manœuvre, for they were lashed together in four lines. All in three of the lines were taken or sunk, the Christopher and other English ships being retaken; the fourth line escaped in the darkness, for the battle lasted into the night. The king's victory was complete, and the naval power of France was destroyed.

Shortly after his return to England a great tournament was held by him at Windsor in memory of King Arthur. In 1346 he set sail on the expedition which resulted in the great victory of Crécy * and the capture of Calais. It was a strong place, and the inhabitants had done much harm to the English and Flemings by their piracies. He built a regular town before the walls, sent for a fleet to blockade the harbor, and laid siege to the town with about thirty thousand men. Meanwhile the Scots, who at Philip's instance had invaded England, were routed at Nevill's Cross, Durham, on October 17, and King David was taken prisoner and confined in the Tower. In April some stores were brought into Calais by sea, and after this Edward ordered a stricter blockade; his fleet dispersed a convoy of forty-four ships laden with provisions on June 25, and the next day a letter was intercepted from the governor to the French king informing him of the starving condition of the garrison, and asking for relief. Edward sent the letter on to Philip, bidding him come to the relief of the town. In July Philip led an army toward Calais. A portion of it sent to dislodge the Flemings, who were acting with Edward at Quesnoy was defeated. He appeared at Sangatte on the 27th. He was unable to get at the English who were securely posted behind the marshes, and challenged Edward to come out to battle. It is said that Edward declared that he accepted the challenge; but it is probable that he answered more wisely. Anyway, two days later, on August 2, the French decamped. The next day the town surrendered at discretion. The garrison came forth with swords reversed, and a deputation of the townsmen with bare heads and ropes about their necks, prostrated themselves before Edward, offering him the keys of the city. He at first intended, or made as though he intended, to put the inhabitants to the sword as a punishment for their piracies, but spared them at the intercession of his queen. During the summer his army suffered much sickness, arising from lack of good water. With some few exceptions he banished the people of Calais; and sent over to England offering grants and privileges to those who would colonize the town. After agreeing to a truce for nine months, he returned home with his wife and son, and after a stormy pas-

* See Edward the Black Prince for this battle, as also for the great sea-fight with the Spaniards.

sage, landed at Sandwich on October 12. All England was filled with the spoils of Edward's expedition, so that there was not a woman who did not wear some ornament, or have in her house fine linen or some goblet, part of the booty the king sent home from Caen or brought back from Calais.

One more great sea-fight there was in 1349, when the Spanish fleet was defeated, and now, indeed, the English were masters of the sea. From this time Edward, as a warrior, retires somewhat into the background, his place being taken by the Prince of Wales, who in 1356 won the battle of Poitiers, and took King John prisoner. In 1359 Edward again invaded France, and in 1360 he signed the peace of Bretigny, according to which the French agreed to pay for King John a ransom of three million crowns, and Edward renounced his title to the throne of France, but retained his full sovereignty over the whole of the ancient duchy of Aquitaine, the counties of Ponthieu and Guignes, and the town of Calais. Peace was again broken in 1369 by Charles of France, and when he concluded a truce with England in 1375 all of France that remained in Edward's hands was Bayonne and Bordeaux in the south, and Calais in the north. The last years of Edward's reign form a sad and gloomy close to a career which had had a vigorous and energetic commencement, and had afterward been rendered illustrious by great achievements. His empire in France was virtually overthrown; the vast expenditure which had had such a fruitless result was sorely burdening his subjects, and awakening increasing discontent; and he himself, through the gradual decay of his mental faculties, had become a mere tool in the hands of Anne Travers, and of ministers whose only aim was their own aggrandizement. In 1367 the "Good Parliament" virtually seized the helm of the state from the hands of the king and his ministers. The Black Prince was the chief agent in urging these reforms, but his death, in the midst of the Parliament's deliberations, for a time rendered almost abortive the good work he had begun. Edward died June 21, 1377. Both in his home and foreign relations he showed considerable prudence and sagacity, and he may be allowed the merit of having endeavored as much as possible to keep on good terms with his subjects. His expeditions were planned on a scale of great magnificence, but he entered on his campaigns without any definite aim, and his splendid victories were mere isolated achievements, won partly by good fortune, but chiefly by the valor of Welsh and Irish yeomen and the skill of English archers.

It has been observed, in regard to Edward III., by Sir James Mackintosh, that "though his victories left few lasting acquisitions, yet they surrounded the name of his country with a lustre which produced strength and safety; which perhaps also gave a loftier tone to the feelings of England, and a more vigorous activity to her faculties."

"During a reign of fifty years," it is added, "Edward III. issued writs of summons, which are extant to this day, to assemble seventy parliaments or great councils: he thus engaged the pride and passions of the parliament and the people so deeply in support of his projects of aggrandizement, that they became his zealous and enthusiastic followers. His ambition was caught by the nation, and

BERTHELEMY PINXIT.

EDWARD III AND THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS.

men of the humblest station became proud of his brilliant victories. To form and keep up this state of public temper was the mainspring of his domestic administration, and satisfactorily explains the internal tranquillity of England during the forty years of his effective reign. It was the natural consequence of so long and watchful a pursuit of popularity that most grievances were redressed as soon as felt, that parliamentary authority was yearly strengthened by exercise, and that the minds of the turbulent barons were exclusively turned toward a share in their sovereign's glory. Quiet at home was partly the fruit of fame abroad."

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE

By L. Drake

(1330–1376)

Edward, Prince of Wales, commonly called the Black Prince, was born in 1330. He was the eldest son of Edward III., and a model of the highest virtues of his times, a loyal son, and a brave, yet merciful, warrior. He sailed with his father to attack the French in 1346, and though only sixteen was knighted by the king immediately on reaching France. He "made a right good beginning," for he rode with a small force on a daring foray, and then distinguished himself at the taking of Caen and in the engagement with the force under Gondemar du Fay, which endeavored to prevent the English army from crossing the Somme. King Edward and his small army compelled to face a far larger French force, made some of the most daring and successful marches on record in the annals of warfare.

At length they encamped in a forest, a little to the west of the small town of Crécy. The French army, outnumbering them some say as four, some say as twelve to one, was not far distant; but, confident in his troops and himself, and animated by the memory of many triumphs, the English king resolved to make a stand. The field of Crécy, from the capabilities of the ground, was made choice of for the expected battle; and the plan being drawn out by Edward and his counsellors, the king, as the greatest and most chivalrous favor he could confer, determined to yield the place of danger and of honor to the prince, and in his own words, "to let the day be his."

To insure his success, most of the famous knights were placed in the division which the Black Prince (as he was now called, from the sable suit of armor he usually wore) was to command; while the Earl of Warwick and the celebrated

Sir John Chandos were ordered not to quit his side, but be ever ready to direct and aid him.

Early on the morning of August 26, 1346, the trumpets sounded, and the army marched to take up the position which had been selected on the previous day. The ground was an irregular slope, looking toward the south and east—the quarters from which the army were expected. The prince's division, composed of 800 men-at-arms, 4,000 archers, and 6,000 Welsh foot, was stationed nearly at the bottom of the hill; the archers, as usual, in front, the light troops next, and then the men-at-arms, in the midst of whom was the prince himself, with twelve earls and lords, as his staff. To the left of this, and higher on the slope, appeared the second division, of about 7,000 men, commanded by the Earls of Arundel and Northampton. On a rising ground, surmounted by a windmill, aloof from the rest, was King Edward himself, with 12,000 men, as a reserve. The wagons and baggage were in the rear of the prince, under the charge of a small body of archers. As the battle was to be fought entirely on foot, all the horses were also left with these.

Mounted on a palfrey, with a white staff in his hand, the king, with a smiling and cheerful countenance, rode from rank to rank. By noon he had passed through all the lines exhorting the men to do their duty gallantly, and defend his honor and right.

The soldiers now had permission to refresh themselves, while waiting the enemy's approach. They accordingly ate and drank at ease, and afterward lay down in ranks on the long grass, with their bows and steel caps beside them.

Meantime the French army had approached very near. Four knights had ridden forward, and observed King Edward's plan of battle; when, having seen how fresh and vigorous the English troops appeared, they advised Philip, the French king, to delay the engagement till next day, by which time his troops, now hungry and wearied, would be refreshed. Philip at once saw the wisdom of this counsel, and one of his marshals immediately galloped to the front, and the other to the rear.

"Halt your banners, in the name of God, the king, and St. Denis!" was the command given to the leaders. The advanced troops instantly obeyed; but the others pressed on, hoping to be among the foremost. This obliged the soldiers in front to move on again. In vain the king commanded, and the marshals threatened; hurrying forward in disgraceful confusion, the French, passing through a small wood, suddenly found themselves in the presence of the English. The surprise caused the first line to fall back, and thus increase the confusion.

The English soldiers now rose steadily from the grass, and stood in fair and martial order on the hillside, with the standard of the Black Prince in their front.

The sky had by this time become clouded; a thunder-storm came on, and torrents of rain soon fell—slackening the strings of the cross-bows of the Genoese archers, who had advanced to break the firm front of the English bowmen. The clouds cleared quickly away, and the western sun soon shone out bright and clear, full in the faces of the French. At the moment the Genoese drew their arbalists, and commenced their discharge, each English archer stepped forward a single pace, as he took his bow from the case in which it had been protected

from the rain; and a flight of arrows fell among the Genoese, piercing their heads, arms, and faces, and causing them instantly to retreat in confusion among the horsemen in their rear.

The passionate French king, instead of trying to rally the fugitives, at once ordered the men-at-arms to fall upon them. The cavalry, the heavy troops, and the cross-bow men, soon formed a wild and reeling crowd, amid which the English poured a continued flight of unerring arrows, and not a single bowstring was drawn in vain.

Meantime the Count of Alençon, dividing his men into two parties, swept round on one side of this scene of confusion; while the Count of Flanders did the same on the other side, and, avoiding the archers, furiously attacked the men-at-arms around the prince. England's chivalry, headed by the gallant boy, met the impetuous charge with equal valor and with greater success; and as each headlong effort of the French deranged the ranks for a moment, they were formed anew, each man fighting where he stood, none quitting his place to make a prisoner, while growing piles of dead told of their courage and vigor. The two counts were slain, and terror began to spread through their troops. A large body of German cavalry now bore down on the prince's archers, and, in spite of the terrible flight of arrows, cut their way through, and charged the men-at-arms. By this time nearly forty thousand men were pressing round the little English phalanx; but the combat was renewed, hand to hand, with more energy than ever, while the Earls of Northampton and Arundel moved up with their division, to repel the tremendous attack.

King Edward still remained with his powerful reserve, viewing the battle from the windmill above. The Earl of Warwick now called a knight, named Thomas of Norwich, and despatched him to the king.

"Sir Thomas," demanded Edward, "is my son killed, or overthrown, or wounded beyond help?"

"Not so, my liege," answered the knight; "yet he is in a rude shock of arms, and much does he need your aid."

"Go back, Sir Thomas, to those who sent you," rejoined the king, "and tell them from me, that whatever happens, to require no aid from me, so long as my son is in life. Tell them, also, that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for, God willing, the day shall be his, and the honor shall rest with him, and those into whose charge I have given him."

The prince, and those around him, seemed inspired with fresh courage by this message; and efforts surpassing all that had preceded were made by the English soldiers. The French men-at-arms, as they still dashed down on the ranks, met the same fate as their predecessors; and, hurled wounded from their dying horses, were thrust through by the short lances of the half-armed Welshmen, who rushed hither and thither through the midst of the fight. Charles of Luxembourg, who led the German cavalry, seeing his banner down, his friends slain, his troops routed, and himself wounded severely in three places, fled, casting off his rich surcoat, to avoid recognition.

This prince's father, the veteran King of Bohemia, was seated on horseback at a little distance from the fight. The old man had fought in almost every quarter of Europe; but, though still full of valor, he was now blind. Unable himself to mark the progress of the fight, he continued to inquire anxiously, and soon discovered that the day was lost.

"My son," demanded the veteran monarch of his attendants; "my son!—can you still see my son?"

"The King of the Romans is not in sight, sire," was the reply; "but doubtless he is somewhere engaged in the *mêlée*."

"Lords," continued the old king,—drawing his own conclusions from what he heard, and resolved not to quit the field alive—"Lords, you are my vassals, my friends, and my companions; and on this day, I command and beseech you to lead me forward so far that I may deal one blow of my sword in the battle."

They linked their horses' bridles to one another, and placing their venerable lord in the centre, galloped down into the field. Entering the thickest strife, they advanced directly against the Prince of Wales. Here the blind monarch was seen fighting valiantly for some time; but at length his banner went down. Next day he was found dead on the field of Crécy—his friends around him—their horses still linked to each other by the bridles.

It was growing dark ere the angry Philip could force his way through the confusion he had himself chiefly caused by the imprudent command he gave at the commencement of the battle. The unremitting arrows of the English still continued to pour like hail; and his followers fell thickly around him. Many fled, leaving him to his fate; and presently his own horse was killed by an arrow.

One of his attendants, John of Hainault, who had remained by his side the whole day, mounted him on one of his own chargers, and entreated him to quit the field. Philip refused; and, making his way into the thickest battle, fought for some time with great courage. At length—his troops almost annihilated, himself wounded in two places—he suffered John to half force him from the field; and, with a few of his lords, and only sixty men-at-arms, reached his nearest castle of Broye in safety. At midnight he again set out, and did not slacken his flight till he reached Amiens.

The gallant Prince of Wales still held his station firmly in the battle; the utmost efforts of the French had not made him yield a single step. By degrees, as night fell, the assailants decreased in numbers, the banners disappeared, and the shouts of the knights and the clang of arms died away. Silence at last crept over the field, and told that victory was completed by the flight of the enemy. Torches were then lighted, in immense numbers, along the English lines to dispel the darkness.

King Edward now first quitted his station on the hill; he hastily sought his conquering boy, and clasped him proudly to his bosom.

"God give you perseverance in your course, my child!" cried the king, as he still held him. "You are indeed my son! Nobly have you acquitted yourself, and worthy are you of the place you hold!"

The youthful hero had hitherto, in the excitement and energy of the battle, felt only the necessity of immense exertion, and had been unmindful of all but the immediate efforts of the moment; but now, the thought of his great victory—which his father's praise seemed first to bring fully to his mind—overcame him, and he sank on his knees before the king, and entreated his blessing, after a day of such glory and peril. And thus ended the battle of Crécy.

The prince had now fully established his character as a warrior. Two or three years afterward, he showed that he could display equal courage at sea as on land; this was in an engagement with the Spaniards.

Peter the Cruel—as he was termed—was at that time King of Castile, and encouraged, to a great extent, the pirates who infested the English seas. His own fleet even, in passing through the British Channel, had captured a number of English merchantmen, returning from Bordeaux, and after putting into Sluys, were preparing to sail back in triumph with the prizes and merchandise.

King Edward determined to oppose their return, and collected his fleet off the coast of Sussex, near Winchelsea. When he heard that the Spaniards were about putting to sea, he immediately embarked to command the expedition in person. The Black Prince, now in his twentieth year, accompanied him, and commanded one of the largest vessels. The day on which the Spanish fleet would make its appearance had been nicely calculated. Edward waited impatiently for its approach, and, to beguile the time, made the musicians play an air which the famous Chandos, who was now with him, had brought from Germany. During the concert, the king, from time to time, turned his eye to the watcher at the masthead. In a short time the music was interrupted by the cry of—"A sail!" Ordering wine to be brought, Edward drank one cup with his knights, and, throwing off the cap he had worn till now, put on his casque, and closed his visor for the day.

The Spanish ships came on in gallant trim. The number of fighting men which they contained was, compared with the English, as ten to one; and their vessels were of a much greater size. They had also large wooden towers on board, filled with cross-bowmen, and were further provided with immense bars of iron, with which to sink the ships of their opponents. They approached, with their tops filled with cross-bowmen and engineers, the decks covered with men-at-arms, and with the banners and pennons of different knights and commanders flying from every mast. They came up, in order of battle, a few hours before night. King Edward immediately steered direct against a large Spanish ship; endeavoring, according to the custom of ancient naval warfare, to run her down with his prow. The vessel, which was much superior to his own in magnitude, withstood the tremendous shock—both ships recoiling from each other. The king now found his ship had sprung a leak, and was sinking fast. In the confusion the Spanish vessel passed on; but Edward immediately ordering his ship to be lashed to another of the enemy, after a desperate struggle, made himself master of a sound vessel.

The battle now raged on all sides. Showers of bolts and quarrels from the

cross-bows, and immense stones, hurled by powerful engines, were poured upon the English. The Black Prince, imitating the example of his father, had fixed on one of the largest ships of the enemy; but, while steering toward her, the missiles she discharged pierced his own vessel in several places. The speedy capture of his enemy was now necessary; for, as he came alongside, his barque was absolutely sinking. The sides of his opponent's vessel being much higher than his own rendered the attempt very hazardous; and while, sword in hand, he attempted to force his way, bolts and arrows poured on his head from every quarter. The Earl of Lancaster, sweeping by to engage one of the enemy, saw the situation of the prince, and immediately dashed to the other side of the antagonist, and after a fierce but short struggle, the Spanish ship remained in the hands of the prince; and scarcely had he and his crew left their own vessel, before she filled and went down.

Twenty-four of the enemy's ships had by this time been captured; the rest were sunk, or in full flight; and, night having fallen, King Edward measured back the short distance to the shore. Father and son, then mounting horse, rode to the Abbey of Winchelsea, where Queen Philippa had been left, and soon turned the suspense she had suffered, since darkness had hidden the battle from her sight, into joy and gratitude.

The French king, Philip, was now dead, and had been succeeded by his eldest son John. Some proceedings, on the part of the new monarch, were regarded as a signal to break the truce which had subsisted for a short time between the English and the French. Various displays of hostilities followed, and many negotiations were entered into without success. The Black Prince, being appointed captain-general, sailed for Bordeaux in August, 1355, and arrived there after an easy passage. His first movements were always successful; and, even when winter set in, the judicious manner in which he employed his troops enabled him to add five fortified towns and seventeen castles to the English possessions.

Spring and summer passed by—the prince still continuing active. At length, the French king collected an immense army, and marched to intercept him. Though well aware that John was endeavoring to cut off his retreat, the Black Prince was ignorant of the exact position of the French army, until, one day, a small foraging party fell in with a troop of three hundred horsemen, who, pursuing the little band across some bushes, suddenly found themselves under the banner of the Black Prince. After a few blows they surrendered, and from them the prince learned that King John was a day's march in advance of him.

A party, despatched to reconnoitre, brought back intelligence that an army of eight times his force lay between him and Poitiers. Though without fear, the prince felt all the difficulties of his situation; yet his simple reply was—"God be our help!—now let us think how we may fight them to the best advantage."

A high ground, commanding the country toward Poitiers, defended by the hedges of a vineyard, and accessible from the city only by a hollow way scarcely wide enough to admit four men abreast, presented to him a most defensible position. Here he encamped, and early next morning, disposed his troops for battle.

He dismounted his whole force ; placed a body of archers, drawn up in the form of a harrow, in front, the men-at-arms behind, and stationed strong bodies of bowmen along the hedges, on each side of the hollow way. Thus, while climbing the hill, the French would be exposed to the galling flights of arrows, while the nature of the ground would further render their superiority in numbers of little avail.

The French host now began to advance ;—yet, as its ocean of waving plumes rolled up the hill, the prince, in the same firm tone which had declared the day before, that England should never have to pay his ransom, now spoke the hope of victory.

Three hundred chosen horsemen soon reached the narrow way, and, putting their horses at full gallop, poured in to charge the harrow of archers. The instant they were completely within the banks, the English bowmen along the hedges poured a flight of arrows, which threw them at once into confusion.

The bodies of the slain men and horses soon blocked up the way ; but a considerable number, forcing a path through every obstacle, nearly approached the first line of archers. A gallant knight, named James Audley, with his four squires, rushed against them ; and thus, almost single-handed, he fought during the whole day, hewing a path through the thickest of the foe, until late in the evening ; when, covered with many wounds, and fainting from loss of blood, he was borne from the field.

Meantime the shower of arrows continued to pour death, while the English men-at-arms, passing between the lines of the archers, drove back the foremost of the enemy, and the hollow soon became one scene of carnage. One of Edward's officers, named the Captal de Buch, at the same time issued from a woody ravine situated near the foot of the hill,—where, with three hundred men-at-arms and three hundred archers on horseback, he had lain concealed,—and attacked the flank of one of the divisions of the French army, commanded by the Dauphin, as it commenced the ascent. This, with the confusion in front, and a rumor that part of the army was beaten, carried terror into the rear ranks ; and vast numbers, who had hardly seen an enemy, galloped madly from the field. The arrows discharged by the horse-archers now began to tell on the front line of the enemy : —the quick eye of Sir John Chandos marked it waver and open.

" Now, sir," he exclaimed, turning to the prince, " ride forward, and the day is yours. Let us charge right upon the King of France, for there lies the fate of the day. His courage, I know well, will not let him fly ; but he shall be well encountered."

" On ! on ! Chandos," replied the prince, " you shall not see me tread one step back, but ever in advance. Bear on my banner ! God and St. George be with us ! "

The horses had been kept in readiness ; and each man now springing into saddle, the army bore down on the enemy with levelled lances, the Captal de Buch forcing his way onward to regain the main body. The hostile forces met with a terrible shock, while the cries of " Denis Mountjoye ! " " St. George, Guienne ! " mingled with the clashing of steel, the shivering of lances, and the sound of the galloping steeds. The sight of the conflict struck terror into a body of sixteen

thousand men, who had not yet drawn a sword. Panic seemed to seize them; and these fresh troops, instead of aiding their companions, fled disgracefully with their commander, the Duke of Orleans. This probably decided the day.

King John was now seen advancing with his reserve, in numbers still double the force of the English at the commencement of the battle. He saw his nobles flying, but though indignant, felt no alarm; then, dismounting with all his men, he led them, battle-axe in hand, against the English charge. The black armor of the young leader of the English rendered him also conspicuous; and, while the French king did feats of valor enough to win twenty battles if courage could have done all, the prince was seen raging like a young lion amid the thickest of the enemy. Knight to knight, and hand to hand, the battle was now fought. The French were driven back, step by step, till John found himself nearly at the gates of Poitiers, now shut against him. While, however, the oriflamme waved over his head, he would not believe the day lost; but, at length it went down, and his hopes fell with it. Surrounded on every side by foes eager to make him prisoner, he still wielded his battle-axe, clearing at each stroke the space around him and his little son, who had accompanied him through the fatal field. A knight of Artois, of gigantic height, who had been outlawed and had taken service with England, seeing that the monarch's life would be lost if he protracted his resistance, suddenly rushed into the circle.

"Yield, sire, yield!" he exclaimed in French.

"Who art thou?" inquired John.

"I am Denis de Mortbec, a poor knight of Artois," answered the outlaw, "but now in the service of England, because a banished man from my own country."

"Well, I yield me to you," cried the king, giving him in sign of surrender, his right gauntlet.

By this time nothing was seen but dead and dying on the field, with groups of prisoners, and parties of fugitives escaping over the distant country. The prince, by the advice of Chandos, now pitched his banner on a high spot; and, while the trumpets sounded a recall to the standard he dismounted, and, unbracing his helmet, took a draught of wine with the band of knights who had accompanied him throughout the arduous day.

The unfortunate French king was soon brought to him by the Earl of Warwick and Lord Cobham. The prince received his vanquished adversary with deep and touching respect. Bending his knee before John, he called for wine, and, with his own hands, presented the cup to the unhappy king.

By mid-day the battle was over; but, as the pursuing parties did not return till evening, it was only then that the prince learned the greatness of his victory. With eight thousand men he had vanquished more than sixty thousand, and the captives were double the number of the conquerors.

At night a sumptuous entertainment was served in the tent of the Black Prince to the King of France and the principal prisoners. John, his son, and six of his chief nobles, were seated at a table raised higher than the rest; but no place was reserved for the prince himself. Great was the surprise when the victor ap-

peared to officiate as page. This in the days of chivalry implied no degradation, though it showed the generous humility of the young hero. John repeatedly entreated the prince to seat himself beside him, and could scarcely be persuaded to taste the food while his vanquisher remained standing, or handed him the cup on bended knee. The respectful manner in which the prince conducted himself, and the feeling he expressed for the misfortunes of his foe, so touched John, that at last the tears burst from his eyes, and mingled with the marks of blood on his cheeks.

The example of their leader was followed throughout the English camp; every one treating his prisoners as friends, and admitting them to ransom on terms named, in most cases, by the vanquished themselves.

After this event the prince again distinguished himself in France, for the claims of his father, which the treaty had in part recognized, were again disputed. Many battles were fought, and much negotiation was carried on, extending over several years; while in the midst of these harassments, the prince, who had long been ill, became worse. His surgeons advised his return to England. He complied; but day after day his strength failed him, and fainting fits of long continuance often led those around him to suppose him dead. At length, on Sunday, June 8, 1376, he closed a life which for years had been one sad scene of suffering. He was interred with due pomp in Canterbury Cathedral, his favorite suit of black armor being suspended over his tomb. Thus, scarcely past his prime, died "the valiant and gentle Prince of Wales, the flower of all chivalry in the world at that time."

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN

(1314–1380)

Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France, the most famous French warrior of his age, was born of an ancient but undistinguished family, at the castle of La Motte-Broon, near Rennes, about 1314. The date is doubtful, the authorities varying between 1311 and 1324. The name is spelt in various ways in contemporary records, *e.g.*, Claquin, Klesquin, Guescquin, Glayaquin, etc. The familiar form is found on his monument at St. Denis, and in some legal documents of the time. In his boyhood Bertrand was a dull learner, spending his time in open-air sports and exercises, and could never read or write. He was remarkable for ugliness, and was an object of aversion to his parents. He first made himself a name as a soldier at the

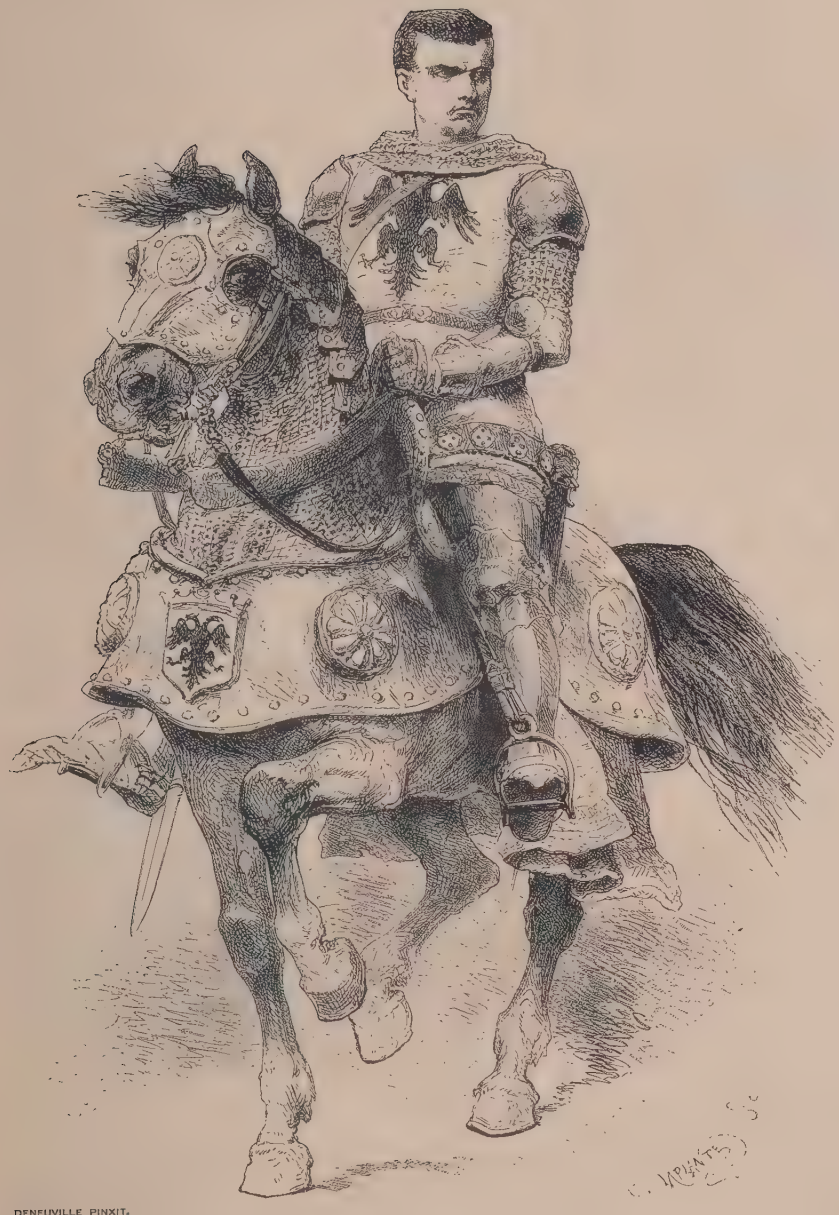
tournament held at Rennes in 1338 to celebrate the marriage of Charles of Blois with Jeanne de Penthièvere, at which he unseated the most famous competitors.

But this playing at fighting was not enough for his ambition; and in the war which followed between Charles of Blois and John de Montfort, for the possession of the Duchy of Brittany, he served his apprenticeship as a soldier. As he was not a great baron with a body of vassals at his command, he put himself at the head of a band of adventurers, and fought on the side of Charles and of France. He distinguished himself by a brilliant action at the siege of Vannes in 1342; and after that he disappears from history for some years. In 1351, having shortly before been made a knight, he was sent into England with the lords of Brittany to treat for the ransom of Charles of Blois, who had been defeated and captured by the English in 1347. When Rennes was besieged by the Duke of Lancaster, in 1356, Du Guesclin forced his way with a handful of men into the town, and successfully defended it till June, 1357, when the siege was raised in pursuance of the truce of Bordeaux. For this service he was rewarded with the lordship of Roche d'Airien.

At the expiration of the truce he distinguished himself by the defence of Dinan, and here he engaged in single combat with Sir Thomas Canterbury. Shortly afterward he married; and about the same time he passed into the service of France, and greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Melun (1359). In April, 1364, in conjunction with Boucicault, he recovered Mantes and Meulan from the King of Navarre; and in May he defeated the Navarrese under Captal de Buch at Cocherel, and took their leader prisoner. The king now created him Marshal of Normandy and Count of Longueville. At the battle of Auray, in September of the same year, Charles of Blois was defeated and killed, and Du Guesclin taken prisoner, by Sir John Chandos.

The grand companies beginning, after the close of the war, to play the part of brigands in France, it was necessary to get rid of them. Du Guesclin was ransomed for 100,000 crowns, and was charged to lead them out of France. He marched with them into Spain, visiting Avignon on the way, and extorting from the Pope a large sum of money and his absolution. Du Guesclin now supported Henry of Trastamare against Peter the Cruel, set the former upon the throne of Castile (1366), and was made Constable of Castile and Count of Trastamare. In the following year he was defeated and captured by the Black Prince, ally of Peter the Cruel, at Najara, but was soon released for a heavy ransom. Once more he fought for Henry, reinstated him on the throne (1369), and was created Duke of Molinas.

In May, 1370, at the command of Charles V., who named him Constable of France, he returned to France. War had just been declared against England, and Du Guesclin was called to take part in it. For nearly ten years he was engaged in fighting against the English in the south and the west of France, recovering from them the provinces of Poitou, Guienne, and Auvergne, and thus powerfully contributing to the establishment of a united France. In 1373, when the Duke of Brittany sought English aid against a threatened invasion by Charles V.,



DENEUVILLE PINXIT.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.

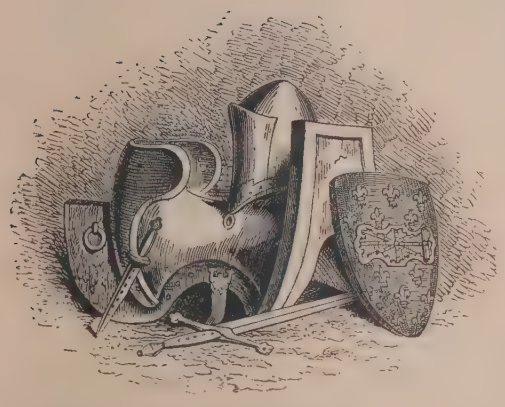
Du Guesclin was sent at the head of a powerful army to seize the duchy, which he did; and two years later he frustrated, by a defensive policy, the attempt of the duke with an English army to recover it. Finding, in 1379, that the king entertained suspicions of his fidelity to him, he resolved to give up his constable's sword and retire to Spain. His resolution was at first proof against remonstrance; but ultimately he received back the sword, and continued in the service of France.

In 1380 he was sent into Languedoc to suppress disturbances and brigandage provoked by the harsh government of the Duke of Anjou. His first act was to lay siege to the fortress of Châteauneuf-Randou, held by the English, strongly garrisoned and well provisioned. A day was fixed conditionally for capitulation. Meanwhile the great warrior was smitten with a mortal illness, and died, July 13, 1380. The commander led out the garrison and deposited the keys of the castle on the coffin of the hero. Du Guesclin lost his first wife in 1371, and married a second in 1373. His remains were interred, by order of the king, in the church of St. Denis.

HENRY V. OF ENGLAND

Extracts from "Memoirs of Great Commanders," by G. P. R. JAMES

(1388–1422)



HENRY, the fifth English monarch of that name, was born at Monmouth, on the banks of the pleasant Wye, in the year 1388. He was the eldest son of Henry, Earl of Derby, and of Mary de Bohun, daughter of the Earl of Hereford. During his infancy reverses and successes passed rapidly over his father's head, and at the age of thirteen years he found himself the eldest son of the King of England, and was created by his father Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester. The early education of Henry the Fifth is unknown; but it may be inferred, that during the life of his mother, principles of high honor and virtue had been instilled into his bosom, which became dormant, though not extinct, as rising toward manhood, evil companions took advantage of idleness and indulgence to call into action the passions of the young prince, in order to lead him to their own purposes.

The tales of his debauchery, and the depravity of his taste, while a youth, have been doubted and contradicted, but not disproved by modern historians;

but the positive assertions of older writers, whose means of information was great and immediate, must always be more valuable than the theoretical doubts of persons who live when a thousand sources of knowledge have been buried under the lumber of ages. It is therefore more than probable that, in his youth, Henry the Fifth gave himself up to low companions, unworthy a prince and a gentleman, and yielded to his passions indulgences which were forbidden by his reason. Nevertheless, through the whole course of his youthful errors, as portrayed by those least favorable in their account, there is to be seen the gleaming forth of those better principles, that nobler soul, which rendered him in after years one of the greatest and best of English monarchs.

Out of a multitude of events which might be brought forward to prove this fact, one of the best authenticated, and the most striking, is his submission to Chief-justice Gascoigne. Henry, it would appear, had entered the Court of Justice in support of one of his dissolute companions, who had rendered himself amenable to the laws of his country. Notwithstanding the presence and influence of the prince, the magistrate did his duty toward the offender, without fear or favor, and in the heat of the moment, Henry struck the judge upon the judgment-seat. Still unmoved and unruffled, the chief-justice, without a hesitation on the score of the prince's rank or power, at once committed him for contempt of court.

Time had been given for the better spirit to assume her influence, and struck with the conscientious courage of the judge, the heir-apparent of the British throne submitted to the punishment he had merited, and suffered himself without opposition to be led to prison, thus setting a noble example of obedience to the laws. His father was of a mind well qualified to appreciate the conduct both of his son and of his son's judge, and when the news was brought him—probably by those who sought to inflame the monarch's mind against the punisher of his son—he exclaimed, with joy: "Blessed is the king whose magistrates possess courage to execute the laws upon such an offender; and still more happy is he who has for a son a prince willing to endure such wholesome chastisement."

Although from all accounts it would appear that many parts of the prince's conduct gave great pain and offence to his father, yet we find that Henry IV. never scrupled to entrust to his care some of the greatest and most important military operations of his reign. Whether the prince had already displayed the qualities of a soldier, in a degree sufficient to attract the notice of his father, or whether the king sought only to habituate him early to that inevitable career of arms which was in those days one of the misfortunes of royalty, we are not informed; but so early as his sixteenth or seventeenth year he fought at the battle of Shrewsbury, in which Henry Hotspur was slain. What was the part assigned to the prince on this occasion I do not find stated precisely; but all accounts agree that he proved of infinite assistance and service to his father, and fought long in the thickest of the battle, after having been severely wounded by an arrow in the face.

The death of Percy spread dismay among his soldiers and allies, and after a fight of nearly four hours the party of Northumberland fled, leaving the king

master of the field of battle, and a number of noble prisoners. Many of these were executed either at Shrewsbury or London; and the Earl of Northumberland, the chief support of the rebellion, made his peace for the time to meditate his rebellions.

Owen Glendower, however, one of the confederates, was still in arms in Wales; and while Henry IV. returned in triumph to London, he despatched his eldest son, at the head of considerable forces, to reduce the Principality to obedience. The unhappy Glendower, unable to oppose the army led against him, was forced to fly, and, abandoned by his friends and followers, is said to have died of starvation among the caves and wildernesses in which he sought refuge. In the meanwhile the Prince of Wales conducted his expedition with skill and wisdom; the whole country submitted to his power; and having re-established order and tranquillity, he returned to London with honor and praise.

Little further occurs in the history of Henry as Prince of Wales which is interesting in itself, if stripped of the embellishments added to it by the fancy of our great poet. A project of marriage between the heir of the British crown and a daughter of the Duke of Burgundy, was entertained for some time, but died away, and the opposite, or Orleans party in France, was afterward supported by the English Crown. At length Henry the Fourth, on the eve of an expedition to the Holy Land, undertaken, it is said, in expiation of his usurpation of the throne, was struck with apoplexy; and a tale, in regard to his death, is current among the historians of the period, on which Shakespeare has founded one of the most beautiful scenes in his historical dramas. The poet, however, is far more indebted for the splendor of his materials to his own imagination, than any historical record. The facts, as related by the best authorities, are simply as follows.

After the first attack of apoplexy the king was carried to a chamber in the house of the Abbot of Westminster, and put to bed, and at his own desire the crown was laid upon his pillow. He languished in a state of great weakness for some time, and at length, after a second attack, appeared to those who were watching him to have yielded the spirit. The chamberlain immediately spread a linen cloth over the face of the king, and hastened to communicate his supposed death to the heir-apparent, who, entering the room to take a last look at his father's body, removed the crown from his pillow, and carried it into another apartment. After a short time the monarch revived, and sending for his son demanded, angrily, why he had removed the crown. The prince replied that all men had thought him dead, and therefore he had taken the symbol of royalty as his by right.

"What right I have to it myself, God knows," replied the king, "and how I have enjoyed it."

"Of that," replied the prince, "it is not for me to judge; but if you die king, my father, I will have the garland, and will defend it with my sword against all enemies as you have done."

Not long after this conversation Henry IV. expired, and his son, the Prince of Wales, was immediately proclaimed king by the title of Henry V. But his

change was not alone in name or station; his vices and his follies he cast from him, as an unworthy garment, and assumed with royalty a royal mind. The debauched companions of his youth were banished from his presence and his counsels, and forbidden to approach within ten miles of his dwelling. But at the same time we are assured that they were not left in indigence or necessity. Wisdom and virtue became the only recommendations which raised any one to his service, and those who had proved themselves most worthy, under the government of the former monarch, found themselves most readily welcomed by the new king.

No sooner was the truce at an end which then existed between France and England, than Henry himself proceeded to Southampton to take the command of his army in person. The English armament put to sea, and notwithstanding great preparations which had been made for defending the French coast, Henry landed his troops in safety at the mouth of the Seine, and immediately laid siege to Harfleur, at that time the principal sea-port of Normandy.

The Dauphin himself advanced to Vernon on the Seine, and the famous Marshal Boucicault, one of the most celebrated knights of his time, gathered together a large force, and advanced toward the English army.

Nevertheless Henry did not suffer his courage to fail, and the siege was continued with unabated vigor. At length the means of defence began to fail within the town. Two wagons of powder, which the French attempted to introduce, fell into the hands of the English; the walls were ruined by the effects of the artillery, and at length the governor agreed to surrender, if he remained unrelieved at the end of three days. The three days expired without succor, and Harfleur was surrendered to the King of England.

[Here follows a long and glowing account of Henry's retreat in the face of the overwhelming French forces, and of his greatest victory, the famous battle of Agincourt.]

Shortly after his return to England, Henry was visited by Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, accompanied by French ambassadors commissioned to treat for peace under his mediation. But while Henry continued to exact severe terms, the French gave him constant excuses for proceeding in the war, by their efforts to recover Harfleur, which, however, were constantly defeated by the activity of the English monarch and his officers.

To conquer the former patrimony of the British kings seemed the monarch's first object, and in a very short time he made himself master of almost all the principal cities of the duchy. Caen, indeed, resisted with devoted courage, and, after a severe siege, was taken by assault; but the governors of the other fortified places in Normandy, divided between the Armagnac and the Burgundian parties, had no confidence in their soldiers or each other, and one after another submitted to the power of the conqueror. Nor, indeed, did Henry spare any means to obtain his purpose in such a bloodless manner. All his proclamations announced that those who submitted should be safe in person and property; and his address to all the French people holds out to them that prospect of peace and protection which had long been unknown amongst the dissensions of their

nobles. The first person of great influence, however, who joined the forces of the English king, was the Duke of Brittany; and, though Henry exacted no very great exertions from his new ally, the example of such a defection from the crown of France was greatly in behalf of the invader. Rouen, the capital of Normandy, however, still resolutely closed her gates against the English.

The attack and capture of the Pont de l'Arche announced to the people of Rouen, and to the King of France, that the war was about to approach the gates of the Norman capital, and every exertion was made, both by the Burgundian faction, who now held the king in their hands, and the burghers of the city itself, to repel the English in the attempt. A number of famous knights and commanders were thrown into the city, which was, besides, garrisoned by upward of four thousand men-at-arms, and fifteen thousand armed citizens, all eager in the cause.

Immense efforts were now made by the English to force an entrance, but the defences of the place were so strong, and the defenders so resolute, that no hope appeared of effecting a practicable breach in the walls. Many a sally took place, and many an assault, and many a feat of arms was performed between the two armies. But in the meanwhile the provisions of the people of the town began to decrease, and a smaller and smaller portion of food became the allowance of each day. At length the inhabitants, by murmurs and threats, compelled the garrison to treat; and, after a long and painful negotiation, Rouen capitulated, upon terms which could hardly be called unfavorable, in the situation to which its defenders were reduced.

The news of the fall of Rouen had the greatest effect on the rest of Normandy, and twenty-seven towns, or castles, immediately made submission to the King of England, without even being summoned to surrender. Nor was this immediate benefit the only advantage which followed from the capture of Rouen. Dismay and doubt spread through all France, and thoughts of peace and concession were entertained by those who had hitherto breathed nothing but war and defiance to the King of England.

Pontoise was almost immediately taken by surprise, Gisors and Chateau Gaillard fell after a short siege, and the terrific news of the advance of the English reached Paris, and induced the King, the Queen, and the Duke of Burgundy to abandon the capital and retire to Troyes.

Henry's ambassadors, according to the desire of the French court, were instantly sent to Troyes—where the weak king remained under the guidance of his evil wife and her counsellors—and they soon sketched out a treaty by which, on marrying the Princess Catharine, the English monarch should be declared heir to the crown of France, to the exclusion of the Dauphin and his lineage. This hasty treaty was as hastily ratified, and Henry, with fifteen thousand men departed from Rouen, and marching with all speed to Troyes, put the seal to an arrangement which conveyed to him the throne for which he had fought, by marrying the daughter of the French monarch. To the first articles proposed was now added, at the request of Henry, that the Regency of the kingdom, to the government of which Charles was totally incompetent, should be entrusted to him, and

no sooner was the solemnity of his marriage completed, than he instantly took the field against the Dauphin, leading the unhappy King of France and his whole court against the natural heir to his throne. The town of Sens first fell before the arms of England and Burgundy, and immediately after siege was laid to Montereau, where the assassination of John the Bold had been committed.

Henry also now took upon him the whole executive power of the government. The governors of towns, the officers of state, the magistrates and the dignitaries, were placed and displaced at his pleasure. The currency of the country was altered at his suggestion, and his counsels swayed everything in France. However, England was still at his heart, and leaving a country that his sword and his policy had conquered, as soon as he could do so with any security, he carried his beautiful bride to be crowned in London.

The moment, however, that his foot was out of France, his interests in that country declined ; and the rashness of his officers brought confusion and ruin into his affairs. Town after town was taken by the Dauphin ; and at length the Duke of Clarence, the English monarch's brother, with all the chivalry that accompanied him, were defeated at Baugé, in Anjou, and the duke himself, as well as three thousand of his men, remained dead upon the field. This news, accompanied by the further tidings that the Dauphin was advancing to besiege Chartres, called upon the king imperatively to return to France ; and leaving the queen to follow at a future time, Henry set out for Calais accompanied by four thousand men-at-arms and twenty-four thousand archers.

His coming gave new courage to the Burgundian faction, and struck fear into the followers of the Dauphin. Scarcely pausing at all in the capital, the English monarch advanced direct toward Chartres, before which the Dauphin had already been encamped three weeks ; but long ere the English reached the town the gates were free, and the adverse army with all speed retreated toward Touraine. Thither the English monarch followed, breathing revenge for the death of his brother. Dreux and Beaugency-sur-Loire were conquered by the way ; but after pursuing the Dauphin ineffectually for some time, the scarcity of provisions obliged him to return toward Normandy. On his march back, he is said to have fallen in with a party of the Armagnac faction, who retreated before him into a castle called Rougemont, which was instantly assailed and taken by the English. All who were within, the French historians assert, to the number of sixty persons, were, by the king's order, drowned in the Loire, a fact which accords too well with the manners of the time and some parts of the monarch's own character. The town of Meaux was the next object of attack, and a long and courageous defence was made by the Dauphinois within.

The fall of Meaux, like that of Rouen, brought with it the surrender of an immense number of other places, but this was the last great military undertaking which Henry conducted in person. From Meaux he went direct to Vincennes to meet his queen, who was at this time on her journey from Calais, and thence proceeded with the King and Queen of France to Paris, where various transactions took place relative to the internal policy of the country. The court soon

removed thence to Senlis, where Henry continued to make his principal abode, till news from the banks of the Loire roused him from inactivity.

The Dauphin, now finding the English monarch removed from his immediate neighborhood, again advanced with all the forces he could gather, and laid siege to Cône-sur-Loire, then garrisoned by the troops of Burgundy. The town, hard pressed, was obliged to treat, and agreed to surrender, without the Duke of Burgundy should give battle to the Dauphin in its defence, before the sixteenth day of August ensuing. The tidings were communicated to the duke by the garrison, and at the same time a herald from the Dauphin defied him to the field the day named. The duke instantly accepted the challenge, and sent to all his allies, as customary on such occasions, begging their aid and support in the day of battle. Among the rest he demanded the assistance of forces from the King of England, to be led by such of his famous leaders as he could well spare. Henry, however, though already unwell, declared that he would send no one to the aid of his good cousin of Burgundy, but go himself, and, accordingly, commanding his brother the Duke of Bedford, to lead his troops from Paris and that neighborhood, he himself set out from Senlis on horseback. At Melum, however, his sickness had so far increased, that, no longer able to sit on his horse, he attempted to proceed on a litter, but at length was obliged to turn toward Vincennes, where each day brought him nearer to the tomb.

The Duke of Bedford, led the English forces to Cône, from which the Dauphin had already retreated, and the English prince returned just in time to witness the death of his brother.

Henry already felt his danger, and calling his relations around him, made those dispositions which he thought necessary for securing his dominions to his child. He then insisted upon his physicians informing him how long he had to live, and being told that his life could not last much more than two hours, he prepared to meet death with the same courage which he had evinced during life. After going through all the ceremonial duties of the Catholic religion, he commanded some particular psalms to be sung in his chamber, and died very nearly the time his physicians had predicted.

Henry V. was a great conqueror, and a wise, prudent, and politic prince. His two greatest faults seem to have been ambition and cruelty ; the first was an inheritance, and the second, perhaps, was less an effect of a harsh nature than of hasty passion. We seldom find that he committed any deliberate act of barbarity, and those things which most stain his name were generally done under feelings of great irritation. His conduct to the Earl of March, the heir of Richard II., and the respect he paid to the memory of that unhappy king himself, are proofs of a generous nature ; and of all his conquests, the greatest he ever achieved was the first—that over himself.

JOHN HUNIADES*

By Professor A. Vambéry

(1388–1456)

Of his grandfather we do not know even the name; his father was a Wallach, a common soldier; yet he himself was the greatest of Hungarian heroes, the Grand Marshal, and later on the "Governor" or Regent of Hungary; and his son king of that country. At the present day, in the age of democracy, such rapid elevation is no such rare phenomenon, but in the aristocratic middle ages it was really a miracle, one that points to exceptional circumstances and an exceptional man.

In Europe at that time the circumstances were indeed exceptional. A new power pulsating with youthful life had arrived from somewhere in the interior of Asia with the intention of conquering the world. This power was the Turk — not merely a single nation, but a whole group of peoples clustered round a nation, inspired by one single idea which urged them ever forward. "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God."

The Mohammedan flood already beat upon the bounds of Catholic Christendom, in the forefront of which stood Hungary. Hungary's king, Sigismund, was able for a moment in 1396 to unite the nations of Europe against the common danger, but the proud array of mail-clad knights were swept away like chaff before the steady ranks of the janissaries.

And herewith began the long series of desolating inroads into Hungary, for the Turk was wont to suck the blood of the nation he had marked down as his prey. He took the country by surprise, secretly, suddenly, like a summer storm, appearing in overwhelming numbers, burning, murdering, robbing, especially, men in the hopes of a rich ransom, or children whom they might bring up as Mohammedans and janissaries. This body, the flower of the Turkish armies, owed its origin for the most part to the Christian children thus stolen from their parents and their country. This infantry of the janissaries was the first standing army in Europe. Living constantly together under a common discipline, like the inmates of a cloister, they rushed blindly forward to the cry of "God and his Prophet" like some splendid, powerful wild beast, eager for prey. The Turkish

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sultans published the proud order: "Forward, let us conquer the whole world, wheresoever we tie up our horses' heads that land is our own."

To resist such a nation, that would not listen to negotiation, but only thirsted for war and conquest, seemed already an impossibility. Europe trembled with fear at the reports of the formidable attacks designed against her, and listened anxiously for news from distant Hungary which lay, so to say, in the lion's very mouth.

Against such an enemy a soldier of the modern type was useless, one who slays only in defence of his own life and at the word of command, whose force consists in the high development of the military art and the murderous instruments of modern technical science. What was wanted was an heroic soul, inspired by a burning faith like to that which impelled the Mohammedan soldier.

This heroic soul, this burning faith, united to the tenacious energy of youth, were all found united in the greatest Hungarian hero, John Huniades, accompanied withal by a singular talent for leadership in war. He could not rely for support upon the haughty magnates who could trace their descent back for centuries and despised the parvenu with a shorter pedigree and a smaller estate. He was consequently obliged to cast in his lot with the mass of the lesser nobility, individually weaker, it is true, but not deficient in spirit and a consciousness of their own worth. Of this class he soon became the idolized leader. Around him gathered the hitherto latent forces of Hungarian society, especially from Transylvania and South Hungary and the Great Hungarian Plain (*Alföld*), which suffered most from the incursions of the Turks and were therefore most impressed with the necessity of organizing a system of defence. It was these who were the first to be inspired by Huniades' heroic spirit.

Before commencing his career as independent commander he, following his father's example, attached himself to the court of Sigismund, the Emperor-king, in whose train he visited the countries of Western Europe, Germany, England, and Italy, till he at length returned home, his mind enriched by experience but with the fervor of his first faith unchilled.

He had thus passed the flower of his age when nearly sixty years old, he repaired at his sovereign's command to the south of Hungary to organize the resistance to the Turks. At first he was appointed Ban of Severin, and as such had the chief command of the fortified places built by the Hungarians for the defence of the Lower Danube. After that he became Voyvode of Transylvania, the civil and military governor of the southeastern corner of the Hungarian kingdom.

Before, however, he had reached these dignities he had fought a succession of battles and skirmishes with such success that for the fanatical Turkish soldiery his form, nay, his very name was an object of terror. It was Huniades alone whom they sought to slay on the field of battle, well persuaded that he once slain they would easily deal with the rest of Hungary. Thus in 1442 a Turkish leader, named Mezid Bey, burst into Transylvania at the head of 80,000 men in pursuance of the sultan's commands, with no other aim than to take Huniades dead or alive.

Nor indeed did Huniades keep them waiting for him. He hurried at the head of his troops to attack the Turkish leader who was laying siege to Hermannstadt. Upon this Mezid Bey, calling his bravest soldiers around him, described to them once more Huniades' appearance, his arms, his dress, his stature, and his horse, that they might certainly recognize him. "Slay him only," he exclaimed; "and we shall easily deal with the rest of them; we shall drive them like a flock of sheep into the presence of our august master."

On that occasion was seen with what self-sacrificing enthusiasm his soldiers loved their heroic leader. When they learned from their spies the purpose of the Turks, they took all possible measures to secure his precious life. One of their number, Simon Kemeny, who bore a striking resemblance to Huniades, determined to sacrifice himself for his leader. He announced that he would put on Huniades' clothes and armor. The Turks would then attack him under the belief that he was the celebrated chief, and while they were thus engaged the real Huniades would fall upon them unexpectedly and put them to flight. At first Huniades would by no means consent to this plan, as he did not wish to expose Kemeny to such mortal danger; but at last seeing the great military advantages likely to accrue from it he consented.

And so indeed it fell out. As soon as the battle began, the Turks, perceiving Simon Kemeny in the garb of Huniades, directed all their force against him. Kemeny, after a stout defence, fell together with a great number of his followers, and the Turks, seeing him fall, set up a general cry of triumph and exultation. Just at this critical moment they were hotly attacked in the flank by the genuine Huniades. Thus attacked in the very moment when they imagined that they had already gained the day, the Turks were thrown into confusion and took wildly to flight. Twenty thousand corpses were left on the battle-field; among them were Mezid Bey himself, together with his sons.

Fearful was the rage of the Turkish sultan when he heard of the defeat and death of Mezid Bey, and he at once despatched another army against Huniades, which like the first numbered 80,000 men. This time, however, Huniades did not let them enter Transylvania, but waited for them at the pass, known as the Iron Gate, among the high mountains on the southern boundary of Hungary.

The Hungarian army was not more than 15,000 men, so that the Turks were at least five times as strong. But the military genius of Huniades made up for the small number of his followers. He posted them in a strong position in the rough pass, and attacked the enemy in places where it was impossible for him to make use of his strength. Thus more than half the Turkish army perished miserably in the battle. Again their commander-in-chief fell on the field together with six subordinate commanders, while two hundred horse-tail standards fell into Huniades' hands as trophies of his victory.

These two splendid victories filled all Europe with joy and admiration. Christendom again breathed freely; for she felt that a champion, sent by a special Providence, had appeared, who had both the courage and the ability to meet and to repel the haughty and formidable foe. But Huniades was not content

with doing so much. He thought that by this time he might carry the war into the enemy's country. The plan of operations was exceptionally daring, yet Huniades had not resolved on it without careful consideration. In the meantime through Huniades' exertions, Vladislaus, the young King of Poland, had been elected King of Hungary. Huniades gained the new king over to his plans, and by this means secured the co-operation of the higher aristocracy and the armed bands which they were bound to lead into the field at the king's summons. Huniades counted besides on the assistance of Europe; in the first place on the Popes, who were zealous advocates of the war against the Mohammedans; next on Venice, which as the first commercial city and state at that time had suffered severe losses owing to the spread of Turkish dominions; on the gallant Poles whose king now wore the Hungarian crown; and lastly upon the peoples of Christendom in general, whose enthusiasm for a war against the infidels had been quickened by the report of Huniades' victories. And indeed at his request the Pope sent some small sums of money, the Poles furnished an auxiliary force, while numerous volunteers from the rest of Europe flocked to serve under his banner. Although the assistance thus furnished was comparatively unimportant, it nevertheless served to increase his zeal for the daring undertaking. He and his heroic companions were not only proud of defending their own native country, but felt that they were the champions of all Christendom against Ottoman aggression, and their religious enthusiasm kept pace with their patriotism. If they did not get regiments sent to their aid, they felt that the eyes of all Europe were upon them, ready to grieve at their possible ill success, while their victories would be celebrated by *Te deums* in the cathedrals of every capital in Europe.

The aggressive campaign was commenced without delay; Huniades' resolves were at once translated into fact; he would not allow the beaten foe time to recover breath. His plan was to cross the Danube, and penetrate through the passes of the Balkan to Philippopolis, at that time the capital of the sultan's dominions, where he kept the main body of his army. About Christmas, a season in which the Turk does not like to fight, amid heavy snow and severe cold, the Hungarian army of about thirty thousand men pressed forward. Huniades marched in advance with the vanguard of 12,000 picked men; after him the king and the Pope's legate, with the rest of the army. The sultan, however, with a large body of men had occupied the passes of the Balkans and prevented their farther advance. This impediment, coupled with the cold and severe weather, depressed the spirits of the troops, worn out with fatigue. Huniades, however, raised their spirits by gaining a victory; lighting one night upon a body of the enemy, 20,000 in number, he attacked them at once and after a few hours' struggle succeeded in dispersing them. Later on he took two large towns with their citadels; and in three engagements triumphed over three separate divisions of the enemy. Learning that a still larger body of Turks was attempting to cut off his communications with the king's army he attacked that also and put it to flight. After that he joined his corps with the main army under the king; and indeed none too soon. Sultan Murad suddenly arrived with the main body of

his forces, which he strongly intrenched in the narrowest passes of the Balkans. Huniades saw that these intrenchments could not be forced, and did all he could to entice his enemy down into the plain. This he succeeded in doing. In the battle that ensued the king too played a conspicuous part and received a wound. In the end, however, the Hungarians gained the victory, and the younger brother of the Grand Vizier was taken prisoner. So much success was sufficient for Huniades for the time, especially as the natural obstacles had proved insurmountable. The Hungarian army returned home in good order, and the young king made a triumphal entry into his capital, preceded by a crowd of Turkish prisoners and captured Turkish ensigns. These last trophies of victory were deposited in the Coronation Church in the fortress of Buda.

And now something happened which had hitherto been deemed incredible ; the Sultan sued for peace, a true believer and a sovereign, from an unbelieving giaour. The peace was concluded, and Hungary again became possessed of those dependent (South Slavonic) provinces, which lay between the territories of the Sultan and the kingdom of Hungary in the narrower sense of the word. In three short years Huniades had undone the work of years on the part of the Turks. The Sultan, however, soon repented of what he had done, and continually delayed the fulfilment of his promise to evacuate certain frontier fortresses. For this cause the young king, especially incited thereto by the Pope, determined to renew the war. Huniades at first opposed the king's resolution, and wished to wait ; later on he was gained over to the king's view, and took up the matter with his whole soul. The opportunity was inviting, for the Sultan with his main army was engaged somewhere in Asia, and the Venetians promised to prevent with their fleet his return to Europe across the narrow seas in the neighborhood of Constantinople.

The Hungarian army indeed set out (1444) on its expedition, and continually expecting the arrival of the troops of their allies—the Emperor of Constantinople and the Princes of Albania—penetrated ever farther and farther into the hostile territory. They were to be joined by their allies at the town of Varna on the shores of the Black Sea. When, however, the Hungarians had arrived at that town, they found no trace of their expected allies, but on the contrary learned with certainty that the Sultan had succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the Venetians, had brought his army in small boats over into Europe, and was now following fast on their track.

Thus all hope of aid from allies was at an end, the brave general and his small Hungarian force had to rely on their own resources, separated as they were by some weeks' journey from their own country, while the enemy would be soon upon them in numbers five times their own. Yet even so Huniades' faith and courage did not desert him. The proverb says : " If thy sword be short, lengthen it by a step forward." And Huniades boldly, but yet with the caution that behoved a careful general, took up his position before the Sultan's army. Both he and his Hungarians fought with dauntless courage, availing themselves of every advantage and beating back every assault. Already victory seemed to be assured.

A few hours after the battle had begun both the Turkish wings had been broken, and even the Sultan and the brave janissaries were thinking of flight, when the young king, the Pole Vladislaus, whom Huniades had adjured by God to remain in a place of safety, until the combat should be decided, was persuaded by his Polish suite to fling himself with the small band in immediate attendance upon him right on the centre of the janissaries, so that he too might have a share in the victory and not leave it all to Huniades. The janissaries wavered for a moment under this new and unexpected attack, but soon perceiving that they had to do with the King of Hungary they closed round his band which had penetrated far into their ranks. The king's horse was first hamstrung, and, as it fell, the king's head was severed from his body, stuck upon the point of a spear and exposed to the view of both armies. The Hungarians, shocked at the unexpected sight, wavered and, feeling themselves lost, began to fly. All the entreaties and exhortations of Huniades were in vain. Such was the confusion that he could be neither seen nor heard, and in a few minutes the whole Hungarian army was in confused flight.

Huniades, left to himself, had too to seek safety in flight. Alone, deserted by all, he had to make his way from one place of concealment to another till after some weeks' wandering he arrived in Hungary. The bad news had preceded him; and in consequence everything was in confusion. Again arose that difficult question: Who should be the new king under such difficult circumstances? The Sultan's army had, however, suffered so much in the battle of Varna that for the time he left the Hungarians unmolested.

The nation was disposed to choose for its king the child, Ladislaus, son of King Albert, the predecessor of Vladislaus. The child, however, was in the power of the neighboring prince, Frederick, the Archduke of Austria, who was not disposed to let him go out of his hands without a heavy ransom. Under these circumstances the more powerful nobles in Hungary took advantage of the confusion to strengthen each his own position at the expense of the nation. At first the government of the country was entrusted to a number of captains, but this proved so evidently disastrous that the better sort of people succeeded in having them abolished and Huniades established as sole governor. For all that, however, Huniades had a good deal of trouble with the chief aristocrats, Garay, Czillei, Ujlaki, who, envying the parvenu his sudden promotion and despising his obscure origin, took up arms to resist his authority. Thus Huniades, instead of blunting the edge of his sword upon foreign foes, had to bridle the insubordination of his own countrymen. Luckily it did not take long to force the discontented to own the weight of his arm and his superiority as a military leader.

Order being thus to some extent re-established at home, Huniades was again able to turn his attention to the Turks. He felt that he had in fact gained the battle of Varna, which was only lost through the jealous humor of a youthful king; that it behoved him not to stop half way; that it was his duty to continue offensive operations. But in so doing he had to rely upon his own proper forces. It is true that he was governor of the country, but for the purpose of

offensive warfare beyond the frontier he could not gain the consent of the great nobles.

Luckily his private property had enormously increased by this time. The Hungarian Constitution ordered the king to bestow the estates of such noblemen, as died without male heirs or had been condemned for any offence, on such noblemen as had approved themselves valiant defenders of the country. Now where could be found a more worthy recipient of such estates than Huniades, to whom the public treasury was besides a debtor on account of the sums he disbursed for the constant warfare he maintained against the Turks? Especially in the south of Hungary a whole series of lordly estates, many of them belonging to the crown, had come into Huniades' hands, either as pledges for the repayment of the money he had paid his soldiers, or as his own private property.

The yearly revenue arising from these vast estates was employed by Huniades not in personal expenditure but in the defence of his country. He himself lived as simply as anyone of his soldiers, and recognized no other use of money than as a weapon to be used for the defence of Christendom against Islam. In the early morn while all his suite still slept he passed hours in prayer before the altar in the dimly lighted church, imploring the help of the Almighty for the attainment of his sole object in life—the destruction of the Turkish power. At last (1448) he set out against the Sultan with a picked army of 24,000 of his most trusty soldiers.

This time it was on the frontier of Servia, on the so-called Field of Blackbirds, that Huniades encountered Sultan Murad, as before with an army of 150,000 men—more than five times the number of the Christians. Huniades at first withdrew himself into his intrenched camp, but in a few days felt himself strong enough to engage with the enemy on the open field. The battle lasted without interruption for two days and a night. Huniades himself was several times in deadly peril. Once his horse was shot under him. He was to be found wherever assistance, support, encouragement were needed. At last on the morning of the third day as the Turks who had received reinforcements were about to renew the attack, the Voyvode of Wallachia passed over to the side of the Turks. The voyvode belonged to the Orthodox Eastern Church. He had joined Huniades on the way, and his desertion transferred 6,000 men from one side to the other, and decided the battle in favor of the Turks. The Hungarians, worn out by fatigue, fell into a discouragement, while Huniades had no fresh troops to bring up to their support. The battle came to a sudden end. Seventeen thousand Hungarian corpses strewed the field, but the loss of the Turks was more than 30,000 men.

Huniades again left to himself had again to make his escape. At first he only dismissed his military suite; afterwards he separated from his faithful servant in the hope that separately they might more easily baffle their pursuers. Next he had to turn his horse adrift, as the poor animal was incapable of continuing his journey. Thus he made his way alone and on foot toward the frontiers of his native land. After a while looking down from the top of a piece of elevated

ground he perceived a large body of Turks from whom he hid himself in a neighboring lake. He thus escaped this danger, but only to encounter another. At a turn of the road he came so suddenly upon a party of Turkish plunderers as to be unable to escape from them, and thus became their prisoner. But the Turks did not recognize him, and leaving him in the hands of two of their number the rest went on in search of more prey. His two guards soon came to blows with one another about a heavy gold cross which they had found on the person of their captive, and, while they were thus quarrelling, Huniades suddenly wrenched his sword out of the hand of one of the two Turks and cut off his head, upon which the other took to flight, and Huniades was again free.

In the meantime, however, George, the Prince of Servia, who took part with the aristocratic malcontents, and out of pure hatred to Huniades had, in spite of his being a Christian, gone over to the side of the Turks, had given strict orders that all Hungarian stragglers were to be apprehended and brought before him. In this way Huniades fell into the hands of some Servian peasants who delivered him to their prince. Nor did he regain his liberty without the payment of a heavy ransom, leaving his son, Ladislaus, as hostage in his stead.

He thus returned home amid a thousand perils and with the painful experience that Europe left him to his own resources to fight as he best could against the ever-advancing Turks. The dependencies of the Hungarian crown, Servia and Wallachia, on whose recovery he had spent so much blood and treasure, instead of supporting him as might be expected of Christian countries threw themselves in a suicidal manner into the arms of the Turks. They hoped by their ready submission to find favor in the eyes of the irresistible conquerors, by whom, however, they were a little later on devoured.

After these events Huniades continued to act as Governor or Regent of Hungary for five years more, by which time the young Ladislaus, son of King Albert, attained his majority. In 1453 he finally laid down his dignity as governor, and gave over the power into the hands of the young king, Ladislaus V., whom Huniades had first to liberate by force of arms from his uncle, Frederick of Austria, before he could set him on the throne of Hungary. The young king, of German origin had, however, hardly become emancipated from his guardian, when he fell under the influence of his other uncle, Ulric Czillei. This Czillei was a great nobleman of Styria, but was withal possessed of large estates in Hungary. As a foreigner and as a relative of King Sigismund, he had long viewed with an evil eye Huniades' elevation. On one occasion Hunaides had to inflict punishment on him. He consequently now did everything he could to induce the young king, his nephew, to hate the great captain as he himself did. He sought to infuse jealousy into his mind and to lead him to believe that Huniades aimed at the crown. His slanders found the readier credence in the mind of the youthful sovereign as he was completely stupefied by an uninterrupted course of debauchery. At last the king was brought to agree to a plan for ensnaring the great man who so often jeoparded his life and his substance in the defence of his country and religion. They summoned him in the king's name to Vienna, where

Ladislaus as an Austrian prince was then staying, with the intention of waylaying and murdering him. But Huniades got wind of the whole plot, and, when he arrived at the place of ambush, it was at the head of 2,000 picked Hungarian warriors. Thus it was Czillei who fell into the snare. "Wretched creature!" exclaimed Huniades; "thou hast fallen into the pit thou diggedst for me; were it not that I regard the dignity of the king and my own humanity, thou shouldst suffer a punishment proportioned to thy crime. As it is, I let thee off this time, but come no more into my sight or thou shalt pay for it with thy life."

Such magnanimity, however, did not disarm the hostility of those who surrounded the king. On the pretence of treason against the king Huniades was deprived of all his offices and all his estates. The document is still to be seen in the Hungarian State Archives, in which the king, led astray by the jealousies that prevailed among his councillors, represents every virtue of the hero as a crime, and condemns him to exile.

Fortunately Czillei himself soon fell into disfavor; the Germans themselves overthrew him; and the king, now better informed, replaced Huniades in the post of Captain-General of the Kingdom.

Huniades, who had been living meanwhile retired in one of his castles, now complied with the king's wish without difficulty or hesitation, and again assumed the highest military command. Instead of seeking how to revenge himself after the manner of ordinary men, he only thought of the great enemy of his country, the Turk. And indeed, as it was, threatening clouds hung over the horizon in the southeast.

A new sultan had come to the throne, Mohammed II., one of the greatest sovereigns of the house of Othman. He began his reign with the occupation of Constantinople (1453), and thus destroyed the last refuge of the Byzantine Empire. At the news of this event all Europe burst into a chorus of lamentation. The whole importance of the Eastern Question at once presented itself before the nations of Christendom. It was at once understood that the new conqueror would not remain idle within the crumbling walls of Constantinople. And indeed in no long time was published the proud *mot d'ordre* "As there is but one God in heaven, so there shall be but one master upon earth."

Huniades looked toward Constantinople with heavy heart. He foresaw the outburst of the storm which would in the first place fall upon his own country, threatening it with utter ruin. Huniades, so it seemed, was again left alone in the defence of Christendom.

The approaching danger was delayed for a few years, but in 1456 Mohammed, having finally established himself in Constantinople, set out with the intention of striking a fatal blow against Hungary. On the borders of that country, on the bank of the Danube, on what was, properly speaking Servian territory, stood the fortress of Belgrade. When the danger from the Turks became imminent, the kings of Hungary purchased the place from the despots of Servia, giving them in exchange several extensive estates in Hungary, and had at great expense turned it into a vast fortress, at that time supposed to be impregnable.

Mohammed determined to take the place, and to this end made the most extensive preparations. He led to the walls of Belgrade an army of not less than 150,000 men. The approach of this immense host so terrified the young king that he left Hungary and took refuge in Vienna along with his uncle and counsellor, Czillei.

Huniades alone remained at his post, resolute like a lion attacked. The energy of the old leader—he was now sixty-eight years old—was only steeled by the greatness of the danger; his forethought and his mental resources were but increased. As he saw that it would be impossible to do anything with a small army, he sent his friend, John Capistran, an Italian Franciscan, a man animated by a burning zeal akin to his own, to preach a crusade against the enemies of Christendom through the towns and villages of the Great Hungarian Plain. This the friar did to such effect that in a few weeks he had collected 60,000 men, ready to fight in defence of the Cross. This army of Crusaders—the last in the history of the nations—had for its gathering cry the bells of the churches, for its arms scythes and axes, Christ for its leader, and John Huniades and John Capistran for his lieutenants.

The two greatest leaders in war of that day contended for the possession of Belgrade. The same army now surrounded that fortress which a few years before had stormed Constantinople reputed impregnable. The same hero defended it who had so often in the course of a single decennium defeated the Turkish foe in an offensive war, who now, regardless of danger, with a small but faithful band of followers, was prepared to do all that courage, resolution, and prudence might effect.

Many hundred large cannon began to break down the stone ramparts; many hundred boats forming a river flotilla covered the Danube, so as to cut off all communication between the fortress and Hungary. During this time Huniades' son Ladislaus, and his brother-in-law Michael Szilágyi, were in command in the fortress. Huniades' first daring plan was to force his way through the blockading flotilla, and enter Belgrade before the eyes of the whole Turkish army, taking with him his own soldiers and Capistran's crusaders. The plan completely succeeded. With his own flotilla of boats he broke through that of the Turks and made his entrance into the fortress in triumph. After this the struggle was continued with equal resolution and ability on both sides; such advantage as the Christians derived from the protection afforded by the fortifications being fully compensated by the enormous superiority in numbers both of men and cannon on the part of the Turks. Without example in the history of the storming of fortresses was the stratagem practised by Huniades when he permitted the picked troops of the enemy, the janissaries, to penetrate within the fortification and there destroyed them in the place they thought they had taken. Ten thousand janissaries had already swarmed into the town and were preparing to attack the bridges and gates of the citadel, when Huniades ordered fagots soaked in pitch and sulphur and other combustibles to be flung from the ramparts into the midst of the crowded ranks of the janissaries. The fire seized on their loose garments, and in

a short time the whole body was a sea of fire. Every one sought to fly. Then it was that Huniades sallied out with his picked band, while Capistran with a tall cross in his hand and the cry of "Jesus" on his lips followed with his crowd of fanatics, the cannon of the fortress played upon the Turkish camp, the Sultan himself was wounded and swept along by the stream of fugitives. Forty thousand Turks were left dead upon the field, four thousand were taken prisoners, and three thousand cannon were captured.

According to the opinion of Huniades himself the Turks had never suffered such a severe defeat. Its value as far as the Hungarians were concerned was heightened by the fact that the ambitious Sultan was personally humiliated. There was now great joy in Europe. At the news of the brilliant victory *Te deum* was sung in all the more important cities throughout Europe, and the Pope wished to compliment Huniades with a crown.

Alas! a crown of another character awaited him—that of his Redeemer, in whose name he lived, fought, and fell. The exhalations from the vast number of unburied or imperfectly buried bodies, festering in the heat of summer, gave rise to an epidemic in the Christian camp, and to this the great leader fell a victim. Huniades died August 11, 1456, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He died amid the intoxication of his greatest victory, idolized by his followers, having once more preserved his country from imminent ruin. Could he have desired a more glorious death?

He went to his last rest with the consciousness that he had fulfilled his mission, having designed great things and having accomplished them.

And the result of his lifelong efforts survived him. His great enemy the Turk for half a century after his death could only harass the frontier of his native land; and his country, a few years after his death placed on the royal throne his son Matthias.

A. Vambery

WARWICK, THE KING-MAKER

(1420–1471)

RICHARD NEVILLE, Earl of Warwick, called the king-maker, eldest son of Richard, Earl of Salisbury and Alice Montacute, was born November 22, 1428. The history of this mighty peer is that of the whole of the contest between the two houses of York and Lancaster. The house of Neville had been built up by a series of wealthy marriages, and Richard made no exception to the rule. While yet a boy he was married to Anne, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and through her, after the

DORÉ PINXIT

HUNIADES AT BELGRADE.

death of her brother and niece, he took his place at the age of twenty-one among the chief earls of the English realm. By this time the English rule in France had broken down, bringing the reigning house of Lancaster into great unpopularity, and throwing a correspondingly greater influence into the hands of the leader of the opposition, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York. He was brother-in-law to the Earl of Salisbury, and so attached to his party the powerful influence of the Nevilles.

The Duke of York at first made no claim to the throne, demanding only that he should have his place in the councils of the king, and even when swords were drawn the Yorkists swore their allegiance to the king, Henry VI., while fighting against his advisers. Of these favorites of the king, the chief was the Earl of Somerset, whom many suspected of a design to establish himself as the successor to the throne. It was between these two factions of York and Somerset, that the white and red roses were first employed as distinguishing badges.

Plantagenet. Let him, that is a true born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Somerset. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

Warwick. I love no colors ; and, without all color
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

—*Shakespeare : 1 Henry VI.*

The Wars of the Roses began with the battle of St. Albans (1455), in which Somerset was killed. The victory was gained to the Yorkists chiefly by the help of Warwick. By a sudden sally into the streets of the town he routed the royal forces, and gained for himself that character of daring and courage which he maintained to the end. He was rewarded with the post of Captain of Calais, which he retained throughout the changes of the parties. In this position he was practically independent, and scoured the Channel at his pleasure.

In 1458 he attacked some vessels which were under a treaty of peace with England, and being summoned to London to answer before the king, was violently attacked by the followers of Somerset and barely escaped with his life. In 1459 the civil war finally broke out. In the first campaign the Yorkists failed, owing to their inactivity. The leaders fled to the coast of Devon, where they hired five men to carry them to Bristol. As soon as they left land, Warwick,

stripped to the doublet, took the helm, and steered straight for Calais, where he arrived in a few days. When Somerset, son of the earl slain at St. Albans, came to claim the keys of the stronghold, he had the mortification to find Warwick there before him.

Warwick was next in England on June 27, 1460, when he landed at Sandwich with fifteen hundred men. In four days he was before the walls of London, having marched in that time a distance of seventy miles. According to some accounts, the common people so flocked to his standard, that in those four days his force had swelled to forty thousand. The city threw open its gates and joyfully welcomed him, while Henry fled to the north. In the beginning of July the battle of Northampton was fought. The Yorkists gained a complete victory, and took Henry prisoner. Before the fight Warwick issued the command to spare the common people but to slay the nobles, judging the quarrel to be more especially theirs ; and it is significant that throughout the Wars of the Roses the proportion of leaders slain far exceeds that in any other war.

Up to this time Warwick's conception of the war was merely the natural struggle of the one party with the other for power, using as their means the rude arguments of the time. He still maintained his loyalty to King Henry, and when the Duke of York, after the battle of Northampton, presented his claim to the throne Warwick opposed him, and prevailed upon him to waive it till the death of the king. But naturally such a state of things could not long endure. Warwick, while respecting the person of the king, was fighting against his orders, and so, while professing loyalty, was actually a rebel.

Soon the struggle blazed out anew, and in December, 1460, the Duke of York was defeated and slain at Wakefield. Early in 1461 Warwick was defeated in the second battle of St. Albans, but the royalists not taking advantage of their victory, Edward, son of the Duke of York, accompanied by Warwick, marched on London, and was proclaimed king as Edward IV. Soon after the Yorkists gained a complete victory at Towton (1461), the bloodiest field of the whole war. Nearly all the Lancastrian chiefs were slain, Henry's cause was lost, and ere long he was captured by Warwick and lodged in the Tower. The credit of the crowning victory of Towton does not rest with Warwick alone, for he had the help of young Edward, perhaps as great a military genius as himself. Little is known of the details of the fighting, but we are told that wherever the Earl of Warwick was, there the fight raged hottest.

The earl was now the greatest man in England. His extended connections and immense possessions were joined to the most distinguished personal qualities, intrepidity, decision, and all the military virtues, eloquence and general talent, an affability and frankness of bearing that captivated equally all classes, a boundless hospitality and magnificence that enthroned him in the hearts of the commons. Wherever he resided, we are told he kept open house, and the number of people daily fed at his various mansions, when he was at the height of his prosperity, exceeded thirty thousand. "When he came to London," says Stowe in his "Chronicle," "he held such an house that six oxen were eaten at a breakfast, and

YORK AND LANCASTER--THE WHITE AND RED ROSES.

every tavern was full of his meat; for who that had any acquaintance in that house he should have had as much sodden and roast as he might carry upon a long dagger."

But now, when Warwick might have expected to reap the reward of his labors, new troubles arose. King Edward began to feel jealous of his power, his unique influence, and vast popularity. It is said that Warwick was sent to France to arrange a treaty with Louis, and to propose a marriage between Edward and his wife's sister. On his return he found the king married to Elizabeth Woodville, daughter of Lord Rivers, and an alliance made with the enemy of Louis, the Duke of Burgundy. Edward now lavished all his kindness on the Woodvilles, intending to use them as a counterfoil to the Nevilles, and for this purpose he deprived the Nevilles of some of their posts. By a series of deliberate insults Warwick was driven farther and farther away from the king, till he was forced into open revolt.

In July, 1468, his forces defeated the royalists with great slaughter at Edgecote, and a few days later he made Edward his prisoner. The Lancastrians at once rose again in favor of the aged King Henry; but Warwick, maintaining his allegiance to his royal captive, suppressed all revolts with an iron hand, and, having received renewed pledges of good faith, soon after restored Edward to his throne.

Two years later the king declared Warwick a rebel; and he was compelled to flee to France. Louis XI. used his influence in bringing Warwick and Margaret, wife of King Henry, together, and they agreed to forget their differences in the face of a common enemy. Clarence, the new king's brother, had previously married Warwick's daughter, and joined his party.

Once more the king-maker landed in England and advanced on London. Edward fled to Holland and Henry was again placed upon the throne. But ere long Edward secretly landed in England, raised an army, not without difficulty, and met Warwick at Barnet. The faithless Clarence had in the meantime deserted Warwick and joined his brother's army. The army of Warwick was composed of strangely different elements—old enemies fighting side by side as friends. The battle was lost mainly through a grievous blunder. In the heavy mist which hung around, the party of the Earl of Oxford were mistaken for the enemy and were attacked by their own friends. The cry of treachery was raised, and the whole army broke into utter rout. Warwick resisted till all hope was gone. He had fought on foot throughout the battle, and his heavy armor did not suffer him to escape. He was surrounded and slain, fighting manfully, April 14, 1471.

Thus fell on the field of battle Richard, Earl of Warwick, in the prime of his life, after sixteen years of deep intrigue and desperate fighting. Had he been born in a more peaceful time he would have been a great statesman, and have done much for the good of his country, for his talents were more political than military, and almost alone among the self-seeking rivals of the time, he shows something of the instincts of patriotism. Cast as he was in the troublous times of the Wars of the Roses, he stands out in character and genius above all those of his generation. He was the best beloved man in the kingdom. When he was

away from England, says Hall, the common people thought the sun had gone out of the heavens. His personality cast a charm over even Louis XI. The heart of the Yorkist party, he was true to its cause till he found that his service was no longer desired. He was not the man to sit quietly under insult, and when it came from King Edward, who owed all that he was to him, it was more than he could endure. Yet it was only when he found his every project thwarted, and especially those that were dearest to his heart, that he was driven into open warfare with the king. His treason is capable of much justification : he cannot be accused of forsaking his master. He had in him the making of a great king, and how great and useful might have been his career had fortune placed him over the councils of a Charles VII. or a Henry VI. ! As it is, he stands in worth and character far above any of his time, a figure that commands not merely admiration but affection.

HERNANDO CORTES*

By H. Rider Haggard

(1485–1547)

Among the millions that from age to age are born into this world there arise in every generation one or two pre-eminent men and women who are objects of the wonder and the envy, the admiration and the hatred of their contemporaries, and whose names, after their deaths, stand out as landmarks by which we shape a course across the dark and doubtful seas of history. Cæsar and Cromwell, Mahomet and Napoleon, to mention no others, were such men, and such a man was Hernando Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico. They have been called, and well called, Men of Destiny, since it is impossible in studying their lives and tracing their vast influence upon human affairs, to avoid the conclusion that they were raised up and endowed with great talents and opportunities in order that by their agency the ends of Providence might be shaped.

Hernando Cortes was born of a good family, at the town of Medellin in Spain, in 1485, and educated at the college of Salamanca. At the age of nineteen having proved himself unfit to follow the profession of the law to which his parents had destined him, he emigrated to the Indian Island of Hispaniola where he

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was appointed notary of the town of Acua, and in 1511 assisted in the conquest of Cuba under the command of Velasquez. Here after many curious adventures and vacillations he married a lady named Catalina Xuarez, and being created *alcade* of the settlement of St. Jago realized a moderate fortune by the practice of agriculture and mining. In 1518 there came to Cuba news of the discoveries made by Grijalva in Yucatan on the coast of the country now known as Mexico, and the Governor, Velasquez, determined to despatch a force to explore this new land. After much intriguing and in consideration of the payment of a considerable sum of money toward the expenses, Cortes whose ambitious spirit had already wearied of a life of peace and indolence, contrived to persuade Velasquez to appoint him Captain General of the expedition. Before the ships sailed, however, Velasquez repented him of the appointment, for in Cortes he recognized a servant who might well become his master, and made arrangements to invest some other hidalgo with the leadership of the expedition. Now it was that Cortes showed what manner of man he was. Many in his position on learning the wishes of their superior would have tamely yielded up their posts. Not so Cortes, who on the first hint that he was to be deprived of his authority, collected his men, and all unprepared as was his squadron, weighed anchor while the governor slept. At the town of Trinidad he landed to collect stores and volunteers, treating with contempt the orders that reached the commander of the town from Velasquez to depose him from his command and detain his person. Here it was that Cortes made his famous address to the volunteers, wherein he shows that although his instructions were to undertake a trading voyage and acquire information of the country, his real aim was far different, since he promises unimagined wealth to those who are true to him, and by a curious flash of prescience prophesies immortal renown to their enterprise. On February 10, 1519, he sailed to the conquest of Mexico, accompanied by some six hundred and fifty white men and a few Indians. Cortes was in his thirty-fourth year when he entered on this the greatest of his enterprises. He was pale faced and dark eyed, somewhat slender in build, but of an iron strength and constitution. In temper he was patient though liable to fits of passion, and in disposition frank, merry, and generous, but most determined. He dressed richly and was constant in his religious exercises. Such was the great captain, a man suited by circumstances and nature to the desperate undertaking which it was his destiny to bring to a successful issue.

Having touched at the island of Cozumel on the coast of Yucatan, Cortes sailed up the Tabasco River and began his work of conquest by attacking a great army of Indians in the neighborhood of that town. For a while the natives held their own notwithstanding their dismay at the sound and effects of firearms; but the appearance of the horsemen, whom they took to be strange animals, caused them to flee in terror leaving many hundreds of their warriors dead upon the field. On the morrow they made their submission, bringing women and other gifts as a peace-offering. Among these women was one named Malinche, or by the Spaniards Marina, whom Cortes took as a mistress and who is described

by Camargo as having been "beautiful as a goddess." It was this lady, born to be the evil genius of her country, who instructed her lord and master in the habits, traditions, and history of the Aztecs, and of the land of Anahuac which they inhabited together with other tribes. She was Cortes' interpreter and confidante, whose business it was to gain information from the Indians, which he could use, and whose wit and devotion more than once saved him from disaster. So invaluable were her services to Cortes that it is doubtful if without her aid he would have succeeded in conquering Mexico, and it was from her that he acquired the name of Malinche by which he was known among the Indian races. Her reward, when she had served his purpose and he was weary of her, was to be given by him in marriage to another man.

Leaving Tabasco Cortes sailed along the coast till he reached the spot where the city of Vera Cruz now stands, whence he opened communications with Montezuma, Emperor of the Aztecs. In due course envoys arrived from the monarch laden with magnificent gifts, who delivered a civil but none the less peremptory message requesting the Spaniards to return whence they came. By this time Cortes had learned that although the Aztecs were the greatest power in Anahuac, their supremacy was not acknowledged by all the tribes; notably was it contested by the Tlascalans and their allies the Otomies. The Tlascalans were republicans having their home in the mountains almost midway between Mexico and the coast. For fifty years or more they had been at bitter enmity with the Aztecs, who again and again had vainly attempted to subjugate them. To this people Cortes despatched an embassy asking for a safe passage through their territories on his road to Mexico, for his political insight told him that they might prove valuable allies. No answer was returned by the Tlascalans who when the Spaniards advanced attacked them furiously, only to be defeated by Cortes in several engagements, till, discouraged and believing the white men to be invincible, they sued for peace, and from enemies were converted into firm allies. From Tlascala the Spaniards proceeded to the neighboring city of Cholula where Marina discovered a plot to put them to death. For this offence Cortes took a terrible vengeance. Falling on the inhabitants of the city when they were unprepared he butchered vast numbers of them, giving their houses and temples to sack. Having thus established the terror of his name he marched on to Mexico accompanied by a body of about five thousand Tlascalan allies. Meanwhile the counsels of the Aztecs were darkened with doubt. The Spaniards might easily have been kept out of Mexico by force, but the arm of Montezuma was paralyzed by superstitious fears. Prophecy foretold that the children of the white god Quetzalcoatl should rise from the sea to possess the land, and in the Spaniards he beheld the fate fulfilled. To him they were not mortal but divine and when diplomacy had failed to keep them at a distance he feared to lift a sword against them. Thus it came about that without a blow being struck to drive them back Cortes and his little band of adventurers found themselves established at the heart of the strange and rich civilization that they had discovered, not as enemies, but as the guests of the king. They were not slow to avail themselves of the

opportunities of their position in order to advance their ends which were, first plunder, secondly conquest, and, thirdly the extension of the authority of Spain and of the Christian religion. In pursuit of these ends upon some slight pretext Cortes seized the person of Montezuma, the great emperor, and imprisoned him in one of his own palaces whence, however, he was still allowed to direct the government and issue his commands.

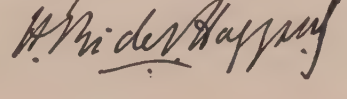
Meanwhile reports of Cortes' doings and success had reached Velasquez the Governor of Cuba, who determined to despatch an expedition to conquer or capture him as a traitor. Accordingly eighteen vessels containing nearly a thousand white men were placed under the command of Panfilo de Narvaez, and reached Vera Cruz in April, 1520. When Cortes heard of the arrival of this armament and its object which was to punish him for his supposed rebellion, he marched from Mexico, leaving the little garrison and the person of Montezuma in charge of his comrade Alvarado. Although he had with him but two hundred and fifty men in all, he did not hesitate to hazard a night attack upon Narvaez who was strongly encamped at Cempoalla. It was completely successful; Narvaez was wounded, captured, and sent in chains to Vera Cruz, while the army that had come to conquer him swore allegiance to Cortes as Captain-General and marched with him back to Mexico. Here great events were in progress. Moved to the deed by fear or by the discovery of some real or fancied plot against the Spaniards, Alvarado, the deputy of Cortes, had fallen upon the unarmed Aztec nobles while they were celebrating a feast in the courtyard of the great temple, and butchered some six hundred of them with every circumstance of brutality. Then at last the patient Aztecs rose and until the womanly Montezuma begged them to desist, attacked the palace where the Spaniards were quartered, with fury. At the intervention of their monarch the attack was turned to a blockade and Cortes arrived from his victory over Narvaez to find his companions in desperate straits. Reinforced by fresh soldiers the Spaniards carried on the war with activity. They assaulted and captured the great pyramid, putting to the sword the priests of human sacrifice and burning the blood-stained temples of the gods. Also they made several sallies into the city and repelled onslaughts upon the palace. It was in the course of one of these attacks that Montezuma received the wound that brought about his death. Mounting the central tower of the palace he implored his subjects to cease from attacking his friends the Spaniards, whereupon in their fury they overwhelmed him with a shower of darts and stones, inflicting injuries from which in course of a few days he died. Surrounded as he was on every side by thousands of fierce enemies determined to stretch every Spaniard upon the stone of sacrifice, Cortes saw the impossibility of maintaining the unequal fight and determined on retreat. Accordingly on the night of July 1, 1520, the Spaniards and their native allies sallied from the fortress, and laden with gold from Montezuma's treasury, took the route of Tlacopan. Soon their escape was detected and instantly a fierce attack was made upon them from every quarter. The bridge that they had brought with them to span the gaps in the causeway became fixed in the mud, so that their only path across the canals lay over

the bodies of their comrades. At length they won through, but out of their small force there had perished, or been taken captive as victims for sacrifice, some four hundred and fifty Spaniards and four thousand native allies. It is said that when the shattered army reached a place of safety outside the city, Cortes sat down beneath an ancient cedar-tree which is still shown to travellers, and wept. Yet within a week fortune smiled on him again, for he and the few comrades who remained to him fought and won the battle of Otompan against thousands of the Indians, Cortes killing their chief Cihuaca with his own hand.

The Aztecs rejoiced at the departure of the Spaniards from their capital Mexico or Tenoctitlan, but their joy was premature. First the small-pox, introduced into the country by the white men, fell upon the city and swept away thousands, among them Cuitlahua, the emperor who succeeded to Montezuma, and then came the news that the indomitable Cortes was marching upon them with a great army of native allies and large reinforcements of Spaniards from overseas. Guatimozin, the new emperor, made every possible preparation for defence and the siege began, a siege as cruel as that of Jerusalem and perhaps more bloody. First Cortes laid waste the cities about Mexico, then he attacked the Queen of the Valley herself—attacked it again and again till at length it was a ruin and tens of thousands of its inhabitants were dead by starvation, by pestilence, and by the sword. On either side the combat was one of desperate courage, but notwithstanding occasional successes on the part of the Aztecs, such as that when they captured and sacrificed some sixty Spaniards, from the first the genius of Cortes made the end inevitable. When nothing remained of Tenoctitlan and its people save some blackened walls and a few thousand wretches reduced to skeletons by hunger, the capture of Guatimozin while attempting to escape in a canoe, made an end of the fighting in August, 1521. Cortes promised honorable treatment to the fallen king, but before long he put him and some of his companions to the torture in order to force the discovery of hidden treasure. This brutality proved ineffectual, but taken together with the subsequent hanging of Guatimozin upon an unproved charge of conspiracy against the Spaniards, it constitutes the blackest blot upon the fame of Cortes. It is fair to add, however, that he was not by nature a harsh man, and that he was driven to the commission of these cruelties by the clamor of his soldiers who were infuriated at finding so little treasure in the devastated city. With the capture of Mexico the fortunes of Cortes culminated. He was appointed Captain-General of the land of New Spain in October, 1522, and the next few years he occupied in rebuilding the city, and in bringing the surrounding territories under the rule of Spain. Wearying of these comparatively peaceful occupations, in 1524 he undertook an expedition of discovery and conquest to Honduras, upon which he was absent until May, 1526, when he returned after enduring much hardship and suffering, to find that enemies had been plotting against him in Mexico. This discovery and the desire of clearing himself with the emperor, caused him to determine to visit Spain where he arrived in May, 1528. Charles the Fifth received him with much favor creating him Marquis of the Valley of Oaxaca and military commander of New

Spain, and endowing him with vast estates in the lands that he had conquered. In 1530 he returned to Mexico accompanied by his second wife, a lady of good family whom he had married while in Spain. Very soon he entered on a course of expeditions of discovery and maritime adventures which involved him in great pecuniary losses and a quarrel with the viceroy Mendoza; and in 1540 he sailed a second time for Spain to obtain redress from the emperor. But Cortes was no longer the power that he had been; his youth was gone and his work was done, therefore his prayers and remonstrances were treated with cold neglect. For nearly four years he pressed his suit and in February, 1544, we find him writing a letter to the emperor begging him to direct the Council of the Indies to come to a decision upon it. This letter in which pathetically enough, he speaks of himself as "old and poor and indebted," produced no result and once again, worn out and bitterly disappointed, its writer turned his face toward the land that he had won for Spain. But he was never to behold it more. At Seville he was seized with dysentery and passed away December 2, 1547, being then in his sixty-third year. His body was taken to Mexico for burial.

In Hernando Cortes died one of the great men of the world, though how much of his greatness was due to chance is difficult to determine. It is certain that again and again fortune stood his friend in a manner that was little short of miraculous, as in the instances of the unexpected victory over Narvaez and of the death of the general at the battle of Otampan. But if chance or fate gave him opportunities it was Cortes' own genius and unconquerable will that enabled him to avail himself of them. These qualities were the most striking characteristics of the man. He showed them when having determined on the conquest of Mexico he burnt his ships that there might be no escape from the decision; when he hit upon the expedient of using rival tribes to accomplish the overthrow of the Aztecs; when, driven from Mexico with the loss of the half of his army he returned to the attack; and in many another time and place. He had great good qualities, he was a true friend, and according to his lights, an honorable and even a religious man, and his faults were those of his time and training, or at worst such as are not inconsistent with a generous nature. His cruelties may be urged against him, but no Spaniard of his age thought it cruel to slaughter enemies of the Faith who practised human sacrifice; also having once embarked upon his colossal undertaking he and his companions must either slay or be slain. There is evidence to show that personally he was not a cruel man. Thus when called upon to sign the death-warrant of a soldier he lamented that he had ever been taught to write, and there are passages in his will which show his conscience to have been troubled by questions as to the right to enslave human beings. With a handful of followers Cortes overthrew the fabric of the Aztec Empire, broke the spirit of its people so effectually that to this day it has not recovered itself, and swept away its religion. Whether for good or evil this was a stupendous achievement and one that must make his name immortal.



FRANCISCO PIZARRO*

By J. T. Trowbridge

(1471–1541)

The old Spanish province of Estremadura, though distant from the sea, shut in by mountain-chains, furnished numerous adventurers for the expeditions of discovery, conquest, and plunder that followed Columbus to the New World; two of whom achieved astonishing renown. One was the conqueror of Mexico; the other, the conqueror of Peru.

Of the early life of Francisco Pizarro not much is known with certainty. He was born about the year 1471; but even that date is a matter of conjecture, so little care was had of the coming into the world of the actor who was to play so stirring a part in it. The family from which he inherited his name must have been one of some note in its day. His kinsman and great rival in fame, Cortes, was a Pizarro on his mother's side.

Francisco was the second of four brothers, all of whom were men of ability and valor, and all of whom fought in the Peruvian wars. Their father was Colonel Gonzalo Pizarro, concerning whom little is known, save that he was a soldier of Spain, and that he served creditably in Italy and Navarre.

The mother of Francisco was Francisca Gonzales, a woman of low condition, from whom he seems to have received hardly more parental care than from his father, by whom he was utterly neglected. The story told by Gomara, and quoted by Prescott, that, abandoned as a foundling, he was nursed by a sow, though as mythical as that of Romulus and the wolf, which probably suggested it, indicates nevertheless the degradation of his childhood. He grew up in ignorance and vagabondage. Of what the world calls education he had not the first rudiments; to the day of his death he could neither read nor write. The only occupation in which we hear of his being engaged in his boyhood, was that of a swineherd.

At what age he escaped from this mean employment is not known. The claim set up for him by his descendants, that he served with his father in Italy, hardly deserves consideration. He was about twenty-one years old when all Spain began to ring with the discoveries of Columbus and his companions beyond the western

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seas. Pizarro left his employer and his pigs, ran away to Seville, and embarked in one of the early expeditions that sailed from that port to the New World.

Of his years of apprenticeship in the stern warfare of the times we have no trustworthy details, until at Hispaniola, in 1510, he joined, as second in command, Ojeda's disastrous expedition to Uraba, on the main coast. Sanguinary fights with swarms of savages armed with poisoned arrows, marked the fortunes of the adventurers. And when Ojeda returned to the islands for assistance, which he did not bring, Pizarro remained in command of the starving colony, amid hardships and horrors from which only his resolute daring brought off a remnant alive.

He was with Balboa in his famous march across the mountains to the Pacific, which no European eyes had hitherto beheld; and shared with him the joy of that discovery, which Keats wrongly ascribes to Cortes, when the hardy band, first beholding the unknown ocean outspread before them—

> "Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

He remained with Balboa on the isthmus until the death of that valiant commander, when he united his fortunes with those of the governor, Pedrarias, and headed various expeditions along the Pacific coast and to the islands beyond, in quest of pearls and gold. He was occupied in this way, or in cultivating with the aid of Indian slaves a malarious tract of land he had acquired near Panama, when a new career invited him.

Rumors of a rich empire far to the south, where gold was as common with the natives as iron was with the Spaniards, had long inflamed the imaginations of the colonists; then news came of the prodigious exploits of Cortes in Mexico. Pizarro burned to emulate his kinsman. Having formed a partnership with Diego de Almagro, a soldier of experience, and Hernando de Luque, a priest supplied with worldly means, he secured an old vessel that had been designed by Balboa for a similar expedition, refitted it with Luque's money, and with a hundred adventurers sailed from the port of Panama in November, 1524; leaving Almagro to follow in a smaller vessel.

Pizarro was then more than fifty years old, but still in possession of all his masterful qualities. And he had need of all, amid the perils of sea and land, the tempests, swamps, battles, sickness, and famine, which rendered his first voyage down the coast a deplorable failure. Almagro met with no better success. Both returned to the isthmus buffeted, baffled, humiliated, but too stout of heart to be cast down. They brought back but little gold, but with that little they had gathered evidence of the indubitable existence of the opulent empire they sought.

The governor was hugely dissatisfied with the results of the expedition, of which he had expected to share some of the profits; and his consent to another could hardly have been obtained, but for the persuasive eloquence of the priest, backed by the offer of a sum in ready cash. For a thousand pesos de oro Pedrarias gave his consent, and signed away his right to the spoils of an empire.

A new contract was entered into by the three partners, and an elaborate and solemn document was drawn up, in sonorous Spanish, which is curious reading at this day. Father Luque signed it with his own hand, and the two soldiers by the hands of witnesses, since neither Pizarro nor Almagro could write his name. About one hundred and sixty men were enlisted, and again the two chiefs set sail from Panama in separate ships.

They made their first landing at the mouth of the Rio San Juan, where by the plunder of a small village, they secured some ornaments of gold and a few prisoners. Almagro hastened to carry the treasure back to Panama, as a bait to other followers, while Pizarro and his pilot Ruiz remained to explore the interior and the coast. Ruiz sailed as far south as the equator, and after a memorable voyage of some weeks, returned to his chief with a cheering report. He had fallen in with what seemed at first a ship at sea, where no European ship had ever been, and found it to be an Indian *balsa*, a huge raft across which was stretched a sail of cotton-cloth. It had a rudder and a keel. On board were men and women clad in a curious sort of woollen stuff, skilfully woven, and beautifully dyed and embroidered. They were making a voyage of traffic along the coast. They wore ornaments of gold, and had with them, besides vessels and mirrors of burnished silver, balances for weighing the precious metals, which by signs they assured Ruiz were common in their country.

Pizarro in the meanwhile vainly endeavored to pass the yawning gorges, bottomless swamps, and dense dark forests that lay between him and the snow-covered peaks of the Cordilleras. Entangled vines and trees of a luxuriant tropical vegetation, huge boas coiling in the branches, ready to spring upon their prey, screaming parrots, chattering and grimacing monkeys, mosquitoes, alligators, prowling savages,—amid such scenes as these he and his band had once more confronted famine and death in the absence of Almagro and Ruiz.

Ruiz came opportunely with his good news, and Almagro returned with eighty recruits. The expedition re-embarked and proceeded southward. The aspect of the coast became more inviting as they advanced. There were signs of an extensive civilization; fields cultivated with maize, cacao, and potatoes; many villages; and at length a town of more than two thousand houses, laid out with streets, and thronging with inhabitants. Among the Spaniards wild enthusiasm prevailed. But it was quickly checked by the hostile demonstrations with which they were met, when they attempted to gain a foothold on the soil of the Incas. It was useless to make front against such numbers as opposed them. Divided counsels and a violent quarrel between the two captains ensued, and the expedition sailed back northward. Once more Almagro returned to Panama for more men, while Pizarro and his followers remained to starve on the barren isle of Gallo.

Instead of permitting any more of his people to depart on what seemed so foolhardy and fatal a business, Rios, the new governor of Panama, despatched to the island two vessels, under a commander named Tafur, with orders to bring away every Spaniard left alive there. Then occurred the famous episode that de-

LIZCANO PINXIT.

PIZARRO EXHORTING HIS BAND AT GALLO.

cided so dramatically the fortunes of Pizarro and the fate of Peru. Tafur had brought supplies of provisions to the famished and emaciated, but now jubilant soldiers; and all except Pizarro appeared eager to abandon their barren adventure and return in the ships. Pizarro alone refused obedience to the governor's agent. Drawing a line on the sand with his sword, he cried: "Comrades! on that side lie hunger and hardship; on this side, ease and safety. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panama and poverty. Choose, every man for himself, like brave Castilians. For me, I go to the south."

He stepped across the line. There was a minute of dismay and silence. Then Ruiz followed, and after him twelve others went over, an act of as desperate and resolute courage as ever inspired a forlorn band.

They saw the ships containing their comrades sail away without them; Ruiz also returned, pledged to bring assistance to his companions left behind; while Pizarro remained with his twelve Spaniards, and three or four Indian captives whom he had made friends, on the desolate island.

Not even a ship was left them, and they had to build a raft to convey them to a less inhospitable island, that of Gorgona, farther north. There they lived seven months, subsisting on small game brought down by their crossbows, and shell-fish found on the shores, until Ruiz, after weary delays, returned in a small vessel, bringing supplies, but not the expected reinforcement of troops.

In this frail craft the dauntless rovers put to sea. Pizarro pursued his explorations southward, beyond the point where he afterward founded Truxillo, named after his native town; visited several Peruvian ports, and learned much of the country he proposed to subjugate. He then returned to Panama, which he reached after an absence of eighteen months. The reappearance of the little group of wanderers bringing news of their discoveries, was the cause of great astonishment in the colony, and of joyful enthusiasm among their friends, who had long given them up for dead.

The governor, however, resenting Pizarro's disobedience of his orders at the isle of Gallo, refused to sanction another expedition; and Pizarro resolved upon the bold course of returning to Spain and appealing to the Crown. This was in the spring of 1528.

Arriving at Seville, he was immediately thrown into prison for a debt incurred at Darien. But he was released by order of the emperor, Charles V., who received him graciously at Toledo, heard the wondrous story of his wanderings, which Pizarro knew how to tell, and saw the vessels of gold and silver, the fine fabrics, the llamas, and other evidences of the Peruvian civilization, which were displayed before his royal eyes. He was also, no doubt influenced by the recent achievements of Cortes, who was then at court, and who perhaps spoke for his kinsman a friendly word.

The monarch turned over Pizarro and his enterprise, with his recommendation, to the Council of the Indies. Yet a year passed, and nothing was done. Pizarro was fast sinking into obscurity, and he would likewise have sunk into despair, if he had been less stout of heart. Then, as Queen Isabella had aided

Columbus, so the queen of Charles V. came to the assistance of Pizarro, and caused to be executed the extraordinary instrument which bestowed on him, with the rights of discovery and conquest, the titles of Governor and Captain-General of New Castile, as Peru was then called, and a salary of 725,000 maravedis, to be drawn however from the conquered country. Almagro and Luque were also provided for, but in a more modest way, which proved the beginning of a long, bitter, and deadly feud between Almagro and his chief. Nor did the instrument fail to make the usual provision for the conversion to Christianity of the nations to be subjugated and plundered.

In mustering his recruits Pizarro had the satisfaction of revisiting his native town of Truxillo, where he had lived in degradation, and to which he now returned a renowned discoverer and soldier, and a titled magnate. There he found his three brothers, the Pizarros, all poor and proud and eager for adventure; and a fourth brother, on his mother's side. With these and other followers, hardly exceeding one hundred, he sailed from Seville, in January, 1530; and a year later, namely, in January, 1531, after a solemn consecration of his enterprise in the cathedral of Panama, he put forth from that port with one hundred and eighty men and twenty-seven horses, on his fourth, last, and finally successful expedition, to overthrow a populous empire.

That empire lay in the bosom and on both sides of the mighty ranges of the Andes, occupying thirty-seven degrees of the coast south of the equator, and extending eastward far over the valleys of the Amazon and its numerous tributaries. It was under the rule of the Incas, a parental despotism, which spread an iron net-work of laws over millions of subjects of different races and languages. Its mountain slopes, table-lands, sea-coasts, and plains comprised every variety of climate and almost every diversity of physical features. Its capital was Cuzco, where dwelt the adored Incas; there also was the famous Temple of the Sun, with its gorgeous decorations of gold and gems. Canals, aqueducts, complete systems of irrigation for the rainless regions; magnificent mountain roads, built to endure for centuries; fine textile fabrics, utensils of clay and copper, vessels and ornaments of silver and gold; bridges, fortresses, and edifices of a rude but massy and symmetrical architecture, well adapted to the climate and the needs of the inhabitants; armies, magistrates, courts of justice,—such were some of the tokens of a wide semi-civilized prosperity, which less than two hundred Spanish adventurers were proceeding ruthlessly to destroy.

With incredible difficulties still to overcome, Pizarro had in his favor a circumstance of immense importance. The country was at that time distracted by civil war. Two brothers, Huascar and Atahualpa, sons of the last Inca, were engaged in a fratricidal strife for the imperial power, and their armies were turned against each other.

Pizarro resolved to strike his first blow at Tumbez; but was constrained by baffling winds to put into the Bay St. Matthew. There he landed his force, and soon fell upon a peaceful village, putting the inhabitants to flight and pillaging their dwellings. A considerable treasure thus obtained was sent back to Panama,

where it had the desired effect of rallying new recruits for the conquest. A most welcome reinforcement was headed by Hernando de Soto, afterwards famed as the discoverer of the Mississippi, who sailed to join Pizarro with one hundred men and a number of horses.

De Soto arrived in time to aid in extricating him from a harassing situation on the island of Puna. Pizarro had been so indiscreet as to get into a quarrel with the inhabitants, whom he had defeated in battle and slaughtered in large numbers, and from whose incessant attacks he was suffering great annoyance.

He now felt himself strong enough to invade the interior. The story of that invasion is one of the most astonishing in history. It has been many times told, but nowhere else so effectively as in the full, flowing, and lucid narrative of Prescott. It can be but briefly sketched here.

Having established near the sea-coast a settlement which he named San Miguel, to serve as a key of communication between him and his ships, Pizarro set out boldly on his march, having with him but one hundred and seventy-seven men, nine of whom showing signs of sinking courage, were soon sent back to the settlement. By pretences of a friendly mission to their Inca, he won his way among such of the surprised inhabitants as were not frightened from their villages by his approach; and penetrated the wild defiles of the Cordilleras, behind which, near Caxamalca—now Caxamarca—the Inca Atahualpa, with an immense army lay encamped. He was fresh from a great and decisive victory over his elder brother, and was resting, and enjoying the warm baths near the city,—the "baths of the Incas," as they are called to this day.

Instead of disputing the passage of the strangers in the mountain fortresses, and hurling destruction upon them from a thousand crags, the monarch sent to exchange gifts with them, and assurances of friendship; and awaited them in his camp, the pavilions of which whitened the wide hillsides for miles.

On a dull afternoon in November, 1532, Pizarro entered Caxamalca, and undismayed by the innumerable host that confronted him, went to pay a visit of courtesy to the Inca. He was gloomily received by Atahualpa, who chanced to be observing a fast, but who promised to return his visit on the following day.

Pizarro felt that a crisis in his audacious business was close at hand; and endured the deepest anxiety until late the next afternoon, that of November 16th, when, after long delays and apparent waverings on the part of the Inca, which severely tried the patience of the Spaniards lying in wait with their heavy armor on, he at length appeared, borne in a gorgeous palanquin, and accompanied by an immense and magnificent procession.

With ferocious satisfaction Pizarro beheld his august victim advancing to his doom. The procession entered the grand plaza of Caxamalca, on three sides of which, under cover of low buildings opening into it, spearmen and horsemen stood to their arms. Not a Spaniard was to be seen, until a priest with interpreters advanced to meet the monarch, and to confuse him with an astonishing harangue concerning the true faith and the supremacy of Spain. Pizarro saw that

his opportunity had come. He waved his scarf; from the fortress sounded a signal-gun; and with fierce battle-cries the Spaniards rushed from all sides upon the Peruvians.

The shouts, the blaze and smoke of fire-arms, the terrible detonations, the sight of plunging horses and their riders, with the sudden fury of the onset, paralyzed with terror the multitude of unarmed attendants, who fell the victims of a horrible massacre. The Inca was seized and borne off a captive. And yet the pursuit and slaughter did not cease until thousands of the panic-stricken and defenceless Peruvians had been slain, and more prisoners had been taken than were required to provide every Spaniard with a retinue of servants.

Pizarro treated his captive with the consideration due to a great but fallen potentate; he granted him ample apartments, and the society of his favorite wives and nobles. He at the same time endeavored to save his soul, by enforcing upon his mind the truths of the Catholic faith. Atahualpa accepted with dignity the fortunes of war; and as a ransom offered to fill a large room in which he one day was, with vessels of gold, as high as he could reach. Pizarro agreed to the proposal; and by the Inca's orders messengers were despatched to Cuzco and other important cities of the empire, for the required booty.

This arrangement reached the ears of Huascar, then a prisoner in the hands of his younger brother's adherents; he thereupon sent word to the Spaniards that he would pay a much larger reward if they would espouse his cause and set him free. Unfortunately for both him and Pizarro, the offer reached the ears of Atahualpa, who secretly caused Huascar to be put to death.

The golden treasure soon began to come in, borne on the backs of Indians,—goblets, vases, salvers, massy plates and tiles from the walls of palaces and temples, and images of plants and animals. Some of these objects weighed individually several pounds; and the art displayed in their manufacture was often admirable. But they were all ruthlessly melted down into ingots, to be divided among the conquerors. Gold to the value of more than seventeen million dollars, measured by our modern standard, was thus secured, besides a vast amount of silver. Certainly no prince in all the world's history had ever paid such a ransom.

The treasure was a long while coming in; and Pizarro had ample time to consider how he should keep his part of the contract. He could never have had any intention of giving the Inca his liberty; nor was he deep enough in his craft to perceive the immense advantage he might gain by holding him a captive. He resolved upon his death. The unhappy prince was tried by a military court of his enemies, charged with the usurpation of the empire, with the murder of his brother, and with attempts to incite an insurrection against the Spaniards. He was condemned, received as a convert to the Catholic faith, baptized, and executed. This event occurred August 29, 1533.

Meanwhile Almagro had arrived with a much-needed reinforcement; and adventurers of all sorts, from Spain and her western colonies, soon began to flock to the newly opened land of gold. Pizarro marched upon Cuzco, which he took

after a fierce battle, and pillaged of what gold had not been already removed for Atahualpa's ransom. He caused Manco Capac, a young prince of the royal blood, to be proclaimed Inca; drove him by his oppressions to revolt; and was besieged by him in Cuzco. The Peruvians assaulted the city in countless numbers, set fire to the houses with flaming arrows and red-hot stones, and might have starved or destroyed the Spaniards, had not they themselves been forced by starvation to raise the siege.

In June, 1538, the old feud between Pizarro and Almagro culminated in a battle between their two factions, and Almagro was defeated and killed. Pizarro now ruled the country with red-handed despotism. The benignant laws of the Incas were replaced by the rapine of the conquerors. Not only gold and silver, but the land itself and its former peaceful occupants, were apportioned among them; and slavery and concubinage prevailed in their most revolting forms. The rumors of these wrongs reached Spain, and a commissioner was sent out to inquire into them; but before his arrival Pizarro died by violence in his own Ciudad de los Reyes, "City of the Kings,"—now Lima,—which he had founded in 1535.

His death was worthy of his life. Attacked in his own house by the avengers of Almagro, he fought furiously, and cut down three of his assailants; but fell, overcome by numbers, and pierced by as many blades as met in the body of Cæsar. His last word was "Jesu!" and his last act, to stoop and kiss the symbol of a cross which he traced with his finger on the bloody floor.

Thus lived and died one of the most extraordinary men of his time, indeed of all times. It is hard to sum up briefly the good and evil of such a character. He was said to be of a pleasing and dignified presence, simple and self-reliant. We know that he was possessed of indomitable courage, endurance, and persistency of purpose; avaricious, perfidious, devout; and conspicuous for his cruelty even in a cruel age. Greedy as he was of gold, he spent little of it upon himself, and seemed to desire it chiefly for the power and honor it would command. He founded settlements and cities, and was lavish in his expenditures upon public works; no doubt ambitious of building up a new empire on the ruins of the one he had destroyed. But he exhibited none of the great qualities of a born ruler and lawgiver; in the coarseness of his moral nature, a swineherd to the last. He never married, but by a daughter of Atahualpa he had a daughter, who survived him. In his native town of Truxillo her descendants are still to be found, with the mingled blood of the conqueror and of the last of the Incas in their veins.

GASPARD DE COLIGNI

By Professor Creasy

(1517–1572)

There was a time, when the doctrines of the Reformation seemed destined to achieve far ampler conquests over the dominion of Papal Rome than they have ultimately realized. France, in particular, at the commencement of the second half of the sixteenth century, appeared to be almost won over to Protestantism. The Huguenots (as the followers of the Reformed Faith in that country were termed) formed the most influential, if not the largest part of the population of many of the principal provinces, and of nearly all the provincial capitals; they were numerous in Paris; nor was there a single district or town in France in which they had not obtained converts and power, before the war of 1562.

The history of the Reformation in France is a mournful one; but it presents names to our notice which every good heart must delight to honor; and foremost of these is the name of Gaspard de Coligni, the statesman, the soldier, and the saint; who long was the stoutest champion of the Protestant cause, and finally became the most glorious of its many martyrs. Unlike his comrade Condé, he was proof against the vicious blandishments of the enemy's court, as well as against the terrors of their camps. Familiar with defeat, he never learned despair. Hallam has well compared his indomitable energy to the

"Atrocem animam Catonis;"

but the Huguenot chief, while fully equal to the ancient Roman in probity, in self-reliance, and in unflinching fortitude, was far superior to him in comprehensiveness of judgment and in fertility of resources; and moreover, the affectionate gentleness which marked the private life of Coligni, contrasts favorably with the stoic coarseness by which the character of Cato was deformed.

The father of Coligni was head of an ancient and noble house, and was the seigneur of Châtillon-sur-Lion. At his death, in 1522, he left three sons, then of tender years, all of whom became eminent in French history, and all of whom embraced the Protestant doctrines, though trained up in the Romish Church. The elder brother, who is known as the Cardinal de Châtillon, was raised to that high ecclesiastical dignity by Clement VII., in 1533. Chiefly through the influence which his younger brother exerted over him, he became a convert to the tenets of the Reformers in his middle age, and took part in the early scenes of the civil wars. After the reverse which his party sustained at the battle of St. Denys, he fled to England, where he died in 1571. The younger brother, Dandelot, was the first of the three who became a Protestant. He was a skilful and gallant soldier, and signalized himself repeatedly by his enterprise, his inexhaustible resources, and undaunted spirit, as a commander of the Huguenot forces from the first outbreak of the religious wars until his death soon after the battle of Jarnac, in 1569. Gaspard, the great Coligni, or the Admiral (as he is often termed, from having held the titular office of Admiral of France), was the middle one of the three brothers, and was born at Châtillon-sur-Lion, February 16, 1517. He served with distinction in the later wars of Francis I. against Spain ; and with his brother Dandelot received knighthood on the field of battle at Cerisoles. He was afterward raised to the important post of colonel-general of the French infantry, and in 1552 was nominated by Henry II. Admiral of France. He was taken prisoner at St. Quentin by the Spaniards, and underwent a long captivity in Spain before he regained his liberty by payment of a heavy ransom.

During the long hours of solitude and compulsory inaction which he passed in his Spanish prison, he meditated deeply and earnestly on religious subjects ; and after his return to France, the conversation of his brother Dandelot, who had already joined the Huguenots, confirmed the bias to the Protestant doctrines, which his own studies and deliberations had created. Coligni now resigned all his appointments and preferments, except the nominal rank of admiral, and retired to his estates, where he passed his time in fervent devotion, and in the enjoyment of the calm happiness of domestic life. But the cry of suffering which rose from his fellow-Protestants, against whom the pernicious influence of the Princes of Lorraine in the French court kindled the fires of persecution throughout France, soon drew him from his blameless and cherished repose. He at first sought to provide for them a refuge from oppression, by founding colonies of French Protestants in America ; but his projects proved unsuccessful ; and as the tyranny of the violent party among the French Catholics grew more and more alarming, Coligni deemed that both honor and conscience required him to stand openly forward in behalf of his co-religionists.

No class of men ever were more long-suffering, or showed more unwillingness to rise in arms against their domestic tyrants, than the much-calumniated Huguenots of France. When we read the hideous edicts that were promulgated against them, and which were not mere empty threats, but were carried into exe-

cution throughout the land with unrelenting and strenuous ferocity, we feel that if ever the right of self-defence can make an appeal to arms justifiable, it was so in their instance. Extermination or apostasy formed the only choice that their rulers offered them. Mackintosh, in his "History of the English Revolution of 1688," has truly termed the question of when subjects are justified in making war on their sovereign, "a tremendous problem." But the same admirable writer has bequeathed to us a full and luminous code of the rules and principles of immutable morality, by which this awful issue must be tried, and no one who is familiar with these principles can hesitate in pronouncing that the war on the part of the French Huguenots was lawful and laudable before God and man.

Coligni is peculiarly free from the heavy imputation, which insurrectionary leaders incur, however great their provocation, who introduce the appeal of battle in civil controversy, and, to use the emphatic language of Milton, "let loose the sword of intestine war, soaking the land in her own gore," before every other possible mode of obtaining protection from further enormous wrong has been attempted, and attempted in vain. He was wholly unconnected with the enterprise (known in French history as the conspiracy of Amboise) by which some of the Protestant chiefs designed to withdraw the young king, Francis II., forcibly from the influence of the Guises, and which may be considered the first overt act of insurrection. Not that Condé is to be condemned for that effort, but the Admiral's exceeding loyalty is proved by his having kept aloof from it. Coligni continued to seek security for his co-religionists by peaceable means, for two years after that unsuccessful enterprise, from the savage reprisals of the Court upon its authors. He seemed at one time to be successful in his blameless exertions; and in the Assembly of Notables, held in January, 1562, an edict was issued, called the "Edict of Pacification," giving a partial toleration of the Protestant creed, and suspending all penal proceedings on the ground of religion.

This was all that Coligni strove for. He said at the time to some of his adherents: "If we have our religion, what do we want more?" But those who had made this concession were treacherous as they were cruel, and the fair promise which France seemed to have acquired of tranquillity was destined to be soon destroyed.

Two powerful parties were arrayed against the Huguenots, one of which consisted of their avowed and implacable enemies. This was headed by the Guises, with whom the Constable Montmorenci, and the Maréchal St. André had been induced to enter into league. Less fanatically violent, but far more formidable, through its false show of moderation and favor, was the party of the Queen-mother, Catherine de Medici. Catherine dreaded the power of the house of Guise; and was often glad to avail herself of the Protestant interest as a counterpoise against them. But though the jealousy which animated herself and her sons against the Princes of Lorraine was great, their hatred of the Huguenots was greater; and their occasional simulation of friendship enabled them to wreak it more malignantly and more completely.

They had sided with Coligni and Condé and the other Protestant chiefs in enacting the Edict of Pacification, and had thereby given a check to the power of the Duke of Guise and his confederates. But when their temporary purpose was served, the wise provisions of that edict were set at naught; the Protestants were again exposed to outrage and slaughter at the hands of their foes, nor could any redress be obtained from the royal tribunals. At length occurred the massacre of Vassi, where the armed followers of the Duke of Guise attacked a defenceless body of Protestants, while engaged in the services of their church, and slaughtered several hundreds of them under the eye of Guise, if not by his orders. Reeking from this carnage, the bands of the Lorraines entered Paris, where they were enthusiastically received by the fanatic populace, which was devoted to the Catholic cause.

Condé now left the capital, and summoned the Protestant nobility and gentry to rally round him in defence of their lives and their creed. Coligni long delayed joining him, and evinced a hesitation and a reluctance to embark in civil war, which emphatically attest the goodness while they in no degree detract from the greatness of his character. His wife, who naturally thought that anxiety on her account aided in restraining him, exhorted him in words of more than Roman magnanimity to arm in defence of the thousand destined victims, who looked up to him for guidance and protection. Coligni urged on her and on the friends who thronged round him, the fearful risks of the enterprise, and his earnest desire to wait in patience for better times, and rest upon the public faith rather than justify persecution by having recourse to violence. Unconvinced and undaunted, the heroine renewed her entreaties to the lingering hero. She told him that such prudence was not wisdom toward God. D'Aubigné professes to report this remarkable conversation from the lips of those who were present; and he states that she proceeded to urge on him these words:—

"God has bestowed on you the genius of a great captain—will you refuse the use of it to his children? You have confessed to the justice of their cause—is not the knightly sword you bear pledged to the defence of the oppressed? Sir, my heart bleeds for our slaughtered brethren—and their blood cries out to God and Heaven against you as the murderer of those whom you might have saved."

"Since," replied the Admiral, "the reasons which I have this evening alleged against an ineffectual resistance have made so little impression upon your mind, lay your hand upon your heart and answer me this question, Could you, without murmuring against Providence and the husband to whom Heaven has united you, receive the news of a general defeat? Are you prepared to endure the opprobrium of your enemies—the reproaches of your friends—the treachery of partisans—the curses of the people—confiscation, flight, exile—the insolence of the English, the quarrels of the Germans—shame, nakedness, hunger—and, what is worse, to suffer all this in your children? Are you prepared to see your husband branded as a rebel and dragged to a scaffold; while your children, disgraced and ruined, are begging their bread at the hands of their enemies? I give you eight days to reflect upon it, and when you shall be well prepared for such re-

verses, I will be ready to set forward, and perish with you and our mutual friends."

"The eight days are already expired!" she cried. "Go, sir, where your duty calls you. Heaven will not give the victory to our enemies. In the name of God, I call upon you to resist no longer, but to save our brethren, or die in the attempt."

On the next morning Coligni was on horseback, with all his retainers round him; and with a heavy heart but a clear conscience, he rode on his way to join Condé at Meaux, which was now, in the early spring of 1562, the head-quarters of the insurgent Huguenots.

The high rank of the Prince of Condé, as well as his brilliant abilities and chivalrous courage, caused him to be acknowledged as chief of the Protestant party; but Coligni was looked on by friends and foes as the main pillar of their cause; and it was he that gave organization to the volunteers who flocked around himself and the prince, first at Meaux, and afterward in greater numbers at Orleans, when toward the end of March they succeeded in occupying that important city, and making it a centre of operations for the Huguenot confederacy. Like Cromwell in after times, Coligni relied on the religious enthusiasm as well as the natural bravery of his troops. He exercised them by preaching and prayer as well as by drilling and manœuvring. He inspired them with his own spirit of austere devotion to their cause; and the Huguenot army was in its first campaigns as conspicuous for good order and morality as for valor; though by degrees it became tainted with a tendency to marauding and to brutal violence.

The Roman Catholic party now sought support from Philip II. of Spain, from the Duke of Savoy, the emperor and other foreign princes of their creed; and the Huguenots, to the deep regret of Coligni, were compelled to strengthen themselves by similar negotiations. The English queen, Elizabeth, promised succors in men and money, on condition of Havre (which city, like most of the other strong places in Normandy, was devoted to the Protestant cause) being placed in her power as a security for repayment. The German Lutheran princes permitted a large auxiliary force of lansquenets and heavy-armed cavalry to be raised among their subjects in behalf of the French Protestants; and Dandelot was despatched into Germany to place himself at their head, and lead them across the Rhine; a difficult operation, which he accomplished with great skill, and joined his brothers and Condé at Pluviers, near Orleans, late in the year, and at a crisis when the fortunes of the Protestant party appeared reduced to a very low ebb, as in the interval which had elapsed since the commencement of the war, though there had been no engagement between the main armies, the Royalists had gained numerous advantages, and had captured many towns, both in the South and in Normandy, which had originally declared for the insurgents.

Coligni and Condé with their own troops and their German allies now (December, 1562) marched upon Paris; but finding it hopeless to attempt the storm or siege of the capital, they led their army toward Normandy, desiring to form a junction with the English troops at Havre. The Royal forces, commanded

nominally by the Constable Montmorenci and the Maréchal de St. André, but in which the Duke of Guise was also present, marched for some days on their flank, till the two armies came into collision on December 19th at Dreux, where the first battle of the civil wars was fought. In this action, after many vicissitudes of fortune, the Duke of Guise secured the victory for the Roman Catholics, and Condé was taken prisoner. Coligni led the remains of the Protestant army back to Orleans; whither the Duke of Guise, at the head of a largely recruited army, flushed by their recent victory, soon advanced, with the intention of crushing insurrection and Protestantism, by the capture of their stronghold.

Coligni's situation now seemed desperate. His German mercenaries in arrear of pay, threatened to desert him; the funds which he had been able to collect for the conduct of the war were exhausted; and he was utterly unable to encounter the numerous and well-appointed forces of Guise. In this emergency he formed the bold plan of leaving his brother, Dandelot, with the bulk of the infantry to defend Orleans, while he himself led the cavalry and a few companies of foot again to Normandy, and again attempted to avail himself of the English supplies of money and troops. In spite of the mutinous murmurings of the German reisters, in spite of the attempts which the Roman Catholic commanders made to intercept him, Coligni executed his daring scheme. Havre was reached. The English subsidies were secured, and the rich and powerful city of Caen voluntarily placed itself in Coligni's power. Meanwhile Orleans had been well defended by Dandelot; and the great chief of the Roman Catholics, the Duke of Guise, had died by the hand of an assassin. Some attempts were made to implicate Coligni in the guilt of this murder, but the Admiral indignantly denied the charge; nor is there any ground for believing him to have had the least cognizance of Poltrot's crime.

The death of Guise made a temporary pacification easy; and the edict of Amboise, on March 19, 1563, by which a narrow and restricted permission for the exercise of the Protestant religion was allowed, closed the first war.

This peace on the part of the Royalists was only a hollow and a treacherous truce. Fresh communications with Philip II. were opened; and an interview took place in 1564 at Bayonne, between Catherine, her son Charles IX., and the Duke of Alva. There is every reason to believe that at that meeting the destruction of the Protestants by craft or by force was concerted. The treaty of Amboise was now openly and repeatedly violated by the fanatic party of the French Roman Catholics; and the Huguenots were again driven to take up arms in self-defence. Condé and Coligni advanced upon Paris, and fought on November 10, 1567, the sanguinary battle of St. Denys against the Royalist forces. The Huguenots were beaten, but Coligni rallied them, and marching toward the Meuse, effected a junction with fresh bands of German auxiliaries. The war now raged with redoubled horror in every district of France. Alarmed at the strength of the Huguenot army, Catherine tried and successfully exerted her powers of persuasion and deceit over Condé, and a second faithless peace, called the treaty of Longjumeau, was concluded; but when the Huguenot

forces were disbanded, and their German auxiliaries dismissed, the Royalists renewed the war.

In 1569, the indiscreet spirit of Condé brought the Protestants into action at Jarnac, under heavy disadvantages, against the flower of the Catholic army. Condé was killed in the battle, and a large part of his forces routed with heavy slaughter; but Coligni was again the Ajax of the cause, covered the retreat, and reorganized the fugitives for fresh exertions. But the waves of calamity were not yet spent. The hostile armies met again at Moncontour, and the Protestants sustained the most complete and murderous overthrow that had been dealt to them throughout the war. Coligni's brother, the gallant Dandelot, was mortally wounded in this disastrous field; many of his stanchest friends had fallen; many abandoned him; and he found himself a fugitive, with only a few bands of mutineers around him, the wreck of the gallant army that he had lately led.

But it was in this depth of gloom that the true heroic lustre of his soul was seen. Fearless himself of what man could do unto him, he calmed the panic of his followers, and inspired them with his own energy. He who has innate strength to stand amid the storm, will soon find others flock around and fortify him while they seek support for themselves. When it was known that Coligni's banner still was flying, the Protestants of France and Eastern Germany, who at first had been stunned by the report of Moncontour, thronged to him as to a strong tower in the midst of trouble. While the Royalists were exulting at the fancied annihilation of their foe, they suddenly learned that Coligni was approaching the capital, at the head of the largest army that the Huguenots had yet sent into the field. Again the device of a treacherous pacification was attempted, and again it prevailed. Coligni was warned of the personal danger that he incurred by trusting the faith of a Medici and a Guise; but he replied that he would rather lay down his life, than see France continue the victim of the woes of civil war.

The treaty of St. Germains was signed on August 8, 1570, and on August 24, 1572, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew attested with what worse than Punic faith the crowned conspirators of the French Court had planned it. In the interval, the most detestable and elaborate hypocrisy was employed to lull the suspicions of the Huguenot chiefs, and to bring them defenceless into the power of their enemies. At last, in the summer of 1572, they were collected in Paris, under the pretence of being the honored guests of the French king, at the nuptials of his sister with Henry of Navarre. An attempt was made on the life of Coligni by an assassin, in which the Admiral was severely wounded. The king and his courtiers affected the utmost indignation at this crime, and the warmest sympathy with the suffering veteran. But in the early dawn of the day appointed for the most unchristian carnage that ever defiled the earth, a party of murderers, headed by the young Duke of Guise himself, broke open the doors of the house where Coligni lay, and Besme, one of the duke's domestics, entered with a drawn sword, into the room where the Admiral was sitting in an arm-chair.

"Young man," said he, undisturbed, "you ought to respect my gray hairs; but do as you please, you can only shorten my life a few days."

Besme thrust him through in many places, and then threw his body, still breathing, out of the window into the court, where it fell at the feet of the Duke of Guise. The minions of the Louvre flocked around in hideous glee, to insult the lifeless form of him, before whom they had so long quailed and trembled. They gibbeted their own infamy in vainly seeking to dishonor the illustrious dead. His memory is at once the glory and the shame of France: and the very land of the St. Bartholomew is, to some extent, hallowed by having been the birthplace of Coligni, and the scene of his heroic career.

I do not pause to describe the tardy homage which his countrymen afterward paid to the name and relics of the fallen great. These obsequies and panegyrics may be looked on as some small expiation for the national guilt of France, but Coligni needed them not.

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE

(1553–1610)

HENRY IV., the most celebrated, the most beloved, and perhaps, in spite of his many faults, the best of the French monarchs, was born at Pau, the capital of Béarn, in 1553. His parents were Antoine de Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, and in right of his wife, titular king of Navarre, and Jeanne d'Albert, the heiress of that kingdom. On the paternal side he traced his descent to Robert of Clermont, fifth son of Louis IX., and thus, on the failure of the elder branches, became heir to the crown of France. Educated by a Protestant mother in the Protestant faith, he was for many years the rallying point and leader of the Huguenots. In boyhood the prince of Béarn displayed sense and spirit above his years. Early inured to war, he was present and exhibited strong proofs of military talent at the battle of Jarnac, and that of Moncontour, both fought in 1569. In the same year he was declared chief of the Protestant League. The treaty of St. Germain, concluded in 1570, guaranteed to the Huguenots the civil rights for which they had been striving; and, in appearance, to cement the union of the two parties, a marriage was proposed between Henry, who, by the death of his mother, had just succeeded to the throne of Navarre, and Margaret

of Valois, sister of Charles IX. This match brought Condé, Coligni, and all the leaders of their party, to Paris. The ceremony took place August 17, 1572, and a week later came the massacre of St. Bartholomew. For three years afterward Henry, who to save his life had conformed to the established religion, was kept as a kind of state-prisoner. He escaped in 1576, and put himself at the head of the Huguenot party. In the war which ensued, with the sagacity and fiery courage of the high-born general, he showed the indifference to hardships of the meanest soldier. Content with the worst fare and meanest lodging, in future times the magnificent monarch of France could recollect when his wardrobe could not furnish him with a change of linen. He shared all fortunes with his followers, and was rewarded by their unbounded devotion.

Upon the extinction of the house of Valois, by the assassination of Henry III. in 1589, Henry of Navarre became the rightful owner of the French throne. But his religion interfered with his claims. The League was strong in force against him: he had few friends, few fortresses, no money, and a small army. But his courage and activity made up for the scantiness of his resources. With five thousand men he withstood the Duc de Mayenne, who was pursuing him with twenty-five thousand, and gained the battle of Arques, in spite of the disparity. This extraordinary result may probably be ascribed in great measure to the contrast of personal character in the two generals. Mayenne was slow and indolent. Of Henry it was said, that he lost less time in bed than Mayenne lost at table; and that he wore out very little broad-cloth, but a great deal of boot-leather. A person was once extolling the skill and courage of Mayenne in Henry's presence. "You are right," said Henry, "he is a great captain, but I have always five hours' start of him." Henry got up at four in the morning, and Mayenne about ten.

The battle of Arques was fought in the year of his accession. In the following year, 1590, he gained a splendid victory at Ivri, over the Leaguers commanded by Mayenne, and a Spanish army superior in numbers. On this occasion he made that celebrated speech to his soldiers before the battle: "If you lose sight of your standards, rally round my white plume; you will always find it in the path of honor and glory." Nor is his exclamation to his victorious troops less worthy of record: "Spare the French!"

Paris was soon blockaded, but the Parliament swore on the Gospels, in the presence of the Legate and the Spanish Ambassador, to refuse all proposals of accommodation. The siege was pushed to such extremities, and the famine became so cruel, that bread was made of human bones ground to powder. That Henry did not then master the capital, where two hundred thousand men were maddened with want, was owing to his own lenity. He declared that he had rather lose Paris, than gain possession of it by the death of so many persons. He gave a free passage through his lines to all who were not soldiers, and allowed his own troops to send in refreshments to their friends. By this paternal kindness he lost the fruit of his labors to himself; but he also prolonged the civil war, and the calamities of the kingdom at large.

The approach of the Duke of Parma with a Spanish army obliged Henry to raise the siege of Paris. It was not the policy of the Spanish court to render the Leaguers independent of its assistance, and the duke, satisfied with having relieved the metropolis, avoided an engagement, and returned to his government in the Low Countries, followed by Henry as far as the frontiers of Picardy. In 1591 Henry received succors from England and Germany, and laid siege to Rouen; but his prey was again snatched from him by the Duke of Parma. Again battle was offered and declined; and the retiring army passed the Seine in the night on a bridge of boats; a retreat the more glorious, as Henry believed it to be impossible. The duke once said of his adversary, that other generals made war like lions or wild boars; but that Henry hovered over it like an eagle.

During the siege of Paris, some conferences had been held between the chiefs of the two parties, which ended in a kind of accommodation. The Catholics of the king's party began to complain of his perseverance in Calvinism; and some influential men who were of the latter persuasion, especially his confidential friend and minister Rosny, represented to him the necessity of a change. Even some of the reformed ministers softened the difficulty, by acknowledging salvation to be possible in the Roman Church. In 1593 the ceremony of abjuration was performed at St. Denis, in presence of a multitude of the Parisians. If, as we cannot but suppose, the monarch's conversion was owing to political motives, the apostacy must be answered for at a higher than any human tribunal; politically viewed, it was perhaps one of the most beneficial steps ever taken toward the pacification and renewal of prosperity of a great kingdom. In the same year he was crowned at Chartres, and in 1594 Paris opened her gates to him. He had just been received into the capital, where he was conspicuously manifesting his beneficence and zeal for the public good, when he was wounded in the throat by John Châtel, a young fanatic. When the assassin was questioned, he avowed the doctrine of tyrannicide, and quoted the sermons of the Jesuits in his justification. That society therefore was banished by the Parliament.

For two years after his ostensible conversion, the king was obliged daily to perform the most humiliating ceremonies, by way of penance; and it was not till 1594 that he was absolved by Clement VIII. The Leaguers then had no further pretext for rebellion, and the League necessarily was dissolved. Its chiefs exacted high terms for their submission; but the civil wars had so exhausted the kingdom, that tranquillity could not be too dearly purchased; and Henry was faithful to all his promises, even after his authority was so firmly established, that he might have broken his word with safety to all but his own conscience and honor. Although the obligations which he had to discharge were most burdensome, he found means to relieve his people, and make his kingdom prosper. The Duke de Mayenne, in Burgundy, and the Duke de Mercœur in Brittany, were the last to protract an unavailing resistance; but the former was reduced in 1596, and the latter in 1598, and thenceforth France enjoyed almost uninterrupted peace till Henry's death. But the Protestants gave him almost as much uneasiness as the Catholic Leaguers. He had granted liberty of conscience to the for-

mer ; a measure which was admitted to be necessary by the prudent even among the latter. Nevertheless, either from vexation at his having abjured their religion, from the violence of party zeal, or disgust at being no longer the objects of royal preference, the Calvinists preferred their demands in so seditious a tone, as stopped little short of a rebellious one. While on the road to Brittany, he determined to avoid greater evils by timely compromise. The edict of Nantes was then promulgated, authorizing the public exercise of their religion in several towns, granting them the right of holding offices, putting them in possession of certain places for eight years, as pledges for their security, and establishing salaries for their ministers. The clergy and preachers demurred, but to no purpose ; the Parliament ceased to resist the arguments of the Prince, when he represented to them as magistrates, that the peace of the state and the prosperity of the Church must be inseparable. At the same time he endeavored to convince the bigots among the priesthood on both sides, that the love of country and the performance of civil and political duties may be completely reconciled with difference of worship.

But it would be unjust to attribute these enlightened views to Henry, without noticing that he had a friend as well as minister in Rosny, best known as the Duke de Sully, who probably suggested many of his wisest measures, and at all events superintended their execution, and did his best to prevent or retrieve his sovereign's errors by uncompromising honesty of advice and remonstrance. The allurements of pleasure were powerful over the enthusiastic and impassioned temperament of Henry ; it was love that most frequently prevailed over the claims of duty. The beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées became the absolute mistress of his heart ; and he entertained hopes of obtaining permission from Rome to divorce Margaret de Valois, from whom he had long lived in a state of separation. Had he succeeded time enough, he contemplated the dangerous project of marrying the favorite ; but her death saved him both from the hazard and disgrace. The sentence of divorce, so long solicited, was at last granted, and the king married Mary de Medici, who bore Louis XIII. to him in 1601. The match, however, contributed little to his domestic happiness.

While France was flourishing under a vigilant and paternal administration, while her strength was beginning to keep pace with her internal happiness, new conspiracies were incessantly formed against the king. Henriette d'Entragues, another favorite, not only exasperated the Queen's peevish humor against him, but was ungrateful enough to combine with her father, the Count d'Auvergne, and the Spanish Court, in a plot which was timely discovered. Spite of the many virtues and conciliatory manners of Henry, the fanatics could never pardon his former attachment to the Protestant cause. He was continually surrounded with traitors and assassins ; almost every year produced some attempt on his life, and he fell at last by the weapon of a misguided enthusiast.

Shortly before his untimely end, Henry is said by some historians to have disclosed a project for forming a Christian republic. The proposal is stated to have been, to divide Europe into fifteen fixed powers, none of which should be

allowed to make any new acquisition, but should together form an association for maintaining a mutual balance, and preserving peace. This political reverie, impossible to be realized, is not likely ever to have been actually divulged, even if meditated by Henry, nor is there any trace of it to be found in the history, or among the state-papers of England, Venice, or Holland, the supposed co-operators in the scheme. His more rational design in arming went no further than to set bounds to the ambition and power of the house of Austria, both in Germany and Italy. Whatever may have been the motive, his means of success were imposing. He was to march into Germany at the head of forty thousand excellent troops. The army, provisions, and every other necessary were in readiness. Money no longer failed; Sully had laid up forty millions of livres in the treasury, which were destined for this war. His alliances were already assured, his generals had been formed by himself, and all seemed to forebode such a storm as must probably have overwhelmed an emperor devoted to the search after the philosopher's stone, and a king of Spain under the dominion of the Inquisition. Henry was impatient to join his army; but his mind had become harassed with sinister forebodings, and his chagrin was increased by a temporary alienation from his faithful minister. He was on his way to pay a visit of reconciliation to Sully, when his coach was entangled as it passed along the street. His attendants left the carriage to remove the obstruction, and during the delay thus caused he was stabbed to the heart by Francis Ravaillac, a native of Angoulême. This calamitous event took place on May 14, 1610, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. The Spaniards, who had the strongest interest in the catastrophe, were supposed to have been the instigators; but the fear of implicating other powers, and plunging France into greater evils than those from which their hero had rescued them, deterred not only statesmen, but even the judges on Ravaillac's trial, from pressing for the names of accomplices. Hardouin de Perefixe, in his "History of Henry the Great," says, "If it be asked who inspired the monster with the thought, history answers that she does not know; and that in so mysterious an affair, it is not allowable to vent suspicions and conjectures as assured truths; that even the judges who conducted the examinations opened not their mouths, and spoke only with their shoulders."

The assertions of Ravaillac, as far as they have any weight, discountenance the belief of an extended political conspiracy. The house of Austria, Mary de Medici his wife, Henriette d'Entragues his mistress, as well as the Duke d'Epernon, have been subjected to the hateful conjectures of Mazarin and other historians; but he who actually struck the blow invariably affirmed that he had no accomplice, and that he was carried forward by an uncontrollable instinct. If his mind were at all acted on from without, it was probably by the epidemic fanaticism of the times, rather than by personal influence.

Henry left three sons and three daughters by Mary de Medici. Of no prince recorded in history, probably, are so many personal anecdotes related, as of Henry IV. These are for the most part well known, and of easy access. Among them stands out prominently the tale of the Spanish ambassador who to

his astonishment, found Henry on the floor playing hobby-horse for his children. "Are you a father?" asked Henry, looking up without any apparent embarrassment. "Yes, your majesty." "Then we will finish our game," said the king. And he did so, before taking up his business with the ambassador.

The whole tenor of Henry's life exhibits a lofty, generous, forgiving temper, the fearless spirit which loves the excitement of danger, and that suavity of feeling and manners, which, above all qualities, wins the affection of those who come within its sphere: it does not exhibit high moral or religious principle. But his weaknesses were those which the world most readily pardons, especially in a great man. If Henry had emulated the pure morals and fervent piety of his noble ancestor, Louis IX., he would have been a far better king, as well as a better man; yet we doubt whether in that case his memory would have been cherished with such enthusiastic attachment by his countrymen.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

(1540–1596)

Francis Drake, the first British circumnavigator of the globe, was born in Devonshire, of humble parents. So much is admitted; with respect to the date of his birth, and the method of his nurture, the annalists, Camden and Stowe, are not agreed. By the latter we are told that Drake was born at Tavistock, about 1545, and brought up under the care of a kinsman, the well-known navigator, Sir John Hawkins. Camden, on the other hand, anticipates his birth by several years, and says that he was bound apprentice to a small shipowner on the coast of Kent, who, dying unmarried, in reward of his industry bestowed his bark upon him as a legacy. Both accounts agree that in 1567 he went with Hawkins to the West Indies on a trading voyage, which gave its color to the rest of his life. Their little squadron was obliged by stress of weather to put into St. Juan de Ulloa, on the coast of Mexico; where, after being received with a show of amity, it was beset and attacked by a superior force, and only two vessels escaped. To make amends for his losses in this adventure, in the quaint language of the biographer Prince, in his "Worthies of Devon," "Mr. Drake was

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HENRY IV OF FRANCE AT HOME.

persuaded by the minister of his ship that he might lawfully recover the value of the King of Spain by reprisal, and repair his losses upon him anywhere else. The case was clear in sea divinity ; and few are such infidels as not to believe in doctrines which make for their profit. Whereupon Drake, though then a poor private man, undertook to revenge himself upon so mighty a monarch."

In the years 1570–71 Drake made two voyages to the West Indies, apparently to gain a more precise acquaintance with the seas, the situation, strength, and wealth of the Spanish settlements. In 1572 he sailed with two ships, one of seventy-five tons, the other of twenty-five tons, their united crews mustering only seventy-three men and boys, all volunteers. His object was to capture the now ruined city of Nombre de Dios, situated on the Isthmus of Panama, a few miles east of Porto Bello, then the great repository of all the treasure conveyed from Mexico to Spain. Off this coast of America his little armament was augmented by an English bark, with thirty men on board ; so that, deducting those whom it was necessary to leave in charge of the ships, his available force fell short of a hundred men. This handful of bold men attacked the town, which was unwalled, on the night of July 22d, and found their way to the market-place, where the captain received a severe wound. He concealed his hurt until the public treasury was reached ; but before it could be broken open, he became faint from loss of blood, and his disheartened followers abandoned the attempt, and carried him perforce on board ship. Such at least, is the account of the English ; there is a Portuguese statement in "Hakluyt's Voyages," vol. iii., p. 525, less favorable both to the daring and success of the assailants.

Failing in this attempt, Drake continued for some time on the coast, visiting Carthagena and other places, and making prize of various ships ; and if we wonder at his hardihood in adventuring with such scanty means to remain for months in the midst of an awakened and inveterate enemy, how much more surprising is it that the wealthy, proud, and powerful monarchy of Spain should so neglect the care of its most precious colonies, as to leave them unable to crush so slight a foe! The English appear to have felt perfectly at their ease ; they cruised about, formed an intimate alliance with an Indian tribe, named Symerons, the bond of union being a common hatred of the Spaniards, and built a fort on a small island of difficult access, at the mouth of a river, where they remained from September 24 to February 3, 1573. On the latter day, Drake set forth with one portion of his associates, under the conduct of the Symerons, to cross the isthmus. On the fourth day they reached a central hill, where stood a remarkable "goodly and great high tree, in which the Indians had cut and made divers steps to ascend up neere unto the top, where they had also made a convenient bower, wherein ten or twelve men might easily sitt ; and from thence wee might without any difficulty plainly see the Atlantic Ocean, whence now wee came, and the South Atlantic (*i.e.*, Pacific), so much desired. After our captain had ascended to this bower with the chief Symeron, and having, as it pleased God at that time, by reason of the brize, a very faire day, had seen that sea of which he had heard such golden reports, he besought Almighty God of

his goodness to give him life and leave to sayle once in an English ship in that sea." We quote from a tract entitled "Sir Francis Drake Revived," written by some of Drake's companions, corrected, it is said, by himself, and published by his nephew in 1626, which contains a full and interesting account of this adventurous expedition. Drake's present object was to intercept a convoy of treasure on the way from Panama to Nombre de Dios. By this route the treasures of Peru and Chili, as well as Mexico, were brought to Europe, for the passage round Cape Horn was then unknown, and no ship but Magellan's had yet accomplished the passage round the world to Europe. Guided by the Symerons, the English approached Panama, learned that a valuable treasure was expected to pass, and beset the lonely forest road which it had to travel. But the haste of one drunken man gave a premature alarm, in consequence of which the march of the caravan was stopped; and Drake with his party, their golden hopes being thus defeated, forced their way through Venta Cruz, and returned by a shorter route to their encampment, after a toilsome and fruitless journey of three weeks. It was not till April 1st, that the long-desired opportunity presented itself, on which day they took a caravan of mules laden with silver and a small quantity of gold. They carried off part of the spoil, and buried about fifteen tons of silver; but on returning for it, they found that it had been recovered by the Spaniards.

Drake returned to England, August 9, 1573. In dividing the treasure he showed the strictest honor, and even generosity; yet his share was large enough to pay for fitting out three ships, with which he served as a volunteer in Ireland, under the Earl of Essex, and "did excellent service both by sea and land in the winning of divers strong forts." In 1577, he obtained a commission from Queen Elizabeth to conduct a squadron into the South Seas. What was the purport of the commission we do not find; it appears from subsequent passages that it gave to Drake the power of life and death over his followers; but it would seem from the queen's hesitation in approving his proceedings, that it was not intended to authorize (at least formally) his depradations on Spanish property.

With five ships, the largest the Pelican, of one hundred tons burden, the smallest a pinnace of fifteen tons, manned in all with only 164 men, Drake sailed from Plymouth, November 15, 1577, to visit seas where no English vessel had ever sailed. Without serious loss, or adventure worthy of notice, the fleet arrived at Port St. Julian, on the coast of Patagonia, June 20, 1578. Here the discoverer Magellan had tried and executed his second in command on the charge of mutiny, and the same spot did Drake select to perform a similar tragedy. He accused the officer next to himself, Thomas Doughty, of plots to defeat the expedition and take his life; plots undertaken, he said, before they had left England. "Proofs were required and alleged, so many and so evident, that the gentleman himself, stricken with remorse, acknowledged himself to have deserved death;" and of three things presented to him, either immediate execution, or to be set on shore on the main, or to be sent home to answer for his conduct, he chose the former; and having at his own request received the sacra-

ment, together with Drake, and dined with him in further token of amity, he cheerfully laid his head on the block, according to the sentence pronounced by forty of the chiefest persons in the fleet. Such is the account published by Drake's nephew, in "The World Encompassed," of which we shall only observe, without passing judgment on the action, that Drake's conduct in taking out a person whom he knew to be ill affected to him, was as singular as is the behavior and sudden and acute penitence attributed to Doughty. But we have no account from any friend of the sufferer. It is fair to state the judgment of Camden, who says, "that the more unprejudiced men in the fleet thought Doughty had been guilty of insubordination, and that Drake in jealousy removed him as a rival. But some persons, who thought they could see farther than others, said that Drake had been ordered by the Earl of Leicester to take off Doughty, because he spread a report that Leicester had procured the death of the Earl of Essex."

Having remained at Port St. Julian until August 15th, they sailed for the Straits, reached them August 20th, and passed safely into the Pacific, September 6th, with three ships, having taken out the men and stores, and abandoned the two smaller vessels. But there arose on the 7th a dreadful storm, which dispersed the ships. The Marigold was no more heard of, while the dispirited crew of the Elizabeth returned to England, being the first who ever passed back to the eastward through Magellan's Strait. Drake's ship was driven southward to the fifty-sixth degree, where he ran in among the islands of the extreme south of America. He fixes the farthest land to be near the fifty-sixth degree of south latitude, and thus appears to claim the honor of having discovered Cape Horn. From September 7th to October 28th, the adventurers were buffeted by one continued and dreadful storm; and in estimating the merits of our intrepid seamen, it is to be considered that the seas were utterly unknown, and feared by all, those who had tried to follow in Magellan's course having seldom succeeded, and then with much pain and loss, and little fruit of their voyage; that their vessels were of a class which is now hardly used for more than coasting service; and that the imperfection of instruments and observations laid them under disadvantages which are now removed by the ingenuity of our artists. Add to this, that as the Spaniards gave out that it was impossible to repass the Straits, there remained no known way to quit the hostile shores of America, but by traversing the unexplored Pacific.

The storm at length ceased, and the lonely Pelican (which Drake, however, had renamed the Golden Hind) ran along the coast of Lima and Peru, reaping a golden harvest from the careless security of those who never thought to see an enemy on that side of the globe. There is something rather revolting, but very indicative of the temper of the age, in the constant reference to the guidance and protection of God, mixed with a quiet jocularity with which "Master Francis Fletcher, preacher in this employment," from whose notes the "World Encompassed," which is a narrative of this voyage, was compiled, speaks of acts very little different from highway robbery, such as would now be held disgraceful in

open war; as for instance, on meeting a Spaniard driving eight llamas, each laden with one hundred pounds' weight of silver, "they offered their service without entreaty, and became drovers, not enduring to see a gentleman Spaniard turned carrier." Enriched by the most valuable spoil, jewels, gold, and silver, Drake steered to the northward, hoping to discover a homeward passage in that quarter. In the forty-eighth degree of north latitude, in what is now the State of Washington, he was stopped by the cold; and, determining to traverse the Pacific, he landed, careened his ship, and, in the queen's name, took possession of the country, which he named New Albion, September 29, 1579; he sailed again, and reached the Molucca Islands November 4th. In his passage thence to the island of Celebes, he incurred the most imminent danger of the whole voyage. The ship struck, as they were sailing before a fair wind, on a reef of rocks, so precipitous that it was impossible to lay out an anchor to heave her off. They stuck fast in this most hazardous situation for eight hours. At the end of that time the wind shifted, and the ship, lightened of part of her guns and cargo, reeled off into deep water, without serious injury. Had the sea risen, she must have been wrecked. This was Drake's last mishap. He reached Plymouth in the autumn of 1580, after nearly three years' absence. Accounts differ as to the exact date of his arrival.

Since Drake had for this voyage the queen's commission, by which we must suppose the license to rob the Spaniards to have been at least tacitly conceded, he seems to have been rather hardly used, in being left from November to April in ignorance how his bold adventure was received at court. Among the people it created a great sensation, with much diversity of opinion; some commending it as a notable instance of English valor and maritime skill, and a just reprisal upon the Spaniards for their faithless and cruel practices; others styling it a breach of treaties, little better than piracy, and such as it was neither expedient nor decent for a trading nation to encourage. During this interval, Drake must have felt his situation unpleasant and precarious; but the queen turned the scale in his favor by going, April 4, 1581, to dine on board his ship at Deptford, on which occasion she declared her entire approbation of his conduct, and conferred on him the honor, and such it then was, of knighthood. His ship she ordered to be preserved as a monument of his glory. Having fallen to decay, it was at length broken up: a chair, made out of its planks, was presented to the University of Oxford, and probably is still to be seen in the Bodleian Library. Cowley wrote a Pindaric ode upon it.

Drake had now established his reputation as the first seaman of the day; and in 1585 the queen, having resolved on war, intrusted him with the command of an expedition against the Spanish colonies. He burnt or put to ransom the cities of St. Jago, near Cape Verde, St. Domingo, Carthagena, and others, and returned to England, having fully answered the high expectations which were entertained of him. He was again employed with a larger force of thirty ships, in 1587, with which he entered the port of Cadiz, burnt ten thousand tons of shipping, which were to form part of the Armada, took the castle of Cape St. Vin-

cent, and sailing to the Azores, made prize of a large and wealthy ship on its way from the Indies. Still more eminent were his services against the Armada in the following year, in which he served as vice-admiral under Lord Howard of Effingham. But these are well-known passages of history, and we have shortened our account of them, to relate at more length the early incidents of Drake's adventurous life.

In 1589 Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris were joined in the command of an expedition, meant to deliver Portugal from the dominion of Spain. This failed, as many expeditions have done in which the sea and land services were meant to act together; and as usual, each party threw the blame on the other. Drake's plan appears to have been most judicious: it was at least accordant with his character, downright and daring. He wished to sail straight for Lisbon and surprise the place; but Norris was bent on landing at Corunna, where he did indeed some harm to the Spaniards, but no service toward the real objects of the expedition. When the land forces did at last besiege Lisbon, Drake was unwilling or unable to force his way up the Tagus to co-operate with them, and for this he was afterward warmly blamed by Norris. He defended himself by stating that the time misspent by the English at Corunna, had been well employed by the Spaniards in fortifying Lisbon; and we fully believe that neither fear nor jealousy would have made him hesitate at anything which he thought to be for the good of the service. This miscarriage, though for a time it cast something of a cloud upon Drake's fame, did not prevent his being again employed in 1595, when the queen, at the suggestion of himself and Sir John Hawkins, determined to send out another expedition against Spanish America, under those two eminent navigators, the expenses of which were in great part to be defrayed by themselves and their friends. Great hope was naturally conceived of this expedition, the largest which had yet been sent against that quarter, for it consisted of thirty vessels and 2,500 men. The chief object was to sail to Nombre de Dios, march to Panama, and there seize the treasure from Peru. But the blow, which should have been struck immediately, was delayed by a feint on the part of the Spaniards to invade England; the Plate fleet arrived in safety, and the Spanish colonies were forewarned. Hawkins died, it was said of grief at the ruined prospects of the expedition, November 12th, while the fleet lay before Porto Rico; and on the same evening Drake had a narrow escape from a cannon-ball, which carried the stool from under him as he sat at supper and killed two of his chief officers. Repulsed from Porto Rico, the admiral steered for the Spanish main, where he burnt several towns, and among them Nombre de Dios. He then sent a strong detachment of 750 men against Panama; but they found the capture of that city impracticable. Soon afterward he fell sick of a fever, and died January 28, 1596. His death, like that of his coadjutor, is attributed to mental distress, and nothing is more probable than that disappointment may have made that noxious climate more deadly. Hints of poisoning were thrown out, but this is a surmise easily and often lightly made. "Thus," says Fuller, in his "Holy State," "an extempore performance, scarce heard to be begun before we hear it

is ended, comes off with better applause, or miscarries with less disgrace, than a long-studied and openly premeditated action. Besides, we see how great spirits, having mounted up to the highest pitch of performance, afterward strain and break their credits in trying to go beyond it. We will not justify all the actions of any man, though of a tamer profession than a sea-captain, in whom civility is often counted preciseness. For the main, we say that this our captain was a religious man toward God, and his houses, generally speaking, churches, where he came chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, and merciful to those that were under him, hating nothing so much as idleness." To these good qualities we may add that he was kind and considerate to his sailors, though strict in the maintenance of discipline ; and liberal on fit occasions, though a strict economist. He cut a water-course from Buckland Abbey to Plymouth, a distance of seven miles in a straight line, and thirty by the windings of the conduit, to supply the latter town with fresh water, which before was not to be procured within the distance of a mile. He is honorably distinguished from the atrocious race of buccaneers, to whom his example in some sort gave rise, by the humanity with which he treated his prisoners. And it should be mentioned, as a proof of his judicious benevolence, that in conjunction with Sir John Hawkins, he procured the establishment of the Chest at Chatham for the relief of aged or sick seamen, out of their own voluntary contributions. The faults ascribed to him are ambition, inconstancy in friendship, and too much desire of popularity.

In person Drake was low, but strongly made, "well favoured, fayre, and of a cheerefull countenance." He left no issue : his nephew was created a baronet by James I., and the title is still extant.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

(1552–1618)

VERY little is known concerning the youth of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was a younger son, descended of an ancient family, and was born at a farm called Hayes, near the mouth of the river Otter, in Devonshire, in the year 1552. He went to Oriel College, Oxford, at an early age, and gained high praise for the quickness and precocity of his talents. In 1569 he began his military career in the civil wars of France, as a volunteer in the Protestant cause. It is conjectured that he remained in France for more than six years, and returned to England in 1576. Soon after he repaired to the Netherlands, and served as a volunteer against the Spaniards. In such schools, and under such leaders as Coligni and the Prince of Orange, Raleigh's natural aptitude for political and military science received the best nurture ; but he was soon drawn from the war in Holland by a pursuit which had captivated his imagination from an early age—the prosecution of dis-

covery in the New World. In conjunction with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a man of courage and ability, and a skilful sailor, he made an unsuccessful attempt to establish a colony in North America. Returning home in 1579, he immediately entered the Queen's army in Ireland, and served with good esteem for personal courage and professional skill, until the suppression of the rebellion in that country. He owed his introduction to court, and the personal favor of Elizabeth, as is traditionally reported, to a fortunate and well-improved accident, which is too familiar to need repetition here. It is probable, however, that his name and talents were not unknown, for we find him employed almost immediately in certain matters of diplomacy.

Among the cares and pleasures of a courtier's life, Raleigh preserved his zeal for American discovery. He applied his own resources to the fitting out of another expedition in 1583, under command of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, which proved more unfortunate than the former one; two out of five vessels returned home in consequence of sickness, and two were wrecked, including that in which the admiral sailed; and the only result of the enterprise was the taking possession of Newfoundland in the name of England. Still Raleigh's desire for American adventure was not damped. The continent northward of the Gulf of Florida was at this time unknown. But Raleigh, upon careful study of the best authorities, had concluded that there was good reason for believing that a considerable tract of land did exist in that quarter; and with the assent of the Queen in council, from whom he obtained letters patent, granting to himself and his heirs, under certain reservations, property in such countries as he should discover, with a right to provide for their protection and administration, he fitted out two ships, which sailed in April, 1584. The first land which they made was an island named Okakoke, running parallel to the coast of North Carolina. They were well received by the natives, and returned to England in the following autumn, highly pleased. Nor was less satisfaction felt by Raleigh, or even by the Queen, who conferred on him the honor of knighthood, a title which was then in high esteem, inasmuch as it was bestowed by that wise princess with a most frugal and just discrimination. She also gave him a very lucrative mark of favor, in the shape of a patent for licensing the selling of wine throughout the kingdom; and she directed that the new country, in allusion to herself, should be called Virginia. Raleigh did not think it politic, perhaps was not allowed, to quit the court to take charge in person of his undertaking; and those to whom he entrusted the difficult task of directing the infant colony, appear to have been unequal to their office. It is not necessary to pursue the history of an enterprise which proved unsuccessful, and in which Sir Walter personally bore no share.

He showed his earnestness by fitting out several expeditions, which must have been a heavy drain upon his fortune. But he is said to have derived immense wealth from prizes captured from the Spaniards; and we may here observe that the lavish magnificence in dress, especially in jewels, for which Raleigh was remarkable, even in the gorgeous court of Elizabeth (his state dress is said to have been enriched with jewels to the value of £60,000), may be considered less as an extravagance, than as a safe and portable investment of treasure. A mind less active might have found employment more than enough in the variety of occupations which pressed upon it at home. He possessed a large estate, granted out of forfeited lands in Ireland; but this was always a source rather of expense than of profit, until, in 1601, he sold it to the Earl of Cork. He was Seneschal of the Duchies of Cornwall and Exeter, and held the wardenship of the Stannaries; and in 1586, as well as formerly in 1584, we find that he possessed a seat in Parliament. In 1587, the formidable preparation of the Spanish Armada withdrew the mind of Raleigh, as of all Englishmen, from objects of minor importance, to the defence of their country. He was a member of the council of war directed to prepare a general scheme of defence, and held the office of Lieutenant-General of Cornwall, in addition to the charge of the Isle of Portland; but as on this occasion he possessed no naval command, he was not actively engaged in the destruction of that mighty armament. In 1589 he served as a volunteer in the expedition of Norris and Drake to Portugal, of which some account has been given in the life of the latter. Nor were his labors unrewarded even in that unfortunate enterprise; for he captured several prizes, and received the present of a gold chain from the Queen, in testimony of her approbation of his conduct.

Soon after these events, Raleigh retired to his Irish property, being driven from court, according to some authorities, by the enmity of the Earl of Essex, then a young man just rising into favor. He there renewed a former intimacy with the poet Spenser, who, like himself, had been rewarded with a grant of land out of forfeited estates, and then resided at Kilcolman Castle. Spenser has celebrated the return of his friend in the beautiful pastoral, "Colin Clout's come home again;" and in that, and various passages of his works, has made honorable mention of the highly poetic spirit which enabled the "Shepherd of the Ocean," as he is there denominated, to appreciate the merit of the "Fairy Queen," and led him to promote the publication of it by every means in his power. The loss of Raleigh's court-favor, if such there were, could not have been of long duration on this occasion. But he incurred more serious displeasure in consequence of a private marriage contracted with Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of the Queen's maids of honor, a lady of beauty and accomplishments, who proved her worth and fidelity in the long train of misfortunes which beset the latter years of Raleigh's life. In consequence of this intrigue, he was committed to the Tower. One or two amusing anecdotes are related of the devices which he employed to obtain forgiveness, by working on that vanity which was the Queen's chief foible. He succeeded in appeasing his indignant mistress so far as to procure his release; and about the same time, in 1594, she granted to him the valuable manor

of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire ; but though she requited his services, she still forbade his appearance at court, where he now held the office of Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. Raleigh was peculiarly fitted to adorn a court by his imposing person, the graceful magnificence of his taste and habits, the elegance of his manners, and the interest of his conversation. These accomplishments were sure passports to the favor of Elizabeth ; and he improved to the utmost the constant opportunities of intercourse with her which his post afforded, insomuch that, except the Earls of Leicester and Essex, no one ever seems to have stood higher in her graces. But Elizabeth's jealousy on the subject of her favorites' marriages is well known, and her anger was lasting, in proportion to the value which she set on the incense of Raleigh's flattery. He retired, on his disgrace, to his new estate, in the improvement and embellishment of which he felt great interest. But though deeply alive to the beauties of nature, he had been too long trained to a life of ambition and adventure to rest contented in the tranquil routine of a country life ; and during this period of seclusion he again turned his thoughts to his favorite subject of American adventure, and laid the scheme of his first expedition to Guiana, in search of the celebrated El Dorado, the fabled seat of inexhaustible wealth. Having fitted out, with the assistance of other private persons, a considerable fleet, Raleigh sailed from Plymouth, February 6, 1595. He left his ships in the mouth of the river Orinoco, and sailed 400 miles into the interior in boats. It is to be recorded to his honor, that he treated the Indians with great kindness ; which, contrasted with the savage conduct of the Spaniards, raised so friendly a feeling toward him, that for years his return was eagerly expected, and at length was hailed with delight. The hardships of the undertaking, and the natural advantages of the country which he explored, are eloquently described in his own account of the "Discovery of Guiana." But the setting in of the rainy season rendered it necessary to return, without having reached the promised land of wealth ; and Raleigh reaped no other fruit of his adventure than a certain quantity of geographical knowledge, and a full conviction of the importance of colonizing and taking possession of the newly discovered region. This continued through life to be his favorite scheme ; but neither Elizabeth nor her successor could be induced to view it in the same favorable light.

On reaching England, he found the Queen still unappeased ; nor was he suffered to appear at court, and he complains in pathetic terms of the cold return with which his perils and losses were requited. But he was invested with a high command in the expedition of 1596, by which the Spanish fleet was destroyed in the harbor of Cadiz ; and to his judgment and temper in overruling the faulty schemes proposed by others, the success of that enterprise was chiefly due. Indeed, his services were perhaps too important, and too justly appreciated by the public, for his own interests ; for the great and general praise bestowed on him on this occasion tended to confirm a jealousy of long standing on the part of the commander-in-chief, the Earl of Essex ; and it was probably owing to that favorite's influence that Raleigh was still forbidden the Queen's presence.

Essex, and the Secretary of State, Sir Robert Cecil, regarded each other with mutual distrust and dislike. Cecil and Raleigh were connected by ties of common interest, and, as the latter supposed, of friendship. Still Raleigh found the interest of the minister too weak to serve his purpose, while the interest of the favorite was employed against him; and, as the only method of effecting his own restoration to the Queen's favor, he undertook to work a reconciliation between these two powerful rivals. In this he succeeded, to the great admiration of all spectators; and the fruit of his policy was seen in his re-admission to the execution of his official duties at court, June 1, 1597. In the following August he was appointed Rear Admiral in the expedition called the Island Voyage, of which Essex held the chief command. The slight successes which were obtained were again due to the military talents of Raleigh; the main objects of the voyage were lost through the Earl's inexperience.

From this time to the death of the Queen, Raleigh enjoyed an uninterrupted course of favor. Elizabeth was now old; Cecil took no steps to diminish the high esteem in which she held Sir Walter Raleigh, but he secretly labored to prejudice her successor against him, and he succeeded to his wish. Very soon after the accession of James I., Raleigh's post of captain of the guard was taken from him; and his patent of wines was revoked, though not without a nominal compensation being made. To complete his ruin, it was contrived to involve him in a charge of treason. Most writers have concurred in speaking of this passage of history as inexplicable; it is the opinion of the last historian of Raleigh, Mr. Tytler, that he has found sufficient evidence for regarding the whole plot as a device of Cecil, and he has supported this opinion by cogent arguments. Lord Cobham, a violent and ambitious but weak man, had engaged in private dealings with the Spanish ambassador, which brought him under the suspicion of the government. By a device of Cecil's (we here follow the account of Mr. Tytler) he was induced, in a fit of anger, and in the belief that Raleigh had given information against him, to accuse Sir Walter himself of being privy to a conspiracy against the government. This charge Cobham retracted, confirmed, and retracted again, behaving in so equivocal a manner, that no reliance whatever can be placed on any of his assertions. But as the King was afraid of Raleigh as much as the secretary hated him, this vague charge, unsupported by other evidence, was made sufficient to commit him to the Tower; and, after being plied with private examinations, in which nothing criminal could be elicited, he was brought to trial, November 17, 1603. For an account of that memorable scene we shall refer to Mr. Jardine's "Criminal Trials," Vol. I. It is reported to have been said by one of the judges who presided over it, on his death-bed, that "the justice of England had never been so degraded and injured as by the condemnation of Sir Walter Raleigh." The behavior of the victim himself was the object of universal admiration, for the tempered mixture of patience and noble spirit with which he bore the oppressive measure dealt to him. He had before been unpopular; but it was recorded by an eye-witness that "he behaved himself so worthily, so wisely, and so temper-

ately, that in half a day the mind of all the company was changed from the extremest hate to the extremest pity."

The sentence of death thus unfairly and disgracefully obtained was not immediately carried into execution. James was not satisfied with the evidence adduced on the trial; and believing at the same time that Raleigh had been plotting against him, he set his royal wit to dive into the mystery. Of the singular scene which the British Solomon devised it is not necessary to speak, since Raleigh was not an actor in it. But as no more evidence could be obtained against him, even by the King's sagacity, he was reprieved, and remanded to the Tower, where the next twelve years of his life were spent in confinement. Fortunately, he had never ceased to cultivate literature with a zeal not often found in the soldier and politician, and he now beguiled the tedium of his lot by an entire devotion to those studies which before had only served to diversify his more active and engrossing pursuits. Of his poetical talents we have already made short mention; to the end of life he continued the practice of pouring out his mind in verse, and there are several well-known and beautiful pieces expressive of his feelings in prison, and in the anticipation of immediate death; especially "The Lie," and the beautiful little poem called "The Pilgrimage." He also possessed a strong turn for mathematics, and studied them with much success in the society and under the guidance of his friend, Thomas Hariot, one of the most accomplished mathematicians of the age. Chemistry was another favorite pursuit, in which, according to the standard of his contemporaries, he made great progress. But the most important occupation of his imprisonment was the composition of the "History of the World." The work extends from the creation to the end of the second Macedonian war. Raleigh meant to bring it down to modern times; but the untimely death of Henry, Prince of Wales, for whose use it was composed, deprived him of the spirit to proceed with so laborious an undertaking. He enjoyed the confidence of that generous youth in a remarkable degree, and maintained a close correspondence with him on civil, military, and naval subjects. Several discourses on these topics, addressed to the prince, will be found in the editions of Raleigh's works. Henry repaid these services with sincere friendship and admiration; and we may presume that his adviser looked forward to that friendship, not only for a cessation of misfortune, but for a more brilliant period of favor and power than he had yet enjoyed. Fortunately, however, his patron's death was preceded by that of his arch-enemy, Cecil; and through the mediation of the Duke of Buckingham, Raleigh was released from the Tower in March, 1615; and obtained permission to follow up his long-cherished scheme of establishing a colony in Guiana, and working a gold mine, of which he had ascertained the existence and situation.

The results of this disastrous voyage must be shortly given. Raleigh sailed March 28, 1617, and reached the coast of Guiana in November following. Being himself disabled by sickness from proceeding farther, he despatched a party to the mine under the command of Captain Keymis, an officer who had served in the former voyage to Guiana. But during the interval which had elapsed

since Raleigh's first discovery of that country, the Spaniards had extended their settlements into it, and in particular had built a town called Santa Thome, in the immediate neighborhood of the mine in question. James, with his usual duplicity, while he authorized the expedition, revealed every particular connected with it to the Spanish ambassador. The English, therefore, were expected in the Orinoco, and preparation had been made for repelling them by force. Keymis and his men were unexpectedly attacked by the garrison of Santa Thome, and a sharp contest ensued, in which the English gained the advantage, and burnt the town. In this action Raleigh's eldest son was killed. The Spaniards still occupied the passes to the mine, and after an unsuccessful attempt to dislodge them, Keymis abandoned the enterprise and returned to the ships. Raleigh's correspondence expresses in affecting terms his grief and indignation at this double misfortune: the loss of a brave and promising son, and the destruction of the hopes which he had founded on this long-cherished adventure. On his return to England, he found himself marked out for a victim to appease the resentment of the Spanish Court, to which he had long been an object of fear and hatred.

His conduct abroad had already been closely scrutinized, in the hope of finding some act of piracy, or unauthorized aggression against Spain, for which he might be brought to trial. Both these hopes failing, and his death, in compliment to Spain, being resolved on, it was determined to carry into effect the sentence passed fifteen years before, from which he had never been legally released; and a warrant was accordingly issued to the judges, requiring them to order execution. He insisted on the nature of his late commission, and on that plea being overruled, submitted with his usual calmness and dignity. The execution, with indecent haste, was ordered to take place on the following morning. In this last stage of life, his greatness of mind shone with even more than its usual lustre. Calm, and fearless without bravado, his behavior and speech expressed the piety and resignation of a Christian, with the habitual coolness of one who has braved death too often to shrink at its approach. His farewell to his faithful wife was manly, tender, and most affecting. The accounts of his deportment on the scaffold effectually refute the charges of irreligion and atheism, which some writers have brought against him, unless we make up our minds to believe him an accomplished hypocrite. He spoke at considerable length, and his dying words have been faithfully reported. They contain a denial of all the serious offences laid to his charge, and express his forgiveness of those even who had betrayed him under the mask of friendship. After delivering this address, and spending some time in prayer, he laid his head on the block, and breathing a short private prayer, gave the signal to the executioner. Not being immediately obeyed, he partially raised his head, and said, "What dost thou fear? Strike, man!" and underwent the fatal blow without shrinking or alteration of position. He died in his sixty-sixth year.

Raleigh sat in several Parliaments, and took an active part in the business of the house. His speeches, preserved in the Journals, are said by Mr. Tytler to be remarkable for an originality and freedom of thought far in advance of the

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RALEIGH PARTING FROM HIS WIFE.

time. His expression was varied and animated, and his powers of conversation remarkable. His person was dignified and handsome, and he excelled in bodily accomplishments and martial exercises. He was very fond of paintings, and of music; and, in literature as in art, he possessed a cultivated and correct taste. He was one of those rare men who seem qualified to excel in all pursuits alike; and his talents were set off by an extraordinary laboriousness and capacity of application. As a navigator, soldier, statesman, and historian, his name is intimately and honorably linked with one of the most brilliant periods of British history.

MILES STANDISH*

By Elbridge S. Brooks

(1584–1656)

RELICS OF MILES STANDISH.

THREE hundred years ago the house of Standish was a notable one in England. The family had numerous possessions; their Lancashire estate of Duxbury Hall, in the shadow of Rivington Pike and the Pennine Hills, was pleasant and extensive, and there they had lived for generations, as there they live to-day. Of this Lancashire home was that John Standish, "squire to the king," who killed Wat Tyler, the agitator, on that memorable June day of 1381 when the boy-king of England, Richard the Second, so pluckily faced his rebellious subjects on the plain of Smithfield; of it was that Sir John Standish who fought under the leopard-banner of King Edward at the stone mill of Crécy; and of it was that gallant soldier Miles Standish, the Puritan captain, the first commissioned military officer of New England, famous in American history, song, and story, as the stay and bulwark of the Pilgrims of Plymouth in their days of struggle and beginning.

Miles Standish (or Myles, as the old spelling has it) was born in Lancashire, presumably in the family manor house of Duxbury Hall, in the year 1584. The story of his life is simple. The absolute facts upon which it is based are meagre, but enough is known to warrant the assertion that Miles Standish was heir to the name and estates of the Standishes of Lancashire, from which, by some device not on record, he was, as he sturdily maintained in his will, "surreptitiously" defrauded.

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At the beginning of the seventeenth century the provinces of the Netherlands were battling for life against the tyranny of Spain. The Protestant Elizabeth of England gave help and support to the Protestant Stadtholder Maurice, and many of her fighting men carried pike or arquebus at the sack of Cadiz, fought at Nieuport and Ostend, or served the guns in the great sea-fight off Gibraltar that, in 1607, broke the power of Spain. Among these fighting-men was young Miles Standish, and he fought so stoutly and to such good purpose that, before he was twenty-one he had attained the rank and title of captain, and was known to Englishmen in the Low Countries as a brave and gallant soldier. In 1609 came the twelve years' truce between tired Spain and not less wearied Holland, that gave way in 1621 to the stubborn and bloody Thirty Years' War. It was, probably, in the early years of this truce that Captain Miles Standish, a born fighter, went back to England to battle for his heritage. Not being the match for the law men in England that he was for Spanish dons in Holland, he was forced to retire from the unequal contest, defeated but not conquered. This belief in his rights to the inheritance of the Standishes he sturdily maintained to the last; for, dying forty years after in the new land his sword had helped to conquer and his wisdom to found, he left by his last will and testament unto his son and heir, Alexander: "Ormistic, Bonsconge, Wrightington, Maudeslay, and the estates in the Isle of Man"—none of which he nor his descendants were ever to occupy or hold.

It was after this unsuccessful struggle for his heritage that he crossed again to Holland and, from some cause not apparent—perhaps his disgust at English law, perhaps the attractions of one who, later, became Mistress Rose Standish, may supply the motive—settled among the self-exiled English folk in Leyden who, because of religious differences with the established Church, had left their English homes and, calling themselves Pilgrims because of their wanderings, had made a settlement in the Dutch city of Leyden, "fair and beautiful and of a sweet situation."

Although not of the religious faith and following of the Pilgrims of Leyden —indeed the story runs that the fiery little captain had been, at one time, a Romanist—he must have been settled among them for years, for, on the eve of their emigration to America, we find him as one of their leaders, accepted and commissioned as the military adviser of the colonists. The time of his life in Leyden was one of religious unrest in Europe; and in Holland, during that twelve years' truce with Spain, the theological disputes between Calvinists and Arminians ran so high as to bring John of Barneald to the scaffold, and to drive Grotius the scholar into exile. These days of stern dispute may have had their influence on the sturdy English soldier living in the midst of Dutch life and Dutch disputations, and made him lean to the side of Puritanism, even if never openly avowing it as his religious faith. It is, indeed, a singular fact that the mainstay and chief protector of the first Puritan colonists of America was neither of their communion nor of their connection, and is openly censured by Puritan writers as one who, so says Hubbard, "had been a soldier in the Low Countries and had never en-

tered the school of our Saviour Christ or of John the Baptist." But his companions and associates seem not to have permitted the dissociation to have had special weight with them. They gladly welcomed Captain Standish and his wife, Rose, among the little company of exiles that set out from Delft Haven for Virginia, and gave their names place on that memorable passenger list of the little schooner Mayflower, which, leaving the harbor of old Plymouth, in England, in September, 1620, finally dropped anchor in the harbor of new Plymouth, in New England, in December following.

From the outset of this novel "adventure"—itself a turning-point in American history—this soldier of fortune was given place and prominence in the councils of a community which seems to have enlisted his support, not so much on its religious as on its adventurous side; and to this "dissenter from dissent" was intrusted the defence of a company of religious enthusiasts, sailing upon what they deemed a divine mission, only in the practical side of which did their military adviser find occupation or interest.

The up-bringing of Miles Standish had been such as to fit him for leadership, and this he assumed early in the history of the enterprise. Even on the deck of the Mayflower, he was recognized as one whose counsels were wise and whose actions were inspiring, and when in the cabin of the Mayflower, in the harbor of Provincetown, the famous compact was drawn up, said to be "the first written constitution in the world," the bold signature of "Myles Standish" was the clearest of the forty-one Pilgrim autographs that were affixed to that famous document. It was Captain Standish who, with his sixteen "well-armed men," made a thorough exploration of the Provincetown peninsula; he organized and headed the party of observation which, later, sailed the shallop and marched with watchful eyes along the shores of Cape Cod, seeking the best place for settlement; and, on December 6th following, he sailed with a picked party across Massachusetts Bay and, in much peril and with many adventures, spied out the land and determined upon the harbor of Plymouth as the best spot for permanent settlement. It was to Captain Standish's knowledge as to the best locations and to his skill as a surveyor, that the colonists were indebted for the selection of their town site and the laying-out of their town; as, later, the same skill came in play when were laid out the new towns that followed after the Plymouth beginnings. Through all that dreary and dreadful first winter, when half their number died, Captain Standish was their mainstay, as one whose word was ever reassuring and whose arm was as ready for protection as was his brain for planning methods of defence. Though his wife, Mistress Rose Standish, was one of the early victims of that bitter winter of death, his courage never faltered, his vigilance never slackened. And when, in the midst of all the peril and suffering, in February, 1621, Miles Standish was appointed military captain of the colony, confidence was restored and courage renewed in the bosoms of that suffering but heroic and indomitable band; so that when spring came and the Mayflower sailed for England, not one of the settlers returned in her, nor would desert the cause to which they had pledged themselves.

It is customary to credit the final success of the Pilgrims of Plymouth to the religious element that held sway over them, making them patient, persistent, uncompromising, faithful, and earnest. But the wisdom of Carver, the genius of Bradford, the fervor of Brewster, the zeal of Winslow, would have been of small avail had they not been backed by the decision, the resolution, the courage, the constancy, and the forethought of their brave captain, Miles Standish, "the John Smith of New England" as he has been called, the man of helpful measures and of iron nerves, who could "hew down forests and live on crumbs."

From first to last he was the loyal supporter and trusty defender of the Plymouth colony. No danger unnerved him, no duty staggered him. With but eight men he started out, in 1623, to overawe and subdue the Indians of Massachusetts—then an unknown and perplexing quantity; single-handed he checked the conspiracy at Weymouth and turned the tables upon the savage plotters, by himself assassinating the assassins—a deed that saved the colony from Indian massacre, but called forth the mild protest of the Pilgrim preacher at Leyden, Mr. Robinson, who wrote of it: "Concerning the killing of these poor Indians, oh! how happy a thing had it been, if you had converted some before you had killed any. . . . Let me be bold to exhort you seriously to consider of the disposition of your captain, whom I love. There is cause to fear that by occasion, especially of provocation, there may be wanting (in him) that tenderness of the life of man which is meet." But the Pilgrims of Plymouth seem not to have questioned the decisive measures of the man who knew when and how to act in their defence. Alone he faced the roystering Morton at Merrymount, unarming that vaporing rebel and putting his riotous colony upon its good behavior. He led out the forty men of Plymouth enlisted for the Pequot War, headed the expedition that in 1635, sailed against the encroaching French in Penobscot Bay, and, as late as 1653, when "very auncient and full of dolorous paines," expressed himself as ready to take the command intrusted to him when the colony forces were about to enter upon a struggle for the right of occupation of the Connecticut country with the Dutch colonists of Manhattan.

He never refused any burden however heavy nor shirked any duty however onerous; he cheerfully yielded obedience to the civil power, never exceeding his orders, nor rashly assuming responsibilities, nor leading his men upon unwise ventures. While always the military commander of the colony, his counsel and help were counted as equally valuable in matters of administration. He served repeatedly as one of the governor's council; he was at one time assistant-governor or deputy, and, from 1644 to 1649, was treasurer of the Plymouth colony. He went to England as the envoy of the colonists in 1625, and in the midst of plague, of evil times and of bitter jealousies, withstood the tyranny of the London traders who owned the Pilgrims' labor; and braving both heavy debt and the possibility of censure, bought out the traders' rights in the name of his associates.

The personal descriptions of this remarkable man that have come down to us, show him as a man of small stature, quick-tempered, choleric, sturdy and bluff. "As a little chimney is soon fired," wrote the Puritan historian Hubbard,

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DEPARTURE OF THE MAYFLOWER.

"so was the Plymouth captain, a man of very little stature, yet of a very hot and angry temper." And yet his relations with such men as the noble Bradford, the blameless Brewster, the politic Winslow, were so close and of so personal a character that one can hardly accept unquestioningly the story of his hot and unreasoning temper. He was a soldier and a fighter; but he loved peace and quiet, and his life was full of friendly offices and of kindly deeds. On Nantasket Beach he built the first "house of refuge" and life-saving station in America. He was a gentle nurse in the winter of sickness, a friend and adviser to those in trouble or distress, a loving father in the days when parents were not unfrequently tyrants, and a forgiving spirit, as the old story of his famous "courtship" (with sufficient foundation to warrant its acceptance) amply proves.

The communism of the early Pilgrim days gave place in time to personal possession and, as the colony grew, certain of those who had been leaders desired more extended holdings. Captain Standish was one of these, and despite his friend Bradford's protests, he moved across the bay and in 1632 occupied a large and fertile stretch north of Plymouth, to which, still clinging to his old claim of a stolen heritage, he gave the name of Duxbury. Here in the midst of peaceful pursuits, but ever ready to obey the colony's call for counsel or for leadership, he lived for over twenty years, dying October 3, 1656, at the age of seventy-two.

A notable figure in American history, Miles Standish is a type of that mingled spirit of adventure, liberty, and distrust that impelled emigration across the sea and, combined with the uncompromising stand for freedom of conscience, founded and up-built the Pilgrim Colony of Plymouth.

His existence among these Pilgrims is in itself an anomaly. But it is one of those strange associations and unfaltering friendships that have left their mark for good upon the world since the days when the Roman fighting-man stood stanchly by the side of the Christian proselyte even to the death.

Tradition says that Miles Standish was buried between two pointed stones in the graveyard of South Duxbury, but the question of his burial-place is still unsettled. The tall shaft, rising from the crest of Captain's Hill in Duxbury, and surmounted with a statue of the famous colonial captain, fitly commemorates a life that has won a place in the American heart that only grows stronger and more enduring as time goes on.

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Edward S. Brooks

ALBRECHT VON WALLENSTEIN

By Henry G. Hewlett

(1583–1634)

The declaration of the great founder of Christianity that he "came not to bring peace, but a sword," receives its completest justification in the history of Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Ignorant of the constitution of the human mind, and blind to the absurdity of attempting to enforce opinion, the adherents of the old and of the reformed faith, during these two hundred years, scarcely sheathed their swords. The offenders, it is just to say, were generally, but by no means invariably, the Catholics; and the retaliation of the Protestants was seldom inferior in ferocity to the offence received. The "Thirty Years' War" was the bloodiest, as happily it was the last, scene in this great religious tragedy. The greatest Catholic leader of this period was Wallenstein.

After a term of peace, consequent on the Diet of Augsburg in 1555, which secured toleration to Protestantism in Germany, persecution recommenced in 1578, under the weak Emperor Rudolph II. His cousin Ferdinand, Duke of Styria, a pupil of the Jesuits, was the most deadly foe of Protestantism, which had taken deepest root in Bohemia and Transylvania. The incapacity and bigotry of the emperor at last provoked his subjects to bring about his deposition, and, in 1610, he was forced to abdicate in favor of his brother Matthias. He, though himself tolerant, unwisely committed the government to Ferdinand, whose tyranny in ordering the destruction of the Protestant churches in Bohemia, led to the expulsion of his officers and the Jesuits, in May, 1618, and the commencement of the Thirty Years' War. Matthias died in the following year, and Ferdinand was elected emperor.

In 1619 the name of Wallenstein first became prominent. Albrecht von Waldstein, as he was properly called, was the third son of a Bohemian baron, of old family, and was born in September, 1583. As a boy, he displayed signs of a singularly proud and independent temper, and foreshowed his bent by the delight which he took in the society of military men. His family was Protestant; but having lost his parents when quite young, he was educated, by the

wish of his guardians, at the Jesuit college of Olmutz, and soon changed his faith. In Italy, where he next studied, he made great advances in mathematics, law, languages, and the delusive science of astrology, in which he was a firm believer ever afterward. On his return to Germany, he fought in the imperial army against the Turks, who invaded Hungary. He had considerable estates in Bohemia, which were increased by his marriage, in 1606, with a rich Moravian widow, who died in 1614, and left him her property. In the peaceful occupation of farming he spent several years, and acquired great wealth by his skill and economy. In 1617, he took part in a campaign against the republic of Venice, with which Ferdinand had quarreled, and, on the termination of the war in the same year, was ennobled as Count. The lavish generosity of Wallenstein during this war greatly endeared him to the army.

Such was his popularity that in 1619, on the Bohemian revolution breaking out, he was offered by the insurgents the command of their army, although a Catholic. But he steadily refused the offer, and warmly espoused the imperial cause, upon which the Bohemians confiscated his estates. He, however, soon retrieved his fortunes by a second rich marriage, and the favor of the emperor. The Bohemians, under their heroic leaders, the Counts von Mansfeldt and Thurn, ventured to march upon Vienna, and threaten Ferdinand in his capital; but Wallenstein, on June 10, 1619, gained a signal victory over their army, and saved his master's throne. In the following year the Bohemians and Hungarians formally renounced their allegiance; the former setting up Frederick, Elector-Count Palatine of the Rhine, as their king; and the latter, Bethlem Gabor, Prince of Transylvania. Frederick, who was the son-in-law of James I. of England, was as unfit to govern as his father-in-law, and spent his time in a frivolous parade of his rank. He obtained but a doubtful support from the Protestant princes in Germany, who were jealous of his popularity. Ferdinand, assisted by Spain and other Catholic powers, sent a large force into Bohemia, under the command of Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, and totally routed Frederick's army at Prague,—the king fleeing to Breslau, and thence to Holland. The Palatinate was then declared forfeited to the Empire, and was devastated by the Spanish commander, Spinola. Wallenstein, during this campaign, spent his treasures in the imperial cause with the utmost readiness and liberality, and obtained as a reward the lordship of Friedland, which brought him a large revenue. To this he added by the purchase of several forfeited estates in Bohemia, and thus became possessed of immense wealth. In 1621–23 he distinguished himself by defeating Bethlem Gabor, the new King of Hungary, and forcing him to surrender his claim to the crown. For this service Wallenstein was created Duke of Friedland.

A cruel persecution of the Protestants in Bohemia and Silesia dishonored the emperor's success; and the attempt of his officers in Austria to suppress Lutheranism by force, produced a revolution in 1625. It was put down by the energy of Tilly and Pappenheim, two of the greatest generals of their day. The Count von Mansfeldt gallantly upheld the Protestant cause in Westphalia, and other parts of Germany, but was defeated by Tilly, who imposed Catholi-

cism upon all the revolted provinces. In their despair the German Protestants applied for aid to their northern brethren. Gustavus Adolphus, the young and brave King of Sweden, an ardent champion of the Reformed faith, and Christian, King of Denmark, responded to their appeal,—the latter immediately invading the Empire. The imperial finances being considerably reduced by the war, Ferdinand was glad to avail himself of an offer made at this crisis by Wallenstein, to levy an army at his own cost. This offer was abundantly fulfilled. In a few months an army of 30,000 men was collected, as if by magic. Wallenstein was enviously suspected of being in league with the devil, but the secret of his sway was the fascination of his bold and generous nature. He maintained at once thorough toleration, and strict discipline in his ranks. These results, however, were not attained without injustice. Contributions were levied on the most fertile districts, as yet undesolated by war, to the extent, as it is said, of $60,000,000 in seven years. His popularity with the army procured him the jealousy of Tilly, who, in the campaign of 1625–26, outrivalled him, by successfully combating the invasion of Christian and his Danish forces, and driving them beyond the Elbe. Wallenstein, nevertheless, in the following campaign, won his laurels, both as a statesman and a general, by his intrigues and conquests. Displaying the greatest ardor in the cause of the Empire, he attempted to render it an absolute despotism. After routing Count Mansfeldt on the Elbe, he marched into Hungary, and defeated the united armies of the count and Bethlem Gabor. Christian of Denmark having assembled a new army in 1628, Wallenstein marched to meet it; and, by a series of brilliant successes, recaptured all the towns garrisoned by the Danes, and forced the king to sue for peace. At the Congress of Lubeck, in May, 1629, this was accorded on favorable terms to Denmark. Wallenstein during these campaigns astonished his compeers, and excited their envy, by the wondrous rapidity of his movements, and the skill with which he surmounted difficulties that seemed insuperable. He was rewarded with the duchy of Mecklenburg, which was forfeited to the Empire by the treason of its former owner.

The envious schemes of Tilly and Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, induced Ferdinand to remove Wallenstein from his rank of commander in 1630. He had hardly withdrawn to his Bohemian estates, when Gustavus Adolphus, who had been hitherto prevented from affording active assistance to the Protestant party, landed in Pomerania with a small but highly disciplined army. This illustrious monarch, eminent for virtue and piety, no less than for political wisdom and military skill, was now the sole hope of the Reformation in Germany. The princes who professed its tenets were lukewarm and unready,—divided by jealousies among themselves, and careless of all but their own worldly interests. He, on the contrary, was devoted to the cause of his faith, and his solemn disavowal of personal ambition in undertaking its championship is stamped with sincerity.

He soon commenced a career of conquest. New Brandenburg and other districts yielded to his arms, and he formed an alliance with France, now under the sway of Cardinal Richelieu, which the emperor had vainly negotiated to prevent.

The rich city of Magdeburg declared for him, and was accordingly besieged by Tilly. The selfishness of the Lutheran leaders, the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony, in not responding to the appeal of the Protestants in the city, led to its fall in 1631, before Gustavus could reach it. The most atrocious cruelties were perpetrated by the Catholics at the sack ; no consideration of age or sex availing to prevent the massacre, which lasted for two days, and extended to 30,000 of the inhabitants. This monstrous crime was severely avenged by the indignant Gustavus. He forced the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony to render him assistance, and, with an augmented army, hesitated not to give battle to Tilly at Leipsic, and defeated him September 7, 1631. The Protestants took courage and joined Gustavus in great numbers. He continued his victorious march, defeating the enemy at Merseberg, capturing Wurzburg, then advancing on the Rhine, and reducing on the way Frankfort-on-the-Main, Mentz, Spires, Mannheim, and other cities. He next turned to Bavaria, where Tilly and Maximilian entrenched themselves at Rain-on-the-Lech. The former was killed by a cannon-ball during the siege, in 1632. Gustavus marched through Augsburg, where the citizens did him homage, and besieged Munich, which speedily surrendered. He now threatened to subdue Bavaria and Austria, when his progress was stopped from an unexpected quarter.

The emperor, justly mistrusting the loyalty of Maximilian, who was in league with France, now saw himself deprived of his ablest generals, and felt his power failing. He turned to Wallenstein as the only man who could save the Empire. That leader was meantime living in retirement, and secretly glad of the success of Gustavus. He refused at first to take the command of the imperial army, and only consented at last on condition of having sole and absolute authority, with the right of disposing as he pleased of his conquests. These humiliating terms were accepted by Ferdinand, and in a few months after the death of Tilly, Wallenstein was in the field with a large and powerful army, raised, as before, by his own exertions. He drove the Saxons from Bohemia, and thence marched to Leipsic, which capitulated. At Nuremberg, where Gustavus offered him battle, he wisely refused, and for three months the two camps remained close to each other, each general trying to exhaust the patience of his adversary, and relying on the destructive effects of famine and pestilence. Gustavus was forced to withdraw, after losing 20,000 men ; a yet heavier loss, nevertheless, having befallen Wallenstein, whose numbers were better able to bear it.

Gustavus marched southward, but soon returned to attack Wallenstein, who had moved northward, and was pillaging the neighborhood of Leipsic. The two armies met at Lutzen on November 6, 1632. A dense fog shrouded the movements of each side from the other, and created a fearful confusion. Wallenstein ranged his infantry in squares, having a ditch in front, and flanked by his cavalry. Gustavus headed his men and charged the enemy across the ditch. But his own infantry was borne down by the black cuirassiers of Wallenstein, and, as he turned to attack them, the thick fog concealed their approach. His horse was wounded, and he himself had his arm broken. In moving off the field he was

shot in the back, and falling from his saddle was dragged in the stirrup. He fell into the hands of the cuirassiers, one of whom, as the Swedes came up to the succor of their king, shot him through the head. His corpse was discovered after the battle, and honorably buried. The death of their king caused the deepest affliction to the Swedes, but aroused instead of enfeebling their courage. A charge of the Duke of Weimar, one of the Protestant leaders, threw Wallenstein's infantry and cavalry into disorder. An attempt of the Imperialist General Pappenheim, who now came up with a reserve to retrieve the battle, was for a time successful. But as the tide of fortune seemed turning against the Swedes, a reserve of their own army made a last desperate charge, carried the ditch which protected Wallenstein's infantry, and won the day; the Imperialists fleeing in all directions and their great leader escaping into Bohemia.

This defeat was the death-blow to Wallenstein's fortunate career. The Swedes continued to carry on the war successfully under the able minister of Gustavus, Oxenstiern, and the valiant Duke of Weimar. Meantime Wallenstein, after some slight victories in Saxony and Silesia, remained inactive. He at the same time assumed an air of extreme pride and self-sufficiency, which exasperated his enemies and gave occasion for their slanders. He was accused to Ferdinand of designing to seize the Empire,—a charge which seemed the more credible, on account of an offer having been made by France to assist him in obtaining the Bohemian crown. This proposition, however, he had firmly refused. The emperor's intention of removing him from the command of the army having reached his ears, he declared he would resign, but was persuaded to remain by his officers, who at a great banquet, all, with wild and perhaps drunken enthusiasm, signed a promise of inviolable attachment to his person. This, too, was interpreted by his enemies as a conspiracy against the emperor. His destruction was resolved on by the Duke of Bavaria and others, among whom an Italian mercenary general, named Piccolomini, was the most perfidious and savage. A plot was formed against him by certain traitors among his own officers,—the names of Devereaux, Butler, Gordon, and Leslie, to the shame of their nations, appearing in the list.

On February 25, 1634, an entertainment was given to the whole body of officers by Gordon, who commanded the castle of Eger, where Wallenstein was residing. He himself being indisposed, had retired from the table to his chamber. He was roused by loud cries proceeding from the mess-room, where his faithful officers were being murdered by the traitors. He opened the window to inquire the cause of the disturbance, when Devereaux entered, with thirty Irishmen at his back. The cowards shrank at the sight of their great general, standing calm and stern, unarmed, and at their mercy. But Devereaux, a callous and brutal soldier, in a moment stepped forward, and cried: "Art thou the traitor who wilt ruin the Empire?" Wallenstein did not speak, but opened his arms, as if to accept the blow which was aimed at his heart. He was slain at the age of fifty-one. His wealth was chiefly shared among his enemies.

Though undoubtedly ambitious and intriguing, Wallenstein's alleged treach-

SHOLZ PINXIT

WALLENSTEIN'S LAST BANQUET.

ery to the emperor, whom he kept informed of all his schemes, has never been proved, and by many recent historians is disbelieved. He fell a victim to the jealousy of his rivals, which he augmented by his own pride. His fall, however, reflects lasting disgrace on the character of the Emperor Ferdinand, and was justly avenged by the subsequent humiliation of the German Empire.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS*

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen

(1594–1632)

There is a theory which has much currency nowadays, that the great man, being a product of his century, exerts an influence upon his age which is but vanishing, compared to the influence which the age exerts upon him. The great man is, according to this view, personally of small account, except in so far as the tendencies and ideas which are fermenting in the age find their expression in him. He does not so much shape the events as he is shaped and moulded by them.

There is scarcely a hero to be found in all the annals of history who is better qualified to refute this theory than the Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus. It would be futile to assert, of course, that he was an isolated phenomenon, who sprang like Jonah's luxuriant gourd out of the arid sands of the desert. No, he had deep and intricate roots in the past of his race and in the soil of his fatherland. But yet, how far are all the influences which we can trace, from accounting for the forceful energy, the clear-sighted sagacity, and the dominant genius of the man! As far as we can judge at this distance, his personality was the mightiest element that entered into the dénouement of that bloody world-drama, the Thirty Years' War. Had he been other than he was, had he been a man of less heroic mould, it would seem that Protestantism must have perished in Central Europe, or been confined, at least, to England and the Scandinavian North. The rights of conscience and individual judgment, for which Luther and his co-reformers had fought so valiantly, would then have succumbed to the power of authority, as embodied in the

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Papacy and the Catholic League; and Germany, after its mighty effort at release, would have lapsed back into the Middle Ages. To few men the opportunity is offered to exercise such a far-reaching influence upon the history of mankind; but fewer still are those who see its full significance, and seeing it, seize it, and without one look behind march into the storm and stress of world-shaping events.

Gustavus Adolphus was born December 9, 1594. He was the son of King Charles IX. of Sweden, and the grandson of the renowned Gustavus Vasa. He was a precocious child, and it is told (though it appears rather incredible) that at the age of twelve he spoke Latin, French, German, Dutch, and Italian with great fluency, besides having a superficial acquaintance with Polish and Russian. There can be no doubt, however, that he was well taught, and that he possessed a remarkable facility in acquiring languages. For all that, he was far from being a bookish boy. In riding, fencing, and all chivalrous accomplishments he took a lively interest and exhibited much skill. It was in stormy times that his boyhood fell, Sweden being at that time involved in frequent wars, and his father, in order to train him in the duties of a military commander, took him early into his camp and made him share his campaigns. Many of the famous captains of that day who had fought in the Low Countries and in France, were made welcome at the Swedish court; and the favorite pastime of the young Gustavus was to question them concerning the battles, sieges, and military exploits in which they had been engaged.

When Charles IX. died, in 1611, Gustavus, being then seventeen years old, was declared to be of age and succeeded to the throne. There was need of an able and resolute man to cope with the many difficulties which sprang up round about him. In the first place there was one war with Denmark, already raging; the strained relations with Russia and Poland threatened to precipitate two more. Norway, which was then united with Denmark under the same king, was also jealous of Sweden; and the Norwegian peasantry destroyed at Kringelen, in Guldbrandsdal, an army of Scottish mercenaries, under the command of Colonel Sinclair, which was marching to the relief of Gustavus. The Danes had occupied two important Swedish cities, Calmar and Elfsborg, and being determined to utilize their advantages to the full, repelled all overtures for peace. It was of no avail that Gustavus renounced his title of King of the Laplanders, the assumption of which by his father had been one of the causes of the war. Christian IV., of Denmark, continued to push hostilities with unflagging vigor, and several battles were fought with varying fortunes. In 1612, he set sail with a fleet of thirty-six vessels for Stockholm, intending to capture the city. The Swedish fleet, being much inferior in numbers, was forced to retire under shelter of the fortress of Waxholm, which guards the access to the capital. In this dire dilemma, Gustavus strained every nerve to avert the threatened disaster. With a small force, chiefly of Dalecarlians, he marched day and night, and hastened to Waxholm in the hope of surprising the Danish fleet which had been detained by adverse winds. But the enemy, being probably informed of his approach, saw

that their opportunity for capturing the capital was gone, and returned again to their own coast. Negotiations were now resumed and peace was concluded in 1613. The Danes were to surrender Calmar immediately and Elfsborg at the end of six years; the Swedes agreeing to pay a war indemnity of one million thalers.

The war with Russia, which Gustavus had inherited from his father, had of late been in a state of suspension. The Swedes had occupied a large amount of Russian territory, in which were several strong fortresses. In the confusion which reigned as to the succession, after the extinction of the ancient house of Rurik, there was a capital chance of fishing in troubled waters. A strong party in Russia desired to elect a Swedish prince as sovereign, and actually sent an embassy to Stockholm to offer the throne to Charles Philip, a younger brother of Gustavus. But the king did not favor this plan. For four years he continued the war and secured important advantages. But what was more valuable than territorial gains, he acquired a wide experience in strategy and the conduct of campaigns, a habit of dealing promptly with large questions, and a sharpened judgment of men. In February, 1617, the treaty of peace was signed, Russia ceding to Sweden a large territory on the east of the Baltic. Gustavus was now in a position to prosecute with greater energy the war with Poland. Sigismund III., of Poland, was the only son of King John III., of Sweden, and was, therefore, as a scion of the ancient royal house, the legitimate heir to the Swedish throne. But in the first place he was a Catholic; and in the second place, the house of Vasa, had by force of arms and with the support of the people, successfully asserted its right to the crown which Gustavus I. had won.

After repeated extensions of the armistice which by common consent prevailed, the King of Sweden resumed hostilities in July, 1621; and the war raged with varying success until September, 1629, when another armistice was concluded for six years. The chief result of this exhausting warfare was the stipulation which was agreed to, that liberty of conscience should be granted to Protestants and Catholics, and that the commerce between Poland and Sweden was declared free.

The renown of these wars, two of which had been brought to a triumphant issue, spread far over Europe; and the Protestant princes of Germany became aware that there was a great military captain of their own faith in the Scandinavian North. They were at that time sorely oppressed, the success of the imperial arms, under Tilly and Wallenstein, seeming to threaten the very existence of the Reformed Faith. The Emperor Ferdinand II. was carrying everything with a high hand after the defeat of King Christian IV. of Denmark, who, with more courage than success, had undertaken to champion the Protestant cause. It was in this desperate strait that all eyes turned toward the young King of Sweden. An appeal was sent to him for aid, in the name of their common religion; and Gustavus, after a brief hesitation, accepted the call. He had long watched with deep concern the war of devastation by which Wallenstein and the scarcely less terrible Tilly were seeking to destroy the fruits of the Reformation; and it is said that he had a clear presentiment that sooner or later he would be drawn

into the struggle. Leaving his domestic affairs in the hands of his friend, the Chancellor Oxenstiern, he embarked in June, 1630, with a force of but fifteen thousand men, for Germany, and landed on midsummer day on the island of Usedom, on the coast of Pomerania.

The Emperor Ferdinand professed to be much amused when he heard that Gustavus Adolphus had invaded his dominions.

"So we have got another kingling on our hands," he exclaimed mockingly. He was far from foreseeing what trouble he was to have for eighteen years to come, in getting that kingling and his troops off his hands.

Gustavus was the first to step upon the German soil, at the disembarkation; and in the sight of all his army he fell upon his knees and prayed for the blessing of God upon the vast enterprise which had been confided to him. As he arose from his prayer, he seized a spade and began instantly the work upon the intrenchments of the camp.

If his troops were few in number, it is not to be denied that they were excellent in quality. Many were hardened veterans from the king's earlier campaigns; among his recently acquired mercenaries there was a Scotch brigade, from which he drew many of his best officers. We hear much during the following years, of Hepburn, Seaton, Leslie, Mackay, and Monroe, whose names betray their Caledonian origin. You would have supposed now that the Protestant princes, having secured the aid of Gustavus, would have made haste to identify themselves with his cause and to reinforce him with money and troops. But, strange to relate, no sooner had he landed than they began to grow afraid of him and to ask themselves whether they might not after all, be able to make more tolerable terms with the emperor by the sacrifice of their religion, than with this foreign invader, who, if he was victorious, might dictate his own terms. Had they not, in other words, jumped from the frying-pan into the fire?

The two princes who had hitherto been the most prominent champions of Protestantism in Germany (though both half-hearted and pusillanimous shufflers) were Gustavus's brother-in-law, the Elector of Brandenburg, and the Elector of Saxony. They were now doing their best to wriggle out of their obligations, and by a shameful neutrality avert the emperor's displeasure. But they had reckoned without their host if they supposed that Gustavus would lend himself to such a scheme. The reply which he gave to Herr von Wilmerstorff, who had been sent to him by the Elector to urge an armistice, was refreshingly plain, while the argument which accompanied it was completely unanswerable. When nevertheless the Elector continued to resort to shilly-shallying and all sorts of ambiguous tactics, Gustavus lost his patience, marched his army to the gates of Berlin, and compelled him to make his choice of party once, for all. The treaty of alliance was then signed, on the Elector's part reluctantly and with a heavy heart; for these two brothers-in-law were so vastly different, that it was scarcely to be expected that they would be congenial. Gustavus, though he was not without personal ambition, was fired with noble zeal for the Protestant cause, and believed it worthy of any sacrifice, however great; while the Elector was only

bent on saving his own precious skin and extricating himself with the least possible damage from the dangerous situation in which he had been caught.

With the same promptness with which he had brought his brother-in-law of Brandenburg to terms, Gustavus forced the hand of the Elector of Saxony, who now overcame his scruples and sent him the needed reinforcements. An imperial army of forty thousand men, under the command of an Italian adventurer named Torquato Conti, had been sent against him, immediately on his landing in Pomerania, but no battle had been fought, and beyond laying waste the country the Imperialists had so far accomplished nothing. The emperor, who had predicted that "the Snow-king would melt under the rays of the Imperial sun," became alarmed at his successes and selected Tilly to stay his southward advance. This able and experienced general promptly assumed the command of the forces of the Catholic League, and in order to strike terror into the hearts of the Protestant princes, sacked and pillaged the city of Magdeburg in Lower Saxony, giving it over without restraint to devastation and ruin by the brutal soldiery. The horrors which were here enacted beggar description, and leave a hideous stain upon the page of history. Tilly himself, in announcing his success to the emperor, wrote: "Since the destruction of Troy and Jerusalem never has such a siege been seen."

Gustavus had, indeed, come too late to relieve Magdeburg, but the report of the unspeakable atrocities which that unhappy city had witnessed, fired his generous heart with wrath and an eager determination to punish a general so devoid of humanity. And the opportunity was soon to present itself. Advancing rapidly into Saxony, he met Tilly on the plains of Breitenfeld, near Leipsic, September 7, 1631; and not only defeated him, but utterly annihilated his army, scattering it like dust before the storm. He was now, until a new army could be raised, master of all Germany. Nothing apparently could have hindered him from marching on Vienna and dictating to the emperor his own terms of peace. It has been and is yet a matter of speculation, why Gustavus did not relentlessly follow up the results of this great victory, instead of going into winter quarters and affording Ferdinand and the discomfited princes of the League a chance of recovering from their utter demoralization. The answer is, no doubt, that he did not feel himself strong enough to lay siege to Vienna, without covering his rear and securing his base of supplies. He had always, like the good general he was, been careful to keep open a possible line of retreat. For the moment he was indeed irresistible. At Merseburg two thousand Imperialists were cut to pieces. Cities opened their gates to receive him. The Protestant population, in their ecstacy at his victories, were ready to worship him as a demigod. Proceeding southward to Nuremberg and Munich, he was met again by Tilly at the river Lech, where a brief battle was fought; Gustavus was again victorious and Tilly lost his life. This feat of crossing the Lech in the face of a hostile force is by military experts regarded as the greatest strategic feat of Gustavus.

In the meanwhile the emperor had not been idle. There was but one man whose name was potent enough to summon an army adequate for so perilous a

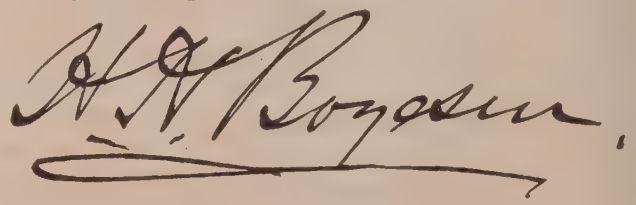
situation; and that man was Albrecht von Wallenstein. He was himself, too, fully aware of his preciousness and the terms which he exacted of Ferdinand were hard, not to say extortionate. Ferdinand II., however, had no choice but to accept them. It was not long before Gustavus became aware that Wallenstein, with an army which seemed to have risen out of the ground, was moving in his rear, resolved, apparently, to cut him off from his communication with Sweden. He had no alternative then but to return northward to face this new enemy. On the field of Lutzen in Saxony they met November 6, 1632. A thick mist covered the battle-field, and both armies tarried with the attack in the hope that it would lift. Toward noon, however, Gustavus made a brief address to his soldiers and knelt in prayer before them, whereupon all sang Luther's hymn, "Our God he is a fortress strong." Then the signal was given for the attack. The army of Gustavus, including his German allies, numbered from twenty to twenty-five thousand, and the Imperialists about thirty thousand. The king, who suffered from an imperfectly healed wound which he had received in the Polish war, found it painful to wear a cuirass; and on the morning of the day of Lutzen refused to put it on. "God is my armor," he said, and mounted his horse.

It was this sublime confidence in divine Providence which led him perhaps to expose himself overmuch. He led the attack in person. Before the battle was far advanced, a report reached him that his left wing was wavering. With prompt resolution he started across the field, but, mistaking the direction in the fog, found himself in the midst of a detachment of imperial cuirassiers. A pistol shot pierced his arm; but he still pressed on. Growing faint from pain and loss of blood, he turned to one of the German princes who accompanied him and said: "Cousin, lead me out of this tumult; for I am hurt."

But scarcely had he spoken, when a second shot hit him between the shoulders and he fell from his horse, dead.

The rumor instantly spread through the Swedish army that the king had been taken prisoner. The troops rushed like an avalanche upon the Imperialists, who wavered and gave way. In the end the victory was claimed by both sides, the advantage remaining however with the Swedes.

Gustavus Adolphus was a man of handsome appearance, tall of stature, and of most impressive presence. He was hot-tempered; but at the same time kindly, generous, and affable. He possessed all the qualities required of a military leader, and has justly been accounted one of the world's greatest generals. He was thirty-eight years old at the time of his death. Having no son, he was succeeded on the Swedish throne by his daughter Christina.



Ludwig Braun.

Photogravure, Hanfstaengl

MARSHAL TURENNE

(1611–1675)

HENRI DE LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE, Vicomte de Turenne, esteemed, after Napoleon, the greatest of French generals, was born September 16, 1611. He was the second son of the Duc de Bouillon, Prince of Sedan, and of Elizabeth of Nassau, daughter of the celebrated William of Orange, to whose courage and talents the Netherlands mainly owed their deliverance from Spain. Both parents being zealous Calvinists, Turenne was of course brought up in the same faith. Soon after his father's death, the duchess sent him, when he was not yet thirteen years old, into the Low Countries, to learn the art of war under his uncle, Maurice of Nassau, who commanded the troops of Holland in the protracted struggle between that country and Spain. Maurice held that there was no royal road to military skill, and placed his young relation in the ranks, as a volunteer, where for some time he served, enduring all hardships to which the common soldiers were exposed. In his second campaign he was promoted to the command of a company, which he retained for four years, distinguished by the admirable discipline of his men, by unceasing attention to the due performance of his own duty, and by his eagerness to witness, and become thoroughly acquainted with, every branch of service. In the year 1630, family circumstances rendered it expedient that he should return to France, where the Court received him with distinction, and invested him with the command of a regiment.

Four years elapsed before Turenne had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in the service of his native country. His first laurels were reaped in 1634, at the siege of the strong fortress of La Motte, in Lorraine, where he headed the assault, and, by his skill and bravery, mainly contributed to its success. For this exploit he was raised, at the early stage of twenty-three, to the rank of Maréchal de Camp, the second grade of military rank in France. In the following year, the breaking out of war between France and Austria opened a wider field of action. Turenne held a subordinate command in the army, which, under the Car-

dinal de la Valette, marched into Germany to support the Swedes, commanded by the Duke of Weimar. At first fortune smiled on the allies; but, ere long, scarcity of provisions compelled them to a disastrous retreat over a ruined country, in the face of the enemy. On this occasion the young soldier's ability and disinterestedness were equally conspicuous. He sold his plate and equipage for the use of the army; threw away his baggage to load the wagons with those stragglers who must otherwise have been abandoned; and marched on foot, while he gave up his own horse to the relief of one who had fallen, exhausted by hunger and fatigue. These are the acts which win the attachment of soldiers, and Turenne was idolized by his.

Our limits will not allow of the relation of those campaigns in which the subject of this memoir filled a subordinate part. In 1637–38 he again served under La Valette, in Flanders and Germany, after which he was made Lieutenant-general, a rank not previously existing in France. The three following years he was employed in Italy and Savoy, and in 1642 made a campaign in Roussillon, under the eye of Louis XIII. In the spring of 1643 the king died; and in the autumn of the same year Turenne received from the queen-mother and regent, Anne of Austria, a marshal's baton, the appropriate reward of his long and brilliant services. Four years a captain, four a colonel, three Maréchal de Camp, five lieutenant-general, he had served in all stations from the ranks upward, and distinguished himself in them not only by military talent, but by strict honor and trustworthiness; rare virtues in those turbulent times, when men were familiar with civil war, and the great nobility were too powerful to be peaceful subjects.

Soon after his promotion he was sent to Germany, to collect and reorganize the French army, which had been roughly handled at Duttlingen. It wanted rest, men, and money, and he settled it in good quarters, raised recruits, and pledged his own credit for the necessary sums. The effects of his exertions were soon seen. He arrived in Alsace, December, 1643, and in the following May was at the head of 10,000 men, well armed and equipped, with whom he felt strong enough to attack the Imperial army, and raise the siege of Fribourg. At that moment the glory which he hoped for, and was entitled to obtain, as the reward of five months' labor, was snatched from him by the arrival of the celebrated Prince de Condé, at that time Duc d'Enghien, to assume the command. The vexation which Turenne must have felt was increased by the difference of age (for the prince was ten years his junior), and of personal character. Condé was ardent and impetuous, and flushed by his brilliant victory at Rocroi the year before; Turenne, cool, calculating, and cautious, unwearied in preparing a certainty of success beforehand, yet prompt in striking when the decisive moment was come. The difference of their characters was exemplified upon this occasion. Merci, the Austrian commander, had taken up a strong position, which Turenne said could not be forced; but at the same time pointed out the means of turning it. Condé differed from him, and the second in command was obliged to submit. On two successive days two bloody and unsuccessful assaults were made;

on the third Turenne's advice was taken, and on the first demonstration of this change of plan Merci retreated. In the following year, ill supplied with everything, and forced to separate his troops widely to obtain subsistence, Turenne was attacked at Mariendal, and worsted by his old antagonist, Merci. This, his first defeat, he felt severely; still he retained his position, and was again ready to meet the enemy, when he received positive orders from Mazarin to undertake nothing before the arrival of Condé. Zealous for his country and careless of personal slights, he marched without complaint under the command of his rival; and his magnanimity was rewarded at the battle of Nordlingen, in 1645, where the centre and right wing having failed in their attack, Turenne, with the left wing, broke the enemy's right, and falling on his centre in flank, threw it into utter confusion. For this service he received the most cordial and ample acknowledgments from Condé, both on the field and in his despatches to the Queen Regent. Soon after, Condé, who was wounded in the battle, resigned his command into the hands of Turenne. The following campaigns of 1646–47–48 exhibited a series of successes, by means of which he drove the Duke of Bavaria from his dominions, and reduced the emperor to seek for peace. This was concluded at Munster in 1648, and to Turenne's exertions the termination of the Thirty Years' War is mainly to be ascribed.

The repose of France was soon broken by civil war. Mazarin's administration, oppressive in all respects, but especially in fiscal matters, had produced no small discontent throughout the country, and especially in Paris, where the Parliament openly espoused the cause of the people against the minister, and was joined by several of the highest nobility, urged by various motives of private interest or personal pique. Among these were the Prince of Conti, the Duc de Longueville, and the Duc de Bouillon. Mazarin, in alarm, endeavored to enlist the ambition of Turenne in his favor, by offering the government of Alsace, and the hand of his own niece, as the price of his adherence to the Court. The viscount, pressed by both parties, avoided declaring his adhesion to either; but he unequivocally expressed his disapprobation of the cardinal's proceedings, and, being superseded in his command, retired peaceably to Holland. There he remained till the convention of Ruel effected a hollow and insincere reconciliation between the Court and one of the jarring parties of which the Fronde was composed. That reconciliation was soon broken by the sudden arrest of Condé, Conti, and the Duc de Longueville. Turenne then threw himself into the arms of the Fronde, and, at the head of eight thousand men, found himself obliged to encounter the royal army, twenty thousand strong. In the battle which ensued, he distinguished his personal bravery in several desperate charges; but the disparity was too great; and this defeat of Rhetel was of serious consequence to the Fronde party. Convinced at last that his true interest lay rather on the side of the Court, then managed by a woman and a priest, where he might be supreme in military matters, than in supporting the cause of an impetuous and self-willed leader, such as Condé, Turenne gladly listened to overtures of accommodation, and passed over to the support of the regency.

The value of his services was soon made evident. Twice, at the head of very inferior troops, he checked Condé in the career of victory; and again compelled him to fight under the walls of Paris; where, in the celebrated battle of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the prince and his army narrowly escaped destruction. Finally, he re-established the Court at Paris, and compelled Condé to quit the realm. These important events took place in one campaign of six months in 1652.

In 1654 he again took the field against his former friend and commander, Condé, who had taken refuge in Spain, and now led a foreign army against his country. The most remarkable operation of the campaign was the raising the siege of Arras, which the Spaniards had invested, according to the most approved fashion of the day, with a strong double line of circumvallation, within which the besieging army was supposed to be securely sheltered against the sallies of the garrison cooped up within, and the efforts of their friends from without. Turenne marched to the relief of the place. This could only be effected by forcing the enemy's entrenchments; which were accordingly attacked, contrary to the opinion of his own officers, and carried at all points, despite the personal exertions of Condé. The Spaniards were forced to retreat. It is remarkable that Turenne, not long after, was himself defeated in precisely similar circumstances, under the walls of Valenciennes, round which he had drawn lines of circumvallation. Once more he found himself in the same position at Dunkirk. On this occasion he marched out of his lines to meet the enemy, rather than wait, and suffer them to choose their point of attack; and the celebrated battle of the Dunes, or Sandhills, ensued, in which he gained a brilliant victory over the best Spanish troops, with Condé at their head. This took place in 1657. Dunkirk and the greater part of Flanders fell into the hands of the French in consequence; and these successes led to the treaty of the Pyrenees, which terminated the war in 1658.

When war broke out afresh between France and Spain, in 1667, Louis XIV. made his first campaign under Turenne's guidance, and gained possession of nearly the whole of Flanders. In 1672, when Louis resolved to undertake in person the conquest of Holland, he again placed the command, under himself, in Turenne's hands, and disgraced several marshals who refused to receive orders from the viscount, considering themselves his equals in military rank. How Le Grand Monarque forced the passage of the Rhine when there was no army to oppose him, and conquered city after city, till he was stopped by inundations, under the walls of Amsterdam, has been said and sung by his flatterers, and need not be repeated here. But after the king had left the army, when the princes of Germany came to the assistance of Holland, and her affairs took a more favorable turn under the able guidance of the Prince of Orange, a wider field was offered for the display of Turenne's talents. In the campaign of 1673 he drove the Elector of Brandenburg, who had come to the assistance of the Dutch, back to Berlin, and compelled him to negotiate for peace. In the same year he was opposed, for the first time, to the imperial general, Montecuculi, celebrated for his military writings as well as for his exploits in the field. The meeting of these two great generals produced no decisive results.

LAR VIÈRE PINXIT.

TURENNE AT THE BATTLE OF THE DUNES.

Turenne returned to Paris in the winter, and was received with the most flattering marks of favor. On the approach of spring he was sent back to take command of the French army in Alsace, which, amounting to no more than ten thousand men, was pressed by a powerful confederation of the troops of the Empire, and those of Brandenburg, once again in the field. Turenne set himself to beat the allies in detail, before they could form a junction. He passed the Rhine, marched forty French leagues in four days, and came up with the Imperialists, under the Duke of Lorraine, at Sintzheim. They occupied a strong position, their wings resting on mountains; their centre protected by a river and a fortified town. Turenne hesitated: it seemed rash to attack; but a victory was needful before the combination of the two armies should render their force irresistible; and he commanded the best troops of France. The event justified his confidence. Every post was carried sword in hand. The Marshal had his horse killed under him, and was slightly wounded. To the officers, who crowded round him with congratulations, he replied, with one of those short and happy speeches which tell upon an army more than the most labored harangues, "With troops like you, gentlemen, a man ought to attack boldly, for he is sure to conquer." The beaten army fell back behind the Neckar, where they effected a junction with the troops of Brandenburg; but they dared attempt nothing further, and left the Palatinate in the quiet possession of Turenne. Under his eye, and, as it appears from his own letters, at his express recommendation, as a matter of policy, that wretched country was laid waste to a deplorable extent. This transaction went far beyond the ordinary license of war, and excited general indignation even in that unscrupulous age. It will ever be remembered as a foul stain upon the character of the general who executed, and of the king and minister who ordered or consented to it.

Having carried fire and sword through that part of the Palatinate which lay upon the right or German bank of the Rhine, he crossed that river. But the Imperial troops, reinforced by the Saxons and Hessians to the amount of sixty thousand men, pressed him hard; and it seemed impossible to keep the field against so great a disparity of force; his own troops not amounting to more than twenty thousand. He retreated into Lorraine, abandoning the fertile plains of Alsace to the enemy, led his army behind the Vosges Mountains, and crossing them by unfrequented routes, surprised the enemy at Colmar, beat him at Mulhausen and Turkheim, and forced him to recross the Rhine. This is esteemed the most brilliant of Turenne's campaigns, and it was conceived and conducted with the greater boldness, being in opposition to the orders of Louvois. "I know," he wrote to that minister, in remonstrating, and indeed refusing to follow his directions, "I know the strength of the Imperialists, their generals, and the country in which we are. I take all upon myself, and charge myself with whatever may occur."

Returning to Paris at the end of the campaign, his journey through France resembled a triumphal progress; such was the popular enthusiasm in his favor. Not less flattering was his reception by the king, whose undeviating regard and

confidence, undimmed by jealousy or envy, is creditable alike to the monarch and to his faithful subject. At this time Turenne, it is said, had serious thoughts of retiring to a convent, and was induced only by the earnest remonstrances of the king, and his representations of the critical state of France, to resume his command. Returning to the Upper Rhine, he was again opposed to Montecuculi. For two months the resources and well-matched skill of the rival captains were displayed in a series of marches and countermarches, in which every movement was so well foreseen and guarded against, that no opportunity occurred for coming to action with advantage to either side. At last the art of Turenne appeared to prevail; when, not many minutes after he had expressed the full belief that victory was within his grasp, a cannon-ball struck him while engaged in reconnoitring the enemy's position, previous to giving battle, and he fell dead from his horse, July 27, 1675. The same shot carried off the arm of St. Hilaire, commander-in-chief of the artillery. "Weep not for me," said the brave soldier to his son; "it is for that great man that we ought to weep."

His subordinates possessed neither the talents requisite to follow up his plans, nor the confidence of the troops, who perceived their hesitation, and were eager to avenge the death of their beloved general. "Loose the piebald," so they named Turenne's horse, was the cry; "he will lead us on." But those on whom the command devolved thought of anything rather than of attacking the enemy; and after holding a hurried council of war, retreated in all haste across the Rhine.

The Swabian peasants let the spot where he fell lie fallow for many years, and carefully preserved a tree under which he had been sitting just before. Strange that the people who had suffered so much at his hands should regard his memory with such respect!

The character of Turenne was more remarkable for solidity than for brilliancy. Many generals may have been better qualified to complete a campaign by one decisive blow; few probably have laid the scheme of a campaign with more judgment, or shown more skill and patience in carrying their plans into effect. And it is remarkable that, contrary to general experience, he became much more enterprising in advanced years than he had been in youth. Of that impetuous spirit, which sometimes carries men to success where caution would have hesitated and failed, he possessed little. In his earlier years he seldom ventured to give battle, except where victory was nearly certain; but a course of victory inspired confidence, and trained by long practice to distinguish the difficult from the impossible, he adopted in his later campaigns a bolder style of tactics than had seemed congenial to his original temper. In this respect he offered a remarkable contrast to his rival in fame, Condé, who, celebrated in early life for the headlong valor, even to rashness, of his enterprises, became in old age prudent almost to timidity. Equally calm in success or in defeat, Turenne was always ready to prosecute the one, or to repair the other. And he carried the same temper into private life, where he was distinguished for the dignity with which he avoided quarrels, under circumstances in which lesser men would have

found it hard to do so, without incurring the reproach of cowardice. Nor must we pass over his thorough honesty and disinterestedness in pecuniary matters; a quality more rare in a great man then than it is now.

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN

By General John Mitchell

(1682–1718)

CHARLES XII., against whom it has been made a fault that he carried virtues to extremes, was born at Stockholm, on June 27, 1682, during a storm that

> "Rived the mighty oak, and made
> The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
> To be exalted with the threatening clouds."

Astrologers observed that the star called the "Lion's Heart" predominated at his nativity, and that the "Fox" was on the decline — omens and prodigies well suited to announce the birth of a prince who was himself a living tempest. Charles's infancy has nothing very remarkable. His education was strictly attended to, and he proved an attentive scholar. He acquired considerable knowledge of history, geography, mathematics, and the military sciences, and became perfectly familiar with several languages, though he never, after his accession to the throne, spoke any but Latin, Swedish, or German. The gallant Charles Stewart, the same who afterward led the king across the Duna, was his instructor in the art of war, and is said to have communicated to the young prince much of the fiery spirit for which he was himself distinguished. In his fifteenth year Charles ascended the throne, and, contrary to usual assertion, already evinced considerable ability and application to business, though no particular predilection for military affairs, unless his bear-hunting expeditions may be so considered, for they were more than "faint images of war," being attended with great danger. No arms were used in these encounters; the sportsman was provided only with a single doubly-pointed stick and a cast-net, like the one perhaps, used by the ancient gladiators. The object of these fierce combats was to capture and bind the bear, and to carry him in triumph from the scene of action! Charles was, it seems, a great proficient in this dangerous sport.

At the age of eighteen Charles was obliged to take the field against the four greatest powers of the North. Forced to contend with small means against vastly superior foes, he made genius and courage supply the place of numbers. Heroism was never more nobly displayed than by this gallant monarch and his followers. What men could do was done. For nine years he triumphed over constantly augmenting enemies. And when the "unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain" fell at last, crushed by the weight of masses, fortune more than shared with his innumerable adversaries the honor of his overthrow.

It was during the Polish campaign of 1703 that Max Emanuel of Wirtemberg, then only fourteen years of age, joined Charles. When introduced, the king asked him whether he wished to go to Stockholm for a time, or to remain with the army. The prince, of course, preferred the latter. "Well, then," said Charles, "I will bring you up in my own way," and immediately placed the boy, tired as he was from his journey, on horseback, and led him a long and fatiguing ride. From this period to the battle of Pultowa, Max continued to be his constant companion, shared his dangers, and attended him in all his adventures, many of which border almost on the fabulous. The affectionate kindness evinced by Charles toward his pupil could not be surpassed. When the boy, as sometimes happened, was worn down by sickness and fatigue, the monarch attended him with parental care; and when on one occasion he fell speechless from his horse, and his recovery was despaired of, the king never left his couch till he was pronounced out of danger.

The adventures they encountered together were endless. On inspecting the regiments before the opening of the campaign of 1706, they rode five hundred miles in six days, were never in bed, and hardly ever out of the saddle, and frequently reduced to milk and water as their only nourishment—

> "Alike to Charles was tide or time,
> Moonless midnight or matin prime."

Having on another occasion lost their road and escort during a stormy night, they arrived in the midst of a tempest before the town of Tousha. Neither calling nor firing brought any one to the gates. The king at last dismounted and sought for an entrance, while the prince held the horses in the pelting rain. An entrance having at last been discovered, they took possession of a hut in which was a fire. The king threw himself, booted and spurred, on a bundle of straw, and fell fast asleep. The prince, less hardy, took off his boots, filled them with straw, and placed them by the fire. While sleeping, the flame caught and consumed the valuable gambodoes. The prince was next day obliged to get a pair of peasant's boots, in which he rode about for eight days; a proof that the princely wardrobe was but slenderly furnished.

And yet the camp was not without its gayeties either; for while the headquarters were wintering at Rawitcz, the town became the scene of great festivities; balls and parties succeeding each other as rapidly as battles had done before.

CEDERSTROM PINXIT

CHARLES XII AND AN UNWILLING RECRUIT.

Charles was usually present, was always very polite, but made only a short stay, and retired as soon as he could.

During the stay of the army in this place, a fire broke out and consumed several houses. The king flew to aid in extinguishing the flames. He ascended to the top of a house that was already on fire, and continued working till the building was sinking under him. He escaped with difficulty, was thrown down by one of the beams, and for a moment believed to be dead. "It was discovered two years afterward," says Bardili, "that the place was set on fire by an incendiary bribed by Augustus II. to slay the king of Sweden in the confusion;" and a man actually came forward and denounced himself as the intended assassin, declaring that some unknown power had prevented him from stabbing the king when he got near his person. Charles said the man was mad, and sent him about his business. Napoleon would have sent him before a military commission and had him shot, as he caused the student at Schönbrun to be shot.

We regret that we cannot give a sufficient account of the Duke of Marlborough's visit to Charles's head-quarters at Altranstadt; for what Voltaire says on the subject is but an idle fable. That the English general should easily have penetrated the views of the Swedish conqueror, which the latter took no pains to conceal, is sufficiently probable; but that the conversation between two such men should have turned principally on the king's large boots, which, as Voltaire says, Charles told Marlborough "he had not quitted for seven years," is of course a mere puerility. Besides, we find from Max's "Memoirs," that Charles was not so coarse in his dress as is usually represented, for his clothes were made of fine materials. He always wore a plain blue coat with gilt buttons, buff waistcoat and breeches, a black crape cravat, and a cocked hat; a waist-belt, and a long cut-and-thrust sword. He never disfigured himself by the full-bottomed wig of the period, but always wore his own brown hair, combed back from his forehead. His camp-bed consisted of a blue silk mattress, pillow, and coverlid; materials that would have suited even a dandy guardsman.

The invasion of Saxony occasioned great uneasiness at Vienna, Charles's arrival being considered alike dangerous to the Catholic states of the Empire and to the success of the Grand Alliance. It happened, under these unpleasant feelings, that at a party the Swedish Minister, Count Stralenghielm, proposed his master's health as a toast. An imperial chamberlain, a Count Zabor, a magnate of Hungary, refused to drink it, declaring that "no honest man ought to drink the health of the Turk, the devil, and of a third person." The Swede struck the offender, and swords were drawn; but the adversaries were of course separated. The ambassador demanded satisfaction for the insult; and Zabor was arrested, and sent in irons to Stettin, and delivered up to the Swedes. Charles instantly set him at liberty, simply desiring him to "be more guarded in his speeches for the future."

The Saxon nobility (Ritterschaft, chivalry) having been taxed to aid in defraying the Swedish contributions, applied to Charles, claiming their privilege of exemption from all taxation, except that of furnishing horses for the chivalry engaged in defence of the country. "Had the Saxon chivalry," said Charles,

"acted up to the duties to which they owe their privilege, I should not have been here."

The King of Sweden left Saxony, and set out on his Russian expedition at the head of 43,000 men. Of these 8,000 remained in Poland; so that he undertook the march to Moscow with only 35,000—a force amounting to about one-fifteenth part of the army with which Napoleon set out on a similar expedition. The Russians followed the same system they afterward employed against the French, retiring and laying waste the country. The difficulties the Swedes had to encounter, in consequence of bad roads and want of provisions, are almost incredible. The soldiers were forced to contend, not only against the enemy, but against the localities also; roads for the advance of the army had to be opened through forests and morasses before the least progress could be made; and it often happened that a league a day was the greatest extent of march gained after immense toil. But nothing checked the ardor of these gallant soldiers. The Russians attempted to defend the passage of rivers and swamps that impeded the march of the foe. Their efforts were vain; no superiority of numbers, no strength of position, could arrest the indomitable valor of Charles and his troops. And the actions performed during this march would be deemed absolutely fabulous, were they not recorded on authority which cannot be doubted.

During the severe winter of 1709, the army suffered dreadfully from want and cold. When, early in spring, the thaw set in, the whole of those flat countries were overflowed, and long marches had to be made through complete inundations, by which quantities of stores were lost, and the powder greatly damaged. It was, as we now find, in consequence of the losses thus sustained that Charles accepted Mazeppa's proposal of marching into the Ukraine. Finding his army too much weakened to penetrate further into Russia, and not wishing to fall back upon Livonia, which he thought would look like a retreat and encourage his enemies, he determined to march to the south, and there await the supplies and reinforcements which his generals were to bring up.

The loss of the convoy which General Lewenhaupt was conducting to the army rendered further delay necessary, and obliged the king to undertake the siege of Pultowa, in order to gain a firm footing in the country, and to secure the supplies which the place contained. The Swedish battering-train was weak, the powder not only bad from having been frequently injured by the wet and dried again, but very scarce besides. Still, courage and energy were making progress, when, June 27th, on his very birthday, Charles, in repulsing a sally, was struck by a musket-ball that entered his left foot, above the root of the toes, and went out at the heel. The king continued in the field for an hour afterward, giving his orders as usual; but when he retired to his quarters, the leg was so much swelled that the boot had to be cut off, and the wound had so unfavorable an appearance as greatly to alarm the attendants.

Charles behaved heroically, as usual. He held his leg to the surgeon with his own hands, nor did a single groan escape him during the terrible operation which the cutting away of some of the fractured bones rendered necessary. At one time

his life was despaired of, and a general panic seized the army; but though the wound proved decisive of his fate, the unhappy monarch had what may well be termed the misfortune to recover.

The foe drew near. The Czar, well aware of the importance of Pultowa, advanced to its relief with an army of 80,000 men, besides 40,000 irregulars, Kalmucks and Tartars. He brought 150 pieces of artillery along with him. Even with this vast superiority, and after the training of a nine years' war, the Russians did not venture to attack the Swedes, but drew closer and closer around them, till they began at last to intrench themselves within a league of the king's camp. Charles's illness gave them but too much leisure.

A hostile fortress on one side, a hostile army on the other, nothing but a victory could save the Swedes; and on the morning of the 8th of July, only ten days after Charles had been wounded, they marched out to battle. Their whole army did not amount to 20,000 men, 4,000 of whom were left in the trenches and with the baggage. Their artillery consisted of four field-pieces; and their powder was so bad that it did not, as Count Poniatowsky and Lewenhaupt both affirm, throw the musket-balls more than thirty yards from the muzzles of the pieces. And yet these brave soldiers balanced fortune even against such overwhelming numbers. Three out of the seven Russian redoubts were taken; on the left wing the cavalry were victorious, and it is really difficult to say what the result would have proved, had Charles been able to exert his usual energy and activity. Certain it is that errors were committed which could not have happened under his immediate command; for the cavalry of the left wing did not follow up their success, and the cavalry of the right wing lost their direction, and took no share in the action. The king, who was carried on a litter between two horses, was present in the hottest of the fire, and exerted himself as much as was possible for a man in such a situation. A shot broke the litter, and the wounded monarch was for some time left alone on the ground. A lifeguardsman brought him a horse, and he endeavored to rally the yielding troops. The steed was shot under him, and—

"Gierta gave
His own, and died the Russian slave."

Having assembled and reformed the remnants of his broken host round the forces which had been left for the protection of the baggage, the fainting monarch was placed in Count Piper's carriage, and conveyed toward the Turkish frontier. The exertions of the wounded Charles to rally his army at Pultowa contrast singularly with the total want of any such exertion displayed by the unwounded Napoleon at Waterloo. We take this want of exertion for granted, because had any been displayed, the world's echoes would have rung with praise bestowed upon the heroic effort.

The first result of the battle of Pultowa—its ultimate results are only now becoming apparent—was the entire destruction of the Swedish army, the famished and exhausted remains of which were some days afterward obliged to lay down their arms on the banks of the Dnieper, which they had no means of crossing.

With this battle, which opens a new era in European history, the history of Charles XII. may be said to end; for his subsequent career was only a succession of disappointments, his poor and thinly peopled country not affording him the means of recovery from a single defeat.

On his arrival at Bender, the king learned of the death of his sister, the Duchess of Holstein; and he who had calmly supported the loss of his fame and his army yielded to the most impassioned burst of sorrow, and was during four days unable to converse with his most intimate attendants—a proof how unjust are the accusations of want of feeling so often brought against him. His long stay in Turkey is certainly evidence of obstinacy, or of that pride which could not brook the thought of returning, a vanquished fugitive, to his native land, which had done so much for him, and which his best efforts had failed to protect from unjust violence. In Charles's high and noble countenance it is seen at once that he was endowed with—

> "The glance that took
> Their thoughts from others at a single look."

He knew the worthlessness of his enemies; and it is doubly galling to the generous and the brave when fortune, in her base fancies, obliges them to succumb to mean and malicious adversaries. And such was the fate of Charles. His defeat was no sooner known than Denmark, Poland, and Saxony again flew to arms. Hanover and Prussia joined the unworthy league against the fallen monarch, who had been so dreaded, and was therefore so much hated; for Charles had injured no one—he was the aggrieved from first to last. His return to Sweden, the defence of Stralsund, the invasion of Norway, call for no particular attention. He was killed at the siege of Frederickshall, in Norway, on November 30, 1718, under circumstances that long gave currency to the belief that he had been assassinated. Schott and Bardili positively assert the fact; but we are on this point disposed to agree with Voltaire, who, to save the honor of his countrymen, as positively denies it. After evening service, the king went out as usual to visit the trenches. He was attended by two French engineers, Megret and Siquier. A heavy fire was kept up by the enemy. Near the head of the *boyau*, or zigzag, he kneeled down, and, leaning against the parapet, looked toward the fortress. As he remained motionless for a long time, some one approached and found him perfectly dead, a ball having entered his right temple and passed through his head. Even in death the gallant hand had grasped the hilt of his sword; and this probably gave rise to the belief in the murder, which was afterward confirmed by Siquier's own confession. But this confession was only made while the pretended criminal labored under an attack of brain fever, and was retracted as soon as he recovered.

Thus fell, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, one of the most extraordinary men that ever acted a part on the great stage of the world. Endowed by nature with a noble person, "a frame of adamant, a soul of fire," with high intellectual powers, dauntless bravery, kingly sentiments of honor, and a lofty scorn of all

that was mean and little, he became, from the very splendor of these gifts, perhaps one of the most unhappy men of his time. Less highly gifted, he would have been less hated and less envied; of humbler spirit, he would have been more pliant, and might possibly have been more successful.

JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

By L. Drake

(1650–1722)

About noon, on June 24, 1650, John Churchill, afterward Duke of Marlborough, was born at Ashe, in Devonshire. His school-days were soon over; for his father, Sir Winston Churchill, having established himself at court soon after the restoration of Charles the Second, was anxious to introduce his children early into life, and obtained for his son the situation of page of honor to the Duke of York, at the same time that his only daughter, Arabella, became maid of honor to the duchess.

While at school, young Churchill had discovered in the library an old book on military subjects. This he read frequently, and conceived such a taste for a martial life, that he longed to distinguish himself as a soldier.

The Duke of York held frequent reviews of the guards. Churchill had not long been his page, before the duke noticed his eagerness to be present on these occasions. Pleased with this indication of military ambition, the duke suddenly inquired one day, "What can I do for you, Churchill, as a first step to fortune?"

The page threw himself on his knees before the duke. "I beseech your Royal Highness," he entreated, with clasped hands, "to honor me with a pair of colors."

"Well, well," said the duke, smiling at the lad's earnestness, "I will grant your request by and by;" and his young favorite had not long to wait before he got the post for which he had petitioned.

The youthful ensign, scarce fifteen years of age, first embarked for Tangiers; and although his stay was short, yet in the sallies and skirmishes with the Moors he showed that even now he possessed that courage and ability which in after years placed him at the head of all the heroes of his time.

Before the year in which he left England had expired, he was again in his native country. He then accompanied the Duke of Monmouth to the continent, to assist France against Holland. The Prince of Condé and Marshal Turenne, the greatest generals of that time, commanded the French army, so that Churchill had very favorable opportunities of improving his military talent and genius.

A French officer, during the siege of Nimeguen, had failed to retain a post of consequence, which he had been appointed to defend. The news of its loss was brought to Turenne.

"I will bet a supper and a dozen of claret," instantly exclaimed the marshal, "that my handsome Englishman will recover the post with half the number of men that the officer commanded who lost it."

Churchill was despatched with a small company, and, after a short but desperate struggle, retook the post, won the marshal his wager, and gained for himself the applause and admiration of the whole army.

Next year, at the siege of Maestricht, Captain Churchill again distinguished himself. At the head of his own company, he scaled the ramparts, and planted the banner of France on the very summit, escaping with a slight wound. Louis XIV. was so highly pleased with his conduct that he thanked him at the head of the army, and soon made him lieutenant-colonel. The Duke of Monmouth afterward confessed to the king, that he was indebted for his life, on this occasion, to our hero's gallantry and discretion.

On his return to England, he was made gentleman of the bedchamber and master of the robes to his earliest patron, the Duke of York. At this period he was captivated by the beauty of Miss Sarah Jennings, daughter of a gentleman of ancient family, and maid of honor to the duchess. Their marriage took place in 1678.

The services Colonel Churchill continued to yield the royal brothers did not pass unrewarded. He was created Baron Churchill of Agmouth, in Berwickshire; and a friendship sprung up between Lady Churchill and the Princess (afterward queen) Anne, who, when she married Prince George of Denmark, got her friend appointed lady of her bedchamber.

The day after James II. was proclaimed, he made his favorite, lieutenant-general. The battle of Sedgemoor, in which the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth with his rebel army was defeated, was won chiefly by Churchill's courage and decision. Till the closing scene of James's reign, there is little stated of Lord Churchill, although it is known that he used his influence with his royal master to prevent the

arbitrary system of government the king endeavored to introduce. Finding the monarch determined to persist in his encroachments, Lord Churchill felt it his duty, however painful, to go over to the Prince of Orange, by whom he was received with distinguished marks of attention and respect; and, two days before his coronation, the prince raised him to the dignity of Earl of Marlborough.

The affection the earl still felt toward his late benefactor, the ex-king, led him into a correspondence with him. This, being discovered, brought the displeasure of King William upon him, and for some time he was deprived of all his appointments. At length a governor being wanted for the young Duke of Gloucester, son of the Princess Anne, the king, as an earnest of his returning favor, conferred this honor on Marlborough. "Teach him, my lord," said his majesty, "to be what you are yourself, and he will not want accomplishments."

On the accession of Queen Anne, Marlborough was made captain-general, master of the ordnance, and a knight of the garter. Soon after, he was sent to Holland to aid the Dutch against the French. He was appointed by them generalissimo of the forces, with a salary of £10,000 a year. With his army he crossed the river Meuse, and advanced to the siege of Rheinberg. "I hope soon to deliver you from these troublesome neighbors!" he exclaimed to the Dutch deputies who accompanied him on a reconnoitring party; and had it not been for the timidity of the Dutchmen he would have fulfilled his intentions. He however, took three towns out of the hands of the French, and the campaign ended by the taking of Liége.

Marlborough soon returned to England, when the queen created him Marquis of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough, an honor he reluctantly accepted, and chiefly because it would give him more consideration if again called upon to serve his country abroad.

In 1703 the duke was once more in Flanders, leading operations against the French with his usual success.

The celebrated Prince Eugene was appointed his colleague; and the first time these two generals met, they conceived that mutual esteem and confidence, which afterward rendered them partners in the same glory.

At the head of a noble army, the two generals penetrated into the heart of Germany, driving the Elector of Bavaria before them, ere his French allies could join him. It would take too much space to describe all the victories, and relate the details of the burning of three hundred towns, villages, and castles! These stern necessities of war were far from pleasing to Marlborough, who grieved to see the poor people suffering from their master's ambition. The Elector shed tears when he heard of these devastations, and offered large sums to prevent military execution on the land. "The forces of England," replied the duke, "are not come into Bavaria to extort money, but to bring its prince to reason and moderation. It is in the power of the Elector to end the matter at once by coming to a speedy accommodation."

But the Elector knew that Marshal Tallard, with a powerful French army,

was approaching ; and, buoyed up by expectation, replied, " Since you have compelled me to draw the sword, I have thrown away the scabbard ! "

Prince Eugene had hastened from the Rhine to join Marlborough, with a force of eighteen thousand men, and reached the plains of Hochstadt by the time Tallard joined the Elector. As the prince and Marlborough proceeded to survey the ground, previous to taking up their position, they perceived some squadrons of the enemy at a distance. The two generals mounted the steeple of a church close by, and, with their glasses, discovered the quarter-masters of the enemy marking out a camp between Blenheim and Lützingen. Charmed beyond measure, they resolved to give battle before the enemy could strengthen themselves in their new position. Some officers, who knew the strength of the ground selected by the enemy, ventured to remonstrate, and to advise that no action should be hazarded. " I know the dangers of the case," said Marlborough, who had not made up his mind without due consideration, " but a battle is absolutely necessary ; and as for success, I rely on the hope that the discipline and courage of the troops will make amends for all disadvantages." Orders being issued for a general engagement, the whole army commenced preparations with cheerfulness and alacrity.

Marlborough showed that he was resolved to conquer or to die in the attempt. Part of the night he passed in prayer, and toward morning received the sacrament. Then, after taking a short sleep, he concerted the arrangements for the action with Prince Eugene, particularly pointing out to the surgeons the proper place for the wounded.

The forces of the duke and the prince formed an army of 33,500 infantry and 18,400 cavalry. They were opposed by a force of 56,000 men.

About six o'clock in the morning, Marlborough and Eugene took their station on a rising ground, and calling all the generals, gave the directions for the attack. The army then marched into the plain ; and being formed in order of battle, the chaplains performed service at the head of each regiment.

The morning being hazy, the French and Bavarians did not even suspect the approach of their enemies, and were completely taken by surprise. A large gun boomed forth the signal for the onset ; and as great a battle was fought as the memory of man ever heard of. A panic seized the whole of the troops which composed the right of the French army, and they fled like a flock of sheep before the victorious English,—deaf to the threats and entreaties of their commanders, and without observing whither their flight led them. A body of cavalry, the best and most renowned in the whole army, seized with fear, hurried away Marshal Tallard with them in their flight ; and, void of all thought, threw themselves by squadrons into the Danube, men and horses, officers and troopers together. Some escaped ; but the greater portion, who had sought to avoid an uncertain death on the field of battle and honor, found a certain and shameful death in the river. The poor marshal, after vainly endeavoring to stem this torrent of despair, was obliged to surrender himself a prisoner of war with several other general officers in his company. The defeat then became complete. Of

all the infantry the marshal had brought to the assistance of the Elector, only two battalions escaped; eight and twenty battalions were taken prisoners; and ten were entirely destroyed!

The French, for many years, had never sustained any considerable defeat; and in consequence, had looked upon themselves, and had been regarded by other countries, almost as invincible. But now the charm was broken.

After the battle, when Marshal Tallard was brought into the duke's tent, the marshal exclaimed with emphasis, "Your grace has beaten the best troops in the world!"

"I hope," quickly rejoined the duke, "that you except the troops which defeated them."

The news caused great joy in England, except to a discontented party, who considered that "it would no more weaken the power of the French king, than taking a bucket of water out of a river." Marlborough's answer, when he heard this, was, "If they will allow me to draw one or two such buckets more, we may then let the river run quietly, and not much apprehend its overflowing, and destroying its neighbors." Queen Anne, however, as a monument of victory, commanded a splendid palace to be built for the duke, at her own expense, to be called Blenheim.

It would fill a large volume to relate all the victories of the Duke of Marlborough, none of which, however, exceeded the Battle of Blenheim in importance. One, some years afterward, called the Battle of Malplaquet, was a better contested fight, and perhaps ranks next; in truth, after this battle, France never again ventured to meet Marlborough in the field.

At three o'clock in the morning of September 11, 1709, the confederated troops (for Eugene, with his army, was still with Marlborough) began to raise their batteries, under cover of a thick fog, which lasted till half-past seven. When it cleared away, the armies found themselves close together, each having a perfect view of the other. Marshal Villars commanded the French army. He was adored by his troops, who placed unbounded confidence in him; and as he now rode along their ranks the air rang with "Long live the king!" "Long live Marshal Villars!" The right wing was commanded by Marshal Boufflers.

A discharge of fifty pieces of cannon from the confederates was the signal for battle, which commenced a little after eight. Each army had between ninety and one hundred thousand men, and the battle raged for some time with unexampled bravery. All the duties of a skilful general were performed by Marlborough; and late in the day the French army left the field in the possession of the allies, both armies having fought with almost incredible valor. The loss of the French was fourteen thousand men; the allies, though victory was on their side, lost nearly twenty thousand.

An officer of distinction in the French army, writing an account of this battle said: "The Eugenes and Marlboroughs ought to be well satisfied with us during that day; since, till then, they had not met with resistance worthy of them. They may say, with justice, that nothing can stand before them; for what shall be

able to stem the rapid course of these two heroes, if an army of one hundred thousand of our best troops—posted between two roads, trebly entrenched, and performing their duty as well as brave men could do—were not able to stop them one day? Will you not, then, own with me, that they surpass all the heroes of former ages?"

With his usual humanity, Marlborough's first care, at the close of the action, was the relief of the wounded. Three thousand Frenchmen who lay on the field shared his attention, with the wounded of his own army; and he immediately arranged means for conveying them away. Still, next morning—the day set apart for burying the slain—notwithstanding his care, when riding over the field he saw among the heaps which covered the plain, not only the numerous bodies of the slain, but of the dying also. Nor did he feel only for the sufferings of his companions in arms; the groans of wounded enemies, and the sight of their mangled limbs, equally awakened his compassion. Learning also, that many French officers and soldiers had crept into the neighboring houses and woods, wounded, and in a miserable condition for want of assistance, he ordered them every possible relief, and despatched a messenger with a letter to the French marshal, humanely proposing a conference to arrange the means of removing these wretched sufferers. By this humanity the larger portion of not fewer than thirty thousand men, to whose sufferings death would soon have put an end, were saved. The officers gave their word that they would not serve against the allies till they were regularly exchanged; and the common soldiers were to be considered as prisoners of war, for whom an equal number of allied troops were to be returned.

Many, many battles, too numerous to mention, were gained by this great commander. When he came back to England, at the peace, he for some time distinguished himself as an able statesman; but incurring the displeasure of the queen, and that of the party then in power, he found his situation so painful, that he determined to leave the country till the course of events should again run in his favor. He left Dover without any honors, as a private passenger, in a packet-boat; but on its arriving off Ostend, as soon as the townspeople knew that the Duke of Marlborough was on board, they made a salute of all the cannon toward the sea; and when the vessel entered the harbor, they fired three rounds of all the artillery on the ramparts. The people crowded round him, and shed tears at the ingratitude of his nation. Some, full of astonishment at the sight of him, said, "His looks, his air, his address, were full as conquering as his sword." Even a Frenchman exclaimed, "Though the sight is worth a million to my king, yet I believe he would not, at such a price, have lost the service of so brave a man."

Marlborough remained at Aix-la-Chapelle till the death of the queen. On August 1, 1714, the day George the First was proclaimed, the duke and duchess landed at Dover. Marlborough's reception was truly a contrast to his departure. Now the artillery thundered forth a welcome; while thousands of spectators hailed the return of the voluntary exile. Passing on to London, he was met at Southwark by a large body of the burgesses, who escorted him into the city; and thence, joined by many of the first merchants, the nobility, and gentry, he pro-

ceeded to St. James's, amid the joyful acclamations of the crowd, "Long live the king!" "Long live the Duke of Marlborough!"

Old age had now laid his withering hand on the duke. For nearly two years he continued to enjoy the favor and confidence of the new king, who, on one occasion, said, "Marlborough's retirement would give me as much pain as if a dagger should be plunged in my bosom." But he soon was obliged to retreat to Blenheim, where he spent six years of declining life among his family and friends. At length, after a violent attack of palsy, the disease from which he suffered, he lay for several days expecting death. Early in the morning of June 15, 1722, he resigned his spirit, with Christian calmness, into the hands of his Creator.

The duke was nearly seventy-three when he died. His remains were interred with every honor in Westminster Abbey, but soon after were taken up, and conveyed to the chapel at Blenheim, and laid in a magnificent monument, which the duchess had erected for this honorable purpose.

PRINCE EUGENE OF SAVOY

By G. P. R. James

(1663–1736)

Prince Eugene, the most famed of Austrian generals, was the son of Eugene Maurice of Savoy (by the mother's side Count of Soissons) and of Olympia Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin. His father intrigued, and was banished from the court of France; and his mother also quitted Paris not many years after, suspected of many vices of which she was very probably innocent; and guilty of a thousand follies, which were more strictly scrutinized than her crimes. Eugene was originally destined for the Church, and, according to a scandalous custom, then common in France as well as other Catholic countries, he obtained several benefices while but a child, of which he was eager to divest himself as soon as his mind was capable of discriminating between one profession and another. He seems soon to have felt within himself that ardent desire for military service, which is sometimes a caprice and sometimes an inspiration; but Louis XIV., at whose court he still remained, positive-

ly forbade his throwing off the clerical habit, notwithstanding all the entreaties of the young abbé, and by so doing, incurred the enmity of one who inherited from his mother no small faculty of hatred.

At length, various circumstances with which he was in no degree connected, brought about a change in the affairs of Europe that afforded him an opportunity of escaping from the restraint placed upon his inclinations, and of turning the genius they had despised against those who had contemned him. France and Austria had long been either secretly or openly at strife ; but now the dilapidated state of the German empire, after tedious and expensive wars, together with the combination of external foes and internal insurrection, threatened the nominal successor of the Roman Cæsars with utter destruction. The Hungarians in revolt, joined with the Turkish forces which they had called to their assistance, marched into Germany and laid siege to Vienna. Louis XIV. had hitherto taken care to foment the spirit of insurrection, and to aggravate the more pressing dangers of Germany ; but at this moment, to cover the encouragement he had held out privately to the rebels, he permitted the nobility of his court to volunteer in defence of Christendom, which the fall of Vienna would have laid open to Infidels. A large body of young men set out immediately for Austria, among whom Prince Eugene contrived to effect his departure in secret. The famous, but unamiable minister Louvois, when he heard of the young abbé's escape remarked with a sneer, "So much the better, it will be long before he returns."

The speech was afterward repeated to Eugene, who replied, "I will never return to France but as a conqueror ;" and he kept his word, one of the few instances in which history has been able to record that a rash boast was afterward justified by talents and resolution.

On arriving at Vienna, Eugene cast away the gown forever, and his rank instantly procured him a distinguished post near the person of the Duke of Lorraine, then commanding the imperial forces.

Shortly after he had joined the army, John Sobieski, the valiant King of Poland, advanced to the assistance of the emperor, and the Turks were forced to raise the siege of the Austrian capital. In the campaign that followed against the Infidels, Eugene distinguished himself greatly, both by a sort of light unthinking courage, and by a degree of skill and judgment, which seemed to show that the levity he was somewhat too fond of displaying, though perhaps a confirmed habit from his education in an idle and frivolous court, was no true type of the mind within. It was the empty bubble dancing on the bosom of a deep stream. This was felt by those who surrounded him ; and promotion succeeded with astonishing rapidity. Before the end of three months he was in command of a regiment of horse.

Continual battles, sieges, and skirmishes, now inured Eugene to all the hardships and all the dangers of war, and at the same time gave him every opportunity of acquiring a thorough knowledge of his new profession, and of obtaining higher and higher grades in the service. In the course of a very few years he had been wounded more than once severely ; but at the same time he had aided in the

taking of Neuhausel, Vicegradt, Gran, and Buda; was the first who entered sword in hand into the intrenched camp of the Turks at Hersan; and had received a commission as Lieutenant-general in the Austrian service. The storming of Belgrade was the next great event in which Eugene was called to act; and here, in command of a body of reserve, he attacked the walls, after the first parties had been repulsed, and succeeded in forcing his way into the city. The regiments which had failed at first now rallied; and the path being open, the Imperial forces poured in in all directions, and Belgrade was taken after a most obstinate defence.

Victor Amadæus, Duke of Savoy, was shortly after this persuaded by his cousin Eugene to embrace the interests of the house of Austria; and to enter into the great alliance which had been formed for the purpose of depressing France.

The vast power which Louis XIV. had acquired, and the evident disposition he displayed to extend that power to the utmost, had armed the fears of all the monarchs of Europe against him. At the same time, the armies which had conquered for him were dispersed, and the generals who had led them to victory had in most instances fallen into the grave. Perhaps these considerations might lead the Duke of Savoy to withdraw from an alliance which promised little support, and eminent danger; but he had soon reason to repent of having done so. Marshal Catinat, the best of Louis's living officers, was ordered to act against him; the whole of Piedmont quickly fell into the hands of the French; and on August 18th the duke was completely defeated by the adverse general. Eugene, who was present, though wounded with a spent ball, covered the retreat of the troops of Savoy; but the battle was nevertheless completely lost, and influenced for long the fate of Piedmont.

After various campaigns in Italy, where little was effected but a diversion of the French forces from his scene of war in Germany and the Netherlands, Eugene prevailed upon his cousin the Duke of Savoy, to lead his troops into France and to draw the French army from Italy, by carrying the war into their own country. The scheme was a bold one, but it proved most successful, and Embrun, Quilestre, and Gap, having fallen, the allied army, under Victor Amadæus and Eugene, advanced rapidly into Dauphiny. Terror and consternation spread before them; and in revenge for the devastation committed by the French in the Palatinate, they now ravaged the whole of Dauphiny, burning the villages and hamlets, and laying the cities under heavy contributions. The heart of France was open to the invading army; but, fortunately for that country, a severe illness put a stop to the proceedings of Victor Amadæus. Returning to Turin in haste, he left his army to the command of Prince Eugene; but the Italian generals contrived, by hesitation in their obedience, and opposition to his wishes, to defeat Eugene's best schemes, so that he was glad, by a rapid retreat, to bring his army in safety to Savoy.

Eugene was now created Field-marshal; and received the order of the Golden Fleece; but his gratification at these marks of approbation was bitterly alloyed by a severe defeat which he suffered near Pignerol, in company with his cousin

the Duke of Savoy, who madly engaged the French forces in a position where his own discomfiture was a certain consequence.

Few movements of any import took place in Italy for some years after this, in which Eugene was concerned. Victor Amadæus, partly from caprice, partly from fear, withdrew from his alliance with Austria, and, once more signed a treaty of neutrality with France. The Imperial troops, unable singly to keep the field against the French, abandoned Savoy; and Eugene, though his efforts had proved unsuccessful, was received at Vienna with the highest distinction.

The emperor, probably judging rightly in this instance, that the prince had failed from his energies being crippled by a divided power, now gave him the sole command of the army opposed to the Turks in Hungary.

Eugene immediately found himself menaced by the whole force of the Turkish Empire; but after some masterly manœuvres he saved the city of Peterwaradin, on which the Ottoman forces were marching; and then, though with very inferior power, approached the intrenchments of the Grand Vizier, at Zeuta, with the intention of forcing him from his camp. At the very moment, however, that the army had advanced too far to retreat, a courier arrived, bearing the emperor's commands to Eugene, on no account to risk a battle. Eugene's measures were already taken; he put the letter in his pocket, attacked the Turks, defeated them completely, left twenty thousand Mussulmen dead on the field, and ten thousand drowned in the Danube; pursued his victory by burning Serai and securing the frontier line of fortresses, and then returned to Vienna in expectation of reward and honor.

The emperor received him coldly, and before the day was over he was put under arrest for disobedience of orders. The clamor, however, of the people, and some feeling of shame in the bosom of the proud, weak Leopold, soon caused him to restore Eugene to his rank, and to send him once more against the Turks. Success, however, did not follow the prince through the succeeding campaign; and before the season brought it naturally to a close, peace had been determined on between Austria and the Porte.

Some time previous to the period of which we now speak, Louis XIV. had endeavored to tempt Eugene back to his Court, by the offer of a Marshal's rank in the French army, the government of Champagne, and a considerable yearly pension. Eugene, who felt that, however flattering to himself, the offer originated alone in the selfishness of an ambitious monarch, refused it in terms sufficiently galling to the proud King of France. Nevertheless, after the peace of Westphalia, Villars, who was sent as ambassador to Vienna, is supposed to have been again charged with a mission of the same nature to Eugene. The fact, however, is not only doubtful, but very improbable, from the character of all parties concerned. Eugene was not a man to leave himself the possibility of changing; Louis was not a man meanly to solicit where he had once been refused; and Villars was not a man to undertake a mean commission, even for a king. It is probable that the courtesy which the prince evinced toward Marshal de Villars from a sense of his personal merit, at a time when the haughty Court

PHILIPPOTEAUX PINXIT.

PRINCE EUGENE AND THE MARSHAL DE VILLARS.

of Vienna was mean enough to treat even an ambassador with cold disrespect, was the sole origin of the report. However that might be, Eugene remained for a length of time at Vienna, filling up his inactivity by trifling with many arts and many enjoyments, till at length the War of the Succession, as it was called, breaking out, he was appointed to the command of the army in Italy.

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At length a general engagement took place at Luzara, at which Philip of Spain was present. The forces of the French have been estimated at forty thousand, those of the Imperial general did not much exceed one-half that number. The battle was long and fierce ; and night only terminated the contest. Both parties of course claimed the victory. The French sung a Te Deum, but retreated ; the Imperial army retained their ground.

Nevertheless, the fruits of victory were gathered by the French. Their immense superiority of numbers gave them the power of overrunning the whole country ; and the Imperial court, either from indolence, heedlessness, or intrigue, failed to take any step to support its arms in Italy ; so that all which Eugene had taken, sooner or later fell into the enemy's hands, and he himself, disgusted with the neglect he had met with, left his army under the command of another, and set out to see whether he could not procure some reinforcement, or at least some supply of money to pay or provide for his forces. At Vienna he found good reason to suspect that Count Mansfield, the minister of war, had by some means been gained to the interest of France. But, in the meanwhile Eugene was appointed minister of war ; and sometime after, in this capacity, proceeded to confer with Marlborough on the united interests of England and Austria.

This negotiation was most successful ; and here seems to have been concerted the scheme which Marlborough afterward so gloriously pursued for carrying on the war against France on the side of Germany, and of thus freeing the Empire. In a military point of view, also, Eugene's efforts, though supported by no great army, and followed by no great victory, were wise and successful. He foiled the Hungarian rebels in their bold attack upon Vienna, checked them in their progress everywhere, and laid the foundation of their after subjugation. Soon after this, Eugene took the command of the Imperial army on the Rhine ; and after considerable manœuvring singly, to prevent the junction of the French army with that of the Duke of Bavaria, finding it impossible, he effected his own junction with the Duke of Marlborough, and shared in the glories of the field of Blenheim.

Eugene was here always in the thickest of the fight, yet never for a moment forgot that he was called upon to act as a general rather than a soldier. His operations were planned as clearly and commanded as distinctly in the midst of the hottest conflict, as if no tumult had raged around him, and no danger had been near to distract his attention ; yet his horse was killed under him in the early part of the battle ; and at one moment, a Bavarian dragoon was seen holding him by the coat with one hand, while he levelled a pistol at his head with the other. One of the Imperialists, however, coming up at the moment, freed his

general from this unpleasant situation; and Eugene proceeded to issue his orders, without the least sign of discomposure.

The following year Eugene returned to Italy, and once more began the war against Vendome. Notwithstanding all his skill and activity, however, the superiority of the French numbers, and the distinguished military genius of their chief, prevented Eugene from meeting with any very brilliant success. He surprised various detachments, relieved several towns, was successful in many skirmishes; but he failed in drawing the French out of Savoy, and was totally repulsed in endeavoring to pass the Adda.

In the attempt to do so, many men and several valuable officers were lost on both sides. The battle was long and furious. Both Vendome and Eugene displayed all their skill to foil each other; and perhaps so bravely contested a field was as honorable to each as a great victory. Neither, however, could fairly claim the battle as won; for though Eugene failed in passing the river, the French were the greatest sufferers in the contest, and they did not succeed in compelling the Germans to fly, though they prevented them from advancing to join the Duke of Savoy. Eugene, with his wonted reckless courage, exposed himself more than even was necessary, and in the very commencement of the engagement was wounded severely in the neck, notwithstanding which he remained a considerable length of time on horseback, till a second musket-ball, in the knee, forced him to absent himself for a time from the field. These wounds probably decided the failure of his attempt; but they did not prevent him from securing his army in good winter quarters, and checking all active operations on the part of Vendome.

The next campaign was more successful. Vendome, after defeating a body of Imperial troops at Calemato, was recalled, and the command of the French forces given to the Duke of Orleans and the Maréchal de Marsin, who with an army of eighty thousand men invested Turin, the last hold of the Duke of Savoy.

Eugene immediately marched to form his junction with the duke; and no longer opposed by the genius of Vendome, passed the Adige unattacked, crossed the Tanaro, and the Po, joined his cousin near Carmagnola, and advanced to the succor of Turin. The French were dispirited; and uncertainty and divided councils pervaded their camp. On September 7th, the allied army, with less than half their numerical force, attacked them in their intrenchment, forced their position in every direction, and after one of the severest conflicts ever known, completely defeated them, and raised the siege of Turin. The battle, however, was at one time nearly lost to the allies by an accident which befell Eugene. In rallying a body of Imperial cavalry, the prince's horse received a ball in his chest, fell with the rider, and threw him into a ditch, where, stunned with the fall, he lay for several minutes among the dead and dying. The report spread through the army that he was killed; a general alarm was the consequence; and the infantry were beginning to give way, when, suddenly starting up, Eugene commanded the nearest German regiment to fire

upon the French cavalry that were coming up to the charge. The effect was tremendous ; the French went to the right about ; and, though they rallied again and returned to the charge, the Imperial troops continued gradually to force their way on, till their adversaries fled in confusion.

The consequence of this victory was the evacuation of the north of Italy by the French. Eugene was now everywhere successful for some time. He forced the passage of the Col de Tende, carried the French intrenchments on the Var, and laid siege to Toulon. Here, however, he failed ; the defence was long and obstinate, reinforcements arrived at the French city, and Eugene, together with the Duke of Savoy, agreed to raise the siege once more, and retire into Piedmont.

Eugene was now again called to join Marlborough, in company with whom he fought and conquered at Oudenarde, took Lille (where he was again severely wounded), Ghent, Bruges, Tournay, and Mons ; and forced the French lines at Malplaquet, after a severe and long-protracted struggle, in which two hundred thousand men were engaged, and nearly sixty thousand fell.

If the victories of Blenheim and Oudenarde might more fairly be attributed to Marlborough than to Eugene, the success at Malplaquet was chiefly obtained by the prince, who had forced the intrenchments, taken the wood of Sart, and turned the enemy's flank, before Marlborough had made much progress against the other wing.

Eugene had strongly counselled the battle, though opposed by the States of Holland, and had in a measure taken the responsibility upon himself. On all occasions Eugene's impetuosity led him to expose his person more than mere duty required, and now, having staked his fame on the success of his attempt, he seems to have resolved not to survive a defeat. In the very first attack he received a severe wound behind the ear, which bled so profusely that all his staff pressed him to retire for the purpose of having it dressed.

" If I am beaten," replied Eugene, " it will not be worth while ; and if we beat the enemy, I shall have plenty of time to spare for that."

After some short repose, we soon find Eugene once more acting against the Turks in Hungary. No sooner was war determined, than Achmet III. marched an immense force down to the frontiers of Hungary, to act against Eugene, who had just taken the command of the German forces at Peterwaradin. The Vizier Hali, commanding the Ottoman troops, full of confidence in his own skill, and in his immense superiority of numbers, advanced rapidly upon Eugene, and crossed the Save, which formed the boundary of the two countries, determined to crush his adversary by one great battle. Eugene was as desirous of such an event as the vizier, and therefore the troops were soon engaged, almost under the walls of Peterwaradin. The Turks fought bravely for many hours, and the battle was long undecided ; but at length, Eugene's superior skill prevailed, and the enemy fled in every direction. The Grand Vizier struggled to the last, with long and desperate bravery, but after having received two severe wounds, he was borne away by the fugitives to Carlowitz, where he died the next day, muttering to the last imprecations against the Christians.

After the death of Hali from the wounds he had received at Peterwaradin, the command of the Turkish army was given to the Pacha of Belgrade, one of the most skilled officers in the Ottoman service. But Eugene was destined to destroy the Turkish power in Hungary. The campaign of the next year commenced with the siege of the often-captured Belgrade ; and it was soon completely invested and reduced to sore distress. The Porte, however, was not unmindful of its preservation ; and, in the beginning of August, the pacha appeared on the mountains surrounding the town, with an army of near two hundred thousand men. Thus shut up between a strong fortress and an immense army, with the dysentery in his camp, and his forces enfeebled by long and severe labors, Eugene's situation was as difficult as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding every disadvantage, his usual bold course of action was pursued in the present instance, and met with that success which is almost always sure to attend the combination of daring and skill. After a short delay, to enable himself to employ all his energies (having been himself greatly debilitated by the camp fever), he attacked the Turkish army in their intrenchments, and at the end of a very short but severe struggle, succeeded in defeating a force more than three times the number of his own.

Belgrade surrendered immediately ; and the next year, without any great military event, put an end to the war.

After the conclusion of peace, Eugene, who had been appointed governor of the Austrian Netherlands, resigned that office, which he had never personally filled, and was appointed vicar-general for the emperor in his Italian dominions.

For many years after this Eugene spent his days in peace and tranquillity, endeavoring to raise up a spirit of commerce among the Germans, and to improve the finances of his sovereign, by whom he was appreciated and loved. His greatest efforts were in favor of Trieste, which he changed from a petty town to a great commercial city, and which remains to the present day the best and the noblest fruit of all his talents and all his exertions.

At first, everything promised that the old age of Eugene would have passed in peace, uninterrupted by any warlike movements ; but he was once more called from his calmer occupations by the short war which broke out with France in 1733.

Perhaps, in point of military skill, the two campaigns which followed were the most brilliant of Eugene's life ; but with only thirty thousand men, opposed to a force of double that number, he could alone act upon the defensive.

He did so, however, with more success than the scantiness of his resources promised. He prevented the French from penetrating into Swabia ; and, though Philipsburg was taken notwithstanding all his efforts, he contrived, by turning the course of the neighboring rivers, to inundate the country on the German side of that city, and to render its possession unprofitable to France.

Peace soon succeeded, and with these two campaigns ended Eugene's life as a commander. He lived for some time after this, indeed, amusing himself with the embellishments of his palace and gardens, and employing a great many me-

chanics and laborers, during all seasons of dearth or scarcity ; but the battle-field never saw him more. His health gradually and slowly declined, and on April 21, 1736, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he was found dead in his bed, after having been slightly indisposed the night before.

GENERAL JAMES WOLFE

By L. Drake

(1726–1759)

General Edward Wolfe, an officer who distinguished himself under the Duke of Marlborough, was the father of James Wolfe, conqueror of Quebec. He was the eldest son of the general, and was born at Westerham, a small town in Kent, on November 6, 1726. As liberal an education as could be acquired before the early age of fourteen, was given to the future hero. He then went with his father to Flanders to study the profession of an officer amid active warfare; and, thus engaged, seven years soon passed. During this novitiate, he was not without opportunities of distinguishing himself; his name was on several occasions mentioned with honor; till at length, at the battle of Laffeldt, his courage and skilful conduct attracted the notice of his commander, the Duke of Cumberland, who, at the close of the day, thanked him in the presence of the army; and from that time he was marked out "as an officer of extraordinary merit and promise."

His merit, rather than any favor, brought Wolfe the rank of lieutenant-colonel when he was barely twenty-two. The battalion he commanded was soon distinguished by many and striking improvements in discipline, so that its superiority at exercise, and in the order of its quarters, gave sure proof of ability and temper in its young commander. "The men," it is said, "adored while they profoundly respected him; and his officers esteemed his approbation as much as they dreaded his displeasure."

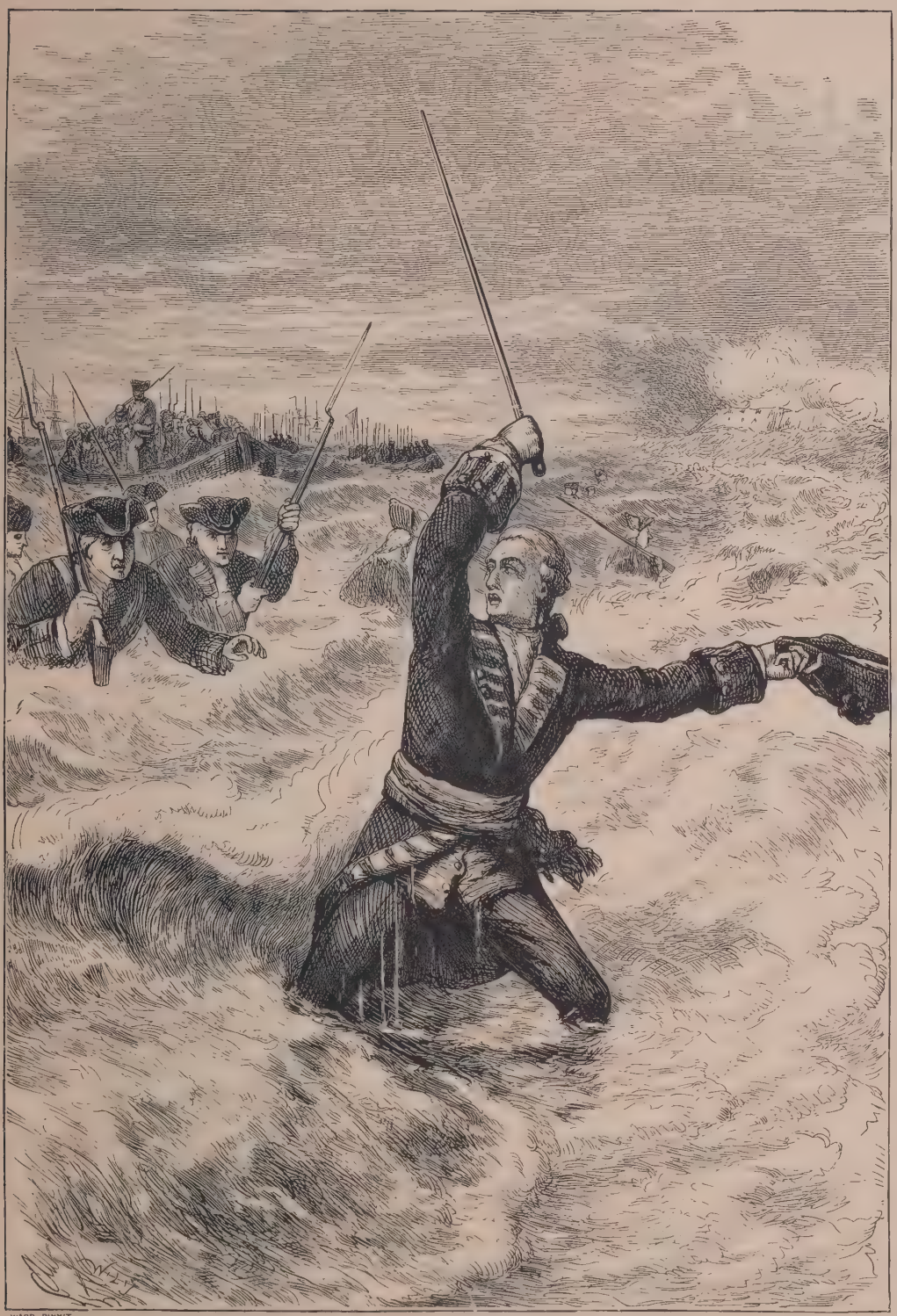
Canada, with a portion of New Brunswick, and also the islands of St. John and Cape Breton, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, were at this time possessed

by the French; while Nova Scotia and New Brunswick belonged to the English. The latter also claimed the tract of land called New England, lying (as will be seen on looking at a map of North America) to the west of New Brunswick, and south of the river St. Lawrence. The French, however, disputed their claim to this country; and constant quarrels arose between the rival settlers about their right to land, of which, in reality, the poor Indians were the proprietors. In virtue of a grant of parliament in 1750, a large body of English took possession of this "debatable ground;" but scarcely had they done so, when a superior force of French and Indians attacked them, and killing some, made prisoners of others, and drove the rest back. Many vigorous but unsuccessful efforts were made on the part of the colonists and their neighbors, during eighteen months, to regain their territory. A body of troops was then sent from England under General Braddock, but this attempt also failed; and, the struggle having now assumed some importance, an army of not less than sixteen thousand men, under Lord Loudon, renewed the contest of 1755 against the army under the Marquis de Montcalm, a most able and enterprising officer. His superiority as a commander had been shown in several instances, till, the slur which was being cast on the reputation of our country's arms having excited attention at home, Lord Loudon was recalled, and the army then in America was intrusted to General Abercrombie (not the celebrated Abercromby). At the same time a fresh force was raised at home, which put to sea in February, 1757. Wolfe accompanied this expedition as brigadier under Major-General Amherst. Its object was to reduce Cape Breton, the possession of which island, commanding as it does the grand entrance of the St. Lawrence, was felt to be of the greatest importance.

The town of Louisburg stands upon a small tongue of land, and at this period was carefully fortified, having heavy batteries toward the sea, and a strong defence of regular works on its land sides. Its harbor, which is considered the most magnificent in the world, was carefully guarded by five ships of the line extending quite across the mouth. Goat Island formed one extremity of the entrance, and Lighthouse Point the other; both these were surmounted by strong redoubts, having the largest cannon and mortars used in war; while a garrison of 3,000 soldiers, with 2,500 seamen to man the intrenchments, seemed to present an insuperable obstacle to a successful descent.

Four miles westward of the town, however, there was a little creek, called Freshwater Cove; and, after much deliberation, it was resolved to attempt a landing at this point. The frigates and lighter vessels accordingly moved thither as soon as the weather moderated, and anchored there one evening, with the wind still boisterous, and the surf running very high. Next morning, at daybreak, the first division of the troops entered their boats, Wolfe at their head.

The seamen had scarcely dipped their oars a second time, when a sudden glancing of arms amid the sand-hills warned the troops to expect opposition. The French had foreseen the probability of such an attempt as the present, and had prepared to oppose it by throwing up breastworks, placing field-pieces in the hollows, and stationing a considerable force to dispute a landing.



GENERAL WOLFE LANDING AT LOUISBURG.

Gallantly the boats pressed onward ; while the frigates, which had approached within half-cannon shot of the shore, opening their fire, swept the beach with a shower of round shot. The flotilla was now within musket range, when the French all at once poured in a volley of small-arms. Wolfe ordered his men not to fire in return ; but, trusting to the broadsides from the frigates, which, ploughing up the sand, threw it high in the air, and thus kept the beach open, he urged his rowers to their utmost strength, passed through a heavy surf, though not without some loss, and made good his landing. Company by company, as the men arrived, they quickly formed, and pushing on, after a sharp encounter, forced the French to abandon their works, and retreat within the walls of Louisburg.

The terrible surf proved the more formidable enemy. Above one hundred boats, with a large number of their crews, were lost in attempting to pass through to the shore. But officers and men were too enthusiastic to be disheartened. In a short time all the troops were landed ; guns, stores, work-tools, ammunition, and provisions, followed quickly ; and, ere the enemy had learned that real danger at last threatened them, the business of the siege was begun.

General Amherst invested the place without delay on the land side, and, having opened his trenches before it, despatched Wolfe with the light infantry and a body of Highlanders to attack the battery on Lighthouse Point. Before dawn one morning, he reached the outposts, drove them in, and followed with such rapidity, that, ere the enemy could form, and almost before they had got under arms, they were completely routed. The guns were immediately turned with terrible accuracy upon the harbor and town. The five ships of war now found their position very hazardous ; one was soon on fire, and blew up ; the flames spread to two others, and the remaining two were attacked and captured by boats. The breaching batteries shook the ramparts of the town to their foundations, while the shells carried ruin and death into the streets. On July 26th, the enemy, finding it impossible to resist any longer, surrendered ; the garrison became prisoners of war, and the islands of Cape Breton and Prince Edward fell into the hands of the English.

Wolfe's part in this campaign was now over, for domestic matters summoned him to England. He had not, however, been long at home, when he was informed from head-quarters, that his brilliant services as a subaltern had caused the king to select him to conduct an enterprise of still greater hazard and honor. It had been proposed in Council, as the speediest mode of putting an end to the transatlantic war, that the reduction of Quebec, the enemy's colonial capital, should be effected. Competent authorities declared the attempt to be not impracticable ; it was therefore resolved on, and Wolfe was nominated to the command of an armament to invest the town. An attack, to be made on three other points, was determined as a commencement of the campaign.

The armament set sail early in February, 1759. Admiral Saunders commanded the fleet, which comprised twenty-two line-of-battle ships, and an equal number of frigates. The whole came within sight of Louisburg April 21st.

The harbor being still choked with ice, the vessels could not get in ; and the delays which occurred prevented Wolfe from entering the St. Lawrence till June. The ships reached the Isle of Orleans by the end of the month ; and, casting anchor, possession was taken. The land was in a high state of cultivation, affording abundant supplies to soldiers and sailors.

The Marquis of Montcalm, now an old but still energetic man, occupied Quebec and the adjoining district with an army of five thousand regular troops, and the same number of militia and Indians. He made preparations for the defence with great judgment ; the mass of his army was in the town, which he had further protected by intrenchments extending nearly eight miles to the west, till they reached the Montmorency River. Montreal was also well garrisoned; and, twenty miles above Quebec, a body of two thousand men lay encamped to attack in flank any force which might attempt to land in that direction.

Many skirmishes took place at first between the Indians and British troops ; and one attack of more importance, on the intrenchments near the St. Charles, was headed by Wolfe in person. It completely failed ; but it taught him the strength of the enemy's position, and clearly showed that it would require stratagem to accomplish his design of reducing the town itself.

A council was summoned, when it was found that disease and the petty combats in which they had been engaged, had reduced the troops to five thousand effective men. Insufficient as this army seemed, Wolfe determined to remain idle no longer ; and a plan of attack on the town was agreed upon. Accordingly, the following morning (September 11th), the ships of the line, with the exception of two or three, and all the frigates, suddenly hoisted sail, and, exposed to a cannonade from all the batteries, sailed up the river past Quebec. The troops had previously been landed on the southern side of the river, and in perfect safety they marched in the same direction. When they had proceeded about nine miles, they found the fleet riding at anchor, already beyond the reach or observation of the enemy. The point of attack Wolfe had chosen lay within a mile and a half of Quebec, and consequently this march had no other purpose in view than to mislead the enemy as to his intentions. No sooner had the tide turned, and evening set in, than the surface of the river suddenly swarmed with boats, which had secretly been brought to this distant mustering-place. Then the signal for the ships to sail was hung out, and they immediately began proudly to descend the channel, leaving the flotilla boats behind them.

Before midnight, the fleet had reached its first anchorage, and the troops up the river could hear the thundering of their guns, as they cannonaded at long shot the fortifications below the St. Charles. The cheering sound told them that the ships had repassed the town safely ; while the French naturally concluded, that from the ships a descent was about to be attempted.

During the interval, the troops had silently and in complete order taken their places in the boats ; and, as soon as it became quite dark, like a huge flock of waterfowl, they glided down the stream. Not a word was spoken ; the soldiers sat upright and motionless ; and the sailors scarcely dipped their oars, lest the splash

should reach the ears of the French placed along the shore at short distances. Wolfe sat in the leading boat, surveying attentively each headland, to prevent the hazard of shooting beyond the point at which he purposed landing. Unobserved, he gained the little cove which has since borne his name, and shortly before midnight all the men were landed.

The troops now stood upon a narrow beach. Above them rose a precipice, nearly perpendicular, to the height of two hundred and fifty feet. A winding path, broad enough to admit four men abreast, led to the summit; and here lay one of the large plains, or table-lands, which distinguish the heights of Abraham, on a level with the upper town of Quebec. A battery of four guns, and a strong party of infantry, defended this important pass. Vigilance, however, was not one of the qualities of this guard; for the leading files of the British, under Colonel Howe, were close upon the station of the French sentinel ere he challenged. Replying with a hearty cheer, they sprung forward. An irregular volley poured upon them; but the next instant they were high on the ground, and at close bayonets with the French guard, who immediately fled in terror, leaving Colonel Howe quietly in possession of their redoubt and artillery.

Long before dawn, all the troops had gained this ground. Leaving two companies in charge of the redoubt, Wolfe hastened forward with the rest toward Quebec. He halted when within a mile of the town, and there the men lay down with their arms in readiness for the first alarm. A communication by small parties, called videttes, was kept up with the companies at the redoubt.

A trooper, with his horse covered with foam, appeared in the French camp at Beau Point, as the morning sky began to redden. He brought Montcalm the first intelligence of the landing the English had effected, and the unwelcome news was soon confirmed by the appearance of some of the fugitive soldiers from the redoubt. The camp was instantly in commotion; but the marquis gave his orders coolly, and before an hour the entire army had crossed the river, and were in full march for the Heights of Abraham.

About eleven in the forenoon, a large body of Indians and Canadian riflemen were seen issuing from a wood on one side of the plain on which the English were stationed. They were soon hidden again by a thicket; and dexterously spreading themselves among the bushes, they opened a smart skirmishing fire on the pickets. This was the first warning that the long-wished-for event was at hand—a general conflict might now be confidently expected.

Without delay, Wolfe drew up his men in two lines, placing a few light companies in skirmishing order in front, and retaining one regiment (the 47th) in divisions, as a reserve. The French skirmishers were quickly engaged with the light troops, whom they compelled to fall back on the line; while a heavy column advancing on the left, obliged Wolfe to wheel round three battalions to strengthen that side. But ere the column bore down, a fresh body of skirmishers appeared, and under their cover it silently withdrew; then, suddenly appearing on the right, it came down impetuously upon the irregular troops which Wolfe had there stationed. These did their duty nobly; the fierce attack of the enemy

failed to break their order, or make them even flinch for a moment. The skirmishers, meantime, continued to gall the light infantry with their desultory fire, which acted also as a vail to conceal the intended movements of the main body of the enemy. As the light troops, however, hastily fell back, they caused a slight dismay among their supporters. Wolfe instantly rode along the line, and assured the men that these were only obeying instructions in order to draw the French onward. "Be firm, my lads!" said he; "do not return a shot till the enemy is within forty yards of the muzzles of your pieces; then you may fire!"

The men replied by a shout; and, shouldering their muskets, they remained as though on parade, while the French continued to press nearer and nearer. At length they were within the appointed distance. Every gun was now levelled —a crashing volley passed from left to right—a dense smoke followed the discharge, and hid its effects for a minute. The breeze soon carried this off, and then the huge gaps in the enemy's line exceeded all expectation. In the rear, the ground appeared crowded with wounded men hurrying or being borne from the conflict; while the army, which had just advanced so confidently, now wavered, and then stood still. Seeing the irresolution of the enemy, Wolfe cheered his men to charge. A moment after, a musket-ball struck his wrist. He paused only to wrap his handkerchief round the wound, and again pressed on. He received a second ball in his body, but still continued to issue his orders without evincing any symptom of pain, when a third bullet pierced his breast.

Wolfe fell to the ground; he was instantly raised and borne to the rear, where the utmost skill of the surgeons was put forth in a vain attempt to save his life. While they were engaged in examining his wounds, Wolfe continued to raise himself, from time to time, to watch the progress of the battle. His eyesight beginning to fail, he leaned backwards upon one of the grenadiers who had supported him from the field, and his heavy breathing and an occasional groan, alone showed that life remained.

"See how they run!" exclaimed an officer, beside the dying general.

"Who run?" cried Wolfe, instantly raising himself on his elbow, and looking up, as if life were returning with full vigor.

"The French," answered the officer; "they are giving way in all directions."

"Run, one of you," said the general, speaking with great firmness, "run to Colonel Burton; tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River with all speed, so as to secure the bridge, and cut off the enemy's retreat."

His orders were obeyed, and after a short pause, he continued, "Now, God be praised, I shall die happy!" He fell back at these words, turned convulsively on his side and expired.

Montcalm had also fallen in the battle; the enemy was totally routed, and, five days after, Quebec capitulated to General Townshend.

The body of the gallant and high-minded Wolfe was conveyed home in a ship of war. When the hero's remains arrived at Portsmouth, minute-guns were fired, the flags half struck, and a body of troops, with reversed arms, received the coffin on the beach, and followed the hearse. Parliament voted Wolfe a monu-

ment in Westminster Abbey, and in that venerable pile would have been his last resting-place; but a mother claimed the ashes of her son, and laid them beside those of his father, in a vault of the parish church of Greenwich.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

By General John Mitchell

(1712–1786)

How shall we describe the "Incomparable," the extraordinary compound of so many brilliant and repulsive qualities? How is he to be depicted, who was great as a king, and little as a man,—always admired in his public, never beloved in his private, character;—a just, generous, and laborious prince,—a vain, avaricious, and cold-hearted individual; luxurious by temperament, temperate in practice; a selfish epicurean, and affecting the harshness of the cynic;—peacefully disposed, and cultivating the arts of peace, yet exercising the arts of war in their direst form;—a man of letters, ignorant of the beauties, and disdaining the language of his country;—magnificent and mean; the builder of palaces, theatres, libraries, and museums, and dying, literally, without a whole shirt in which he could be buried;—and, lastly, the most brilliant and successful soldier of his time,—and almost destitute of the soldier's first quality, personal courage?

Frederick, by general acclamation surnamed "The Great," was born on January 24, 1712. His education was principally military; his very toys were miniature implements of war suited to his age; and no sooner was he able to handle a musket than he was sent to drill, and forced, like all the Prussian officers of the period, to perform the duties and submit to the privations of a private soldier,—obliged even to stand sentinel before the palace in all the severities of a northern winter. Though rather feeble of constitution, he soon became a proficient in martial exercises. The different branches of science bearing on the art of war he was forced to study; but his leisure hours were devoted to reading French verses, and playing on the flute—pursuits that greatly displeased his royal father, who frequently threw the books into the fire, and the flutes out of the window.

Frederick William,—the original founder of the pipe-clay science of tactics,

and the stick-and-starvation system of organization,—the first inventor of pauper armies, dressed in martial uniforms,—became gradually estranged from his poetical son; and often declared that the dandy, "*Der Stutzer*," as he styled him, "would ruin everything." He consequently treated him with so much severity, that the young prince attempted to escape, intending to fly to England. The tragical result of the adventure is well known. Frederick was thrown into prison; and his friend and adviser, Katt, beheaded under his window, while soldiers held the prince's head toward the scaffold on which the deed of death was acting. What impression this dreadful scene made on his mind is not known; but it ought to have been a deep and a lasting one.

It was the king's wish to follow up this execution by the trial of his own son; but the remonstrances of the cabinet of Vienna, of his own council, and, above all, of the upright and honest chaplain, Dr. Reinbeck, reluctantly induced him to forego the intention. It is not probable that he actually intended to put the prince to death, but only to force him to resign his right to the throne in favor of his second brother, William; a proposal to which Frederick constantly refused to assent.

But though not tried, Frederick was severely punished, for he was confined to the fortress of Küstrin, where he was obliged to perform the duties of a commissary of finance, and write the reports, and make out the returns with his own hand. All this was, no doubt, of advantage to the future sovereign. On condition of marrying the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick-Bevern, he was, at the end of eighteen months, released from confinement, and allowed to reside in the small town of Rheinsberg, where he resumed his flute and his French poets, to which the study of French philosophers and French translations from the classics was added. It was during his stay at Rheinsberg that his correspondence with foreign men of letters commenced; and it was here also that, with a party of friends, he formed an order of chivalry termed the "Order of Bayard," the motto of the knights being, "Without fear, and without reproach." But these were vain attempts at knighthood, for there was nothing chivalrous in the character of Frederick.

Two short journeys performed with his father, and a visit to the army which Prince Eugene commanded on the Rhine in 1734, formed the only interruption to the tranquil and philosophical life of Rheinsberg.

The first appearance in the field of the army bequeathed by Frederick William to his son, forms an era in modern history; for a belief in its efficiency was the mainspring that urged on the young king to attack the Austrians; and its excellence became the lever with which he ultimately raised his poor and secondary kingdom to the rank of a first-rate European power. The history of the rise and formation of this army, though a very curious one, would necessarily exceed our limits; but no one will be able to write the life of Frederick, and do full justice to the subject, without giving the reader a proper idea of the nature and origin of the engine which helped so mainly to render him great and famous. He had, no doubt, other claims to greatness besides those which his military actions con-

ferred upon him; but it was the splendor of these actions that brought his other merits to light; and little enough would have been heard of the "Philosopher of Sans-Souci," had not the victor of so many fields made him known to the world.

Frederick, while crown-prince, had not shown any great predilection for military affairs; he was rather pacifically disposed; was even a little taken with the philosophy of Wolf; and greatly captivated by French literature, and by French poetry in particular. It is probable, therefore, that the high opinion generally entertained of the newly-formed army, and the favorable opportunity that fortune offered on his accession to the throne, were the spurs "that pricked him on" to the field.

The Emperor Charles VI., the last male descendant of the house of Hapsburg, died in October, 1741, leaving his daughter, Maria Theresa, to retain, if possible, his extensive dominions against the various claimants who had not acknowledged the Pragmatic Sanction: an act by which the emperor had bequeathed to her all the possessions of his house. Frederick William had not acknowledged this deed, so that Frederick was not bound by it; and having some well-grounded claims on the duchies of Silesia, prepared to make them good—by force of arms, if necessary—the moment the emperor died. The desire "to be spoken of" was, as he himself confesses, one of his principal motives for action on this occasion.

The young king resolved to lead the army he had inherited, personally into the field; and as the Austrians were totally unprepared for the visit, the principalities were occupied without resistance. It was not till April 10, 1741, that an Austrian force, under General Neipperg, came to give him the meeting; and there was but little wanting to have rendered the battle of Molwitz, the first of Frederick's fields, the last also. The ground was covered with snow. Both parties were of about equal strength, and took up their ground, as the king himself tells us, in a manner alike unskilful; but, on the part of the tactician, this very want of skill tended to gain the battle; for three battalions of the first line, not finding room to form up, were thrown back *en potence* on the extremity of the right wing, and, as we shall see, repulsed the Austrian cavalry by their fire at the most critical moment of the battle. The Austrians had been very merry at the expense of the Prussian system of tactics, and had promised to beat the pipeclay out of their jackets at the first meeting; and now the words of scorn were to be made good.

After the usual salutation of artillery, the Imperial cavalry, practised in the Turkish wars, fell at full gallop upon the Prussian cavalry of the right wing, and overthrew them in an instant; for, like the infantry, they had been taught only to fire. Following up their success, the Austrian horsemen dashed at the flank of the Prussian infantry; but here the three battalions already mentioned as thrown back *en potence*, presented a steady front, and by their rapid fire repulsed the assailants, who, having their commander killed, seeing the despised and pipeclayed warriors standing immovably in their ranks, from which a fire of never-heard rapidity was pouring out in all directions, soon dispersed, leaving their

comrades of the infantry to try their fortune against these well-drilled foes. The infantry were not more fortunate than the cavalry. The Prussians stood firm as rocks, and fired three shots to their one; and as both were equally unskilful in the use of arms, the quantity of shots fired naturally decided the day. After a combat of several hours, the Austrians retired from the field, leaving the victory and battle-ground in the hands of the Prussians.

But where was he, the chieftain of that gallant host, the claimant of dukedoms and principalities, the victor for whose brows a splendid wreath of laurel had been so nobly gained by the blood of the brave? Will blushing glory hide the tale of shame? Alas, no!—vain were the courtly attempts made to conceal the truth, and history is forced to confess that "Frederick the Great from Molwitz deigned to run." In the scene of death, tumult, and confusion, which followed on the overthrow of the Prussian cavalry, the king completely lost his presence of mind, and fled as far as Oppeln, where the Austrian garrison, unfortunately for their cause, received him with a fire of musketry, that made him take another direction. He passed the night in great anxiety at a small country inn twenty miles from the field. On the following morning an aide-de-camp of the Prince of Dessau brought the fugitive king back to his victorious army. "Oh, Frederick," says Berenhorst, "who could then have foretold the glory thou wert destined to acquire and to merit as well as any conqueror and gainer of battles ever did?"

The war of the Austrian Succession having been now kindled, and Maria Theresa been attacked on all the points of her extensive dominions, Frederick made peace, left his allies to shift for themselves, and, having obtained the principalities of Silesia, retired from the contest. That he made good use of the time and additional sources of strength gained, it is needless to say.

The splendid success of the Austrian arms against France, the rapid preponderance that Maria Theresa was acquiring, alarmed him, however, for his late conquests; and he determined again to take the field before the strength of the house of Austria should outgrow his power to repress it. Voltaire negotiated for France on this occasion, and represented the danger with rather more than diplomatic ability. On both sides the protocols were as often written in verse as in prose; and Frederick, who hated George II., having told the poet, "Let France declare war against England, and I march," the latter instantly set out for Versailles, and thus gave the signal for the second Silesian War. This was in 1744. The Prussian troops were again victorious in battle, but the general result was not so much in their favor. The king, after taking Prague, was forced to evacuate Bohemia and part of Silesia; and though afterward brilliantly successful, particularly in the fields of Hohenfriedberg, he did not hesitate to make a separate peace the moment a fair opportunity offered. On taking the field, he told the French ambassador, "I am going to play your game, and if the trumps fall to my share, we'll go halves." The best part of the promise was soon forgotten, and the French, Spaniards, and Bavarians left, as before, to fight their own battle, the King of Prussia having, in December, 1745, amicably concluded

all his differences with Saxony and Austria. The young and fortunate conqueror now proceeded to improve and adorn his dominions; and it is almost impossible to speak in too high terms of the great things he effected with comparatively small means.

At this period of his life Frederick was singularly beloved and admired by the new court and world with which he had surrounded himself. His wit, fortune, and activity—a figure marked by distinguished bearing, by beauty of a peculiar kind, even by dress and apparel—a total of personal appearance that impressed itself singularly on the eyes of the beholder, excited general enthusiasm. Imitation is a proof and consequence of it; and many an orthodox believer, who trembled in private, ridiculed religion in public, because he had heard that the king was an atheist; and many a gallant soldier, who hated the sight and smell of snuff, disfigured his nose and lip with rappee, because such was the royal fashion. As a general, he was looked upon as the first of his time. The feeble moment at Molwitz had not become generally known; and the few who had witnessed the unpleasant affair, were too loyal and well-disposed to call it back to their recollection.

The king certainly did everything to deserve the favorable opinion entertained of him. Arts, science, commerce, and agriculture were encouraged; more than one hundred and thirty villages sprang up on newly drained lands along the banks of the Oder; men of letters and talents were brought to Berlin; theatres, operas, ballets, were established; a sort of German Versailles arose amid the sands of Brandenburg; and the "Garden House outside the gate," which was Frederick William's summer residence and place of recreation, soon sank down to the humble rank of a gardener's lodge to his son's palace! The machinery of government was never carried on with such perfect regularity. The king superintended the whole himself, and that without any regular intercourse with his ministers, some of whom, it is said, he never saw in his life. They furnished him every morning with abridged statements of the business to be transacted, and he wrote his order on the margin of the paper; the affairs of state were all settled in a couple of hours. Literary compositions, in prose and verse, military reviews, meals, and conversation, filled up the rest of the day. "Frederick," says Voltaire, in his vile and mischievous "Mémoires," "governed without court, council, or religious establishment" (*culte*). It was during this brilliant period of the king's reign that the French poet passed some time at Berlin.

The Austrians, who had ridiculed the drilling and powdering, had paid for their folly in many a bloody field, but had profited by the lesson, and could now move as accurately and fire as quickly as their neighbors. The first combat of the great Seven Years' War, which began in 1756, already proved this to the conviction of all parties. The Prussians purchased a slight advantage by a great loss of blood; and on the very battle-field the general remark was, "These are no longer the old Austrians." On the capture of the Saxon army, which surrendered at Pirna, Frederick, who exacted such unlimited allegiance from his subjects and soldiers, gave a strange proof of inconsistency, and of that contempt with which he seemed to treat the feelings of other men; for, without so much as asking

their consent, he ordered all the prisoners to be incorporated into the ranks of his army, and expected to make loyal Prussians of them by merely changing their uniforms. As was to be expected, they deserted immediately.

The progress of the war is out of our province. Spoiled by success, Frederick, after gaining the dearly purchased victory of Prague, attempted to reduce a city which he could not invest, and in which an army was concentrated. The Austrians advanced with 60,000 men to raise the siege; and the presumptuous king did not hesitate to rush upon them with less than half the number of Prussians; a total defeat, the first he had yet sustained, was the consequence. From this day it is allowed that the Prussian infantry had no longer any superiority over their enemies; henceforth the genius of their sovereign, the confidence he inspired, and the dread entertained of him by his adversaries, are the only advantages they have to depend upon. In the second year of the war he writes to La Motte Fouqué,—"Owing to the great losses sustained, our infantry is very much degenerated from what it formerly was, and must not be employed on difficult undertakings." In the third year he says to the same,—"Care must be taken not to render our people timid; they are too much so by nature already."

Of this battle of Collin we must here report an anecdote characteristic of what Frederick *then* was. The left wing of the Prussian army was obliquing in admirable order to the left, and already gaining the right of the Austrians, according to the prescribed disposition, when the king, at once losing patience in the most unaccountable manner, sent directions to Prince Maurice of Dessau, who commanded the infantry, ordering him to wheel up and advance upon the enemy. The prince told the officer that the proposed points had not yet been attained, and recommended that the oblique march should still be continued. The king immediately came up in person, and in haughty and overbearing style repeated the order, and, when the Prince of Dessau attempted to explain, drew his sword, and in a fiery and threatening tone exclaimed, "Will he (*er*) obey, and immediately wheel up and advance?" The officers present were terrified, fancying from his excited manner that he would be guilty of some act of violence; but the prince, of course, bowed and obeyed, and—the battle was soon lost.

Frederick, as an absolute king and commander, had, no doubt, many advantages over the ill-combined coalition by which he was assailed; but the mass of brute force was so great on the part of his adversaries, that he was more than once on the very eve of being crushed. At one time, indeed, he contemplated the commission of suicide.

The wonderful battles of Rossbach and Leuthen* reconciled him to life. The

* It was the evening succeeding this battle of Leuthen that Frederick, himself leading the advance after the flying Austrians, entered the little town of Lissa, where a body of the enemy, never dreaming the pursuit could reach so far, were resting for the night. Frederick was as surprised as they when, on entering a room of the principal inn, he found it filled with Austrian officers. He had but a handful of troops with him, and, had his enemies known it, was their prisoner. But with the utmost coolness he saluted them, "Good-evening, gentlemen. Is there still room for me, think you?" Whereon the frightened Austrians, thinking themselves surrounded by the whole Prussian army, decamped in wild haste, and getting their troops together as they could, fled from the dangerous neighborhood.

KAMPF PINXIT.

FREDERICK AND THE AUSTRIANS AFTER LEUTHEN.

former was not, as is well known, his work, as it was almost gained before he well knew what was going on: it was due principally to the indomitable bravery of Zeidlitz and the cavalry. His conduct at Leuthen could not be surpassed; and his manner of promoting General Prince Maurice of Dessau, who had most nobly aided him in the battle, was highly characteristic. "I congratulate you on the victory, *Field-marshal*," said Frederick, when they met on the field. The prince was still so much occupied with what was going forward, that he did not mark the exact words the king had used, till the latter again called out, "Don't you hear, *Field-marshal*, that I congratulate you on the victory gained?" when the newly promoted made due acknowledgments in course. Frederick, in his great contest, was assisted by an English, Hessian, and Hanoverian army, as well as by English subsidies; but, making full allowance for the value of these auxiliaries, it must still be admitted that great genius and courage were required to enable a King of Prussia to resist the combined forces of France, Austria, Russia, and Sweden. Frederick effected this, and his conduct deservedly obtained for him the name of "Great."

During his first two wars, and till the period of the battle of Rossbach in the third war, he always kept at a distance from the scene, which may be allowed in a commander who has to overlook the whole, and is not called upon to defend posts or lead attacks in person. After the above period, however, and when he perceived that the nature of the contest, and public opinion itself, demanded greater exertions from him, he several times, on due deliberation, exposed himself to the danger of an ordinary brigadier. Several occasions of this kind might be specified. At the Battle of Kunersdorf, when attempting to assemble some remnants of the infantry, who were still holding their ground here and there, his horse was shot under him. At Liegnitz, a spent ball struck him on the calf of the leg. At Torgau again, when a newly advanced brigade began to give way, like all its predecessors, he rode into the heaviest fire of musketry, and received a shot on the breast, which penetrated his shirt, and for some moments deprived him so completely of all power of breathing, that he was believed to be dead.*

Frederick outlived his last great war for twenty-three years, and died in 1786, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Every hour of this last period of his life was assiduously occupied, almost to the hour of his death, in zealous exertions to improve his country and ameliorate the condition of his people. He certainly effected great things, but left much that he might have achieved totally unattempted. Living in the solitude which his dazzling fame had cast around him, separated from all immediate intercourse with his species by the very barrier his glory had interposed between him and other men, he acted his part to admiration before the crowds who, from far and near, came to behold him; but,

* This battle of Torgau, Frederick planned to win by a flank attack; but the flanking column was delayed in its march, and at evening the king found himself everywhere beaten back. His last chance of success against his many opponents seemed lost; and he spent the night seated in the church at Elsnig, in such mood as may be imagined. During the night the flanking column at last arrived, fell on the enemy, and crushed them. This was the last of Frederick's great battles.

blinded by the halo that encompassed him, he saw little, and deemed less, perhaps, of mankind and their doings. In the mass they may possibly not be deserving of high admiration, but Frederick had never done them even justice; and in the latter years of his life, he entirely lost sight of the direction they were taking; he formed an ideal world to himself, and governed his country and subjects accordingly. He was the admired wonder of the age; a brilliant, if not spotless sun, that cast far aloft its vivid beams, indeed, but remained stationary and concentrated within itself, while all surrounding nature was in motion and in progress.

ROBERT, LORD CLIVE

By W. C. Taylor, LL.D.

(1725–1774)

The history of British India is without a parallel in the annals of mankind. It is little over a hundred years ago since "the company of British merchants trading with the East Indies" possessed nothing more than a few ports favorably situated for commerce, held at the will, or rather the caprice, of the native princes, and defended against commercial rivals by miserable fortifications, which could not have resisted any serious attack. Now British sovereignty in India extends over an empire greater than that possessed by Alexander or the Cæsars, and probably superior to both in the amount of its wealth and population. The chief agent in raising the East India Company from a trading association to a sovereign power was Lord Clive, whose own elevation was scarcely less marvellous than that of the empire which he founded.

Robert Clive was born September 29, 1725; his father was a country gentleman, of moderate fortune and still more moderate capacity, who cultivated his own estate in Shropshire. When a boy, the future hero of India distinguished himself chiefly by wild deeds of daring and courage, neglecting the opportunities of storing his mind with information, the want of which he bitterly felt in after-life. His violent temper, and his neglect of study, led his family to despair of his success at home, and, in his eighteenth year, he was sent out as a "writer,"

in the service of the East India Company, to the Presidency of Madras. In our day such an appointment would be considered a fair provision for a young man, holding out, besides, a reasonable prospect of obtaining competency, if not fortune; but when Clive went to the East the younger "writers," or clerks, were so badly paid, that they could scarcely subsist without getting into debt, while their seniors enriched themselves by trading on their own account. The voyage out, from England to Madras, which is now effected in three or four weeks, occupied, at that time, from six months to a year. Clive's voyage was more than usually tedious; the ship was detained for a considerable period at the Brazils, where he picked up some knowledge of Portuguese, and contracted some heavy debts. This apparent misfortune had the good effect of compelling him to reflect on his situation. He avoided all amusements and dissipation, but availed himself of the resources of the governor's library, which was liberally opened to him in his hours of leisure. He, however, felt himself unhappy, for his occupations were unsuited to his tastes, and he longed for an opportunity of finding a mode of life more congenial to his disposition.

The war of the Austrian Succession, in which George II. took the side of the empress, while the French king supported her competitor, extended to the Eastern World. Labourdonnais, the governor of the French colony in the Mauritius, suddenly appeared before Madras, and, as the town and fort were not prepared for defence, both were surrendered on honorable terms. But Dupleix, the French governor of Pondicherry, denying the right of Labourdonnais to grant any terms, refused to ratify the capitulation, and directed Madras to be razed to the ground. With still greater disregard for public faith, he led the English who had capitulated through the town of Pondicherry, as captives gracing his triumphal procession, in the presence of 50,000 spectators. Clive escaped this outrage by flying from Madras in disguise; he took refuge at Fort St. David, a settlement subordinate to Madras, where he obtained from Major Lawrence, one of the best officers then in India, an ensign's commission in the service of the company.

Peace between England and France having been established, Madras was restored to its former owners. Clive, however, did not return to his civil pursuits; he occasionally acted as a writer, but he was more frequently employed as a soldier in the petty hostilities which arose between the English and the natives. Events, however, were now in progress, which made the French and English East India companies competitors for an empire, though neither understood the value of the prize for which they contended; and Clive, fortunately for his country and himself, was almost forced to take the position of a military commander.

To explain fully the position of India, at this period, would take far more pages than we can afford lines; a very brief sketch, may, however, help our readers to comprehend the course of events. India, in its entire extent, was nominally governed by the Emperor of Delhi, or, as he was generally, though absurdly, called in Europe, "the Great Mogul." Under him were several viceroys, each of whom ruled over as many subjects as any of the great sovereigns of Eu-

rope ; and the delegates of these viceroys had a wider extent of territory than is included in most of the minor states of Germany. This empire began to lose its unity toward the close of the seventeenth century. The different viceroys, while professing a nominal allegiance to the crown of Delhi, established a substantial independence ; several of their immediate vassals treated them as they had done the emperor ; and several warlike tribes took advantage of this disorganization to plunder the defenceless provinces. Of these the most formidable were the Mahrattas, whose name was long the terror of the peninsula.

Dupleix, whose name has already been mentioned as the French governor of Pondicherry, was the first who conceived the possibility of establishing a European dominion on the ruins of the Delhi empire ; and, for this purpose, he wisely resolved to attempt no direct conquest, but to place at the head of the different principalities, men who owed their elevation to his aid, and whose continuance in power would be dependent on his assistance. With this view he supported a claimant to the viceroyalty of the Deccan, and another to the subordinate government of the Carnatic ; or, as the Indians term it, a rival nizam, and a rival nabob, against the princes already in possession of these territories. His efforts were equally splendid and successful ; the competitors whom he had selected became masters of the kingdom, and he, as the bestower of such mighty prizes, began to be regarded as the greatest authority in India. The English were struck with astonishment, and, as there was peace with France, they were at a loss to determine on the line of conduct that they ought to pursue. Mohammed Ali, whom the English recognized as Nabob of the Carnatic, was reduced to the possession of the single town of Trichinopoly, and even that was invested by Chunda Sahib, the rival nabob, and his French auxiliaries. Under these circumstances Clive proposed to the Madras authorities the desperate expedient of seizing on Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and thus recalling Chunda Sahib from the siege of Trichinopoly. With a force of 200 Europeans and 300 Sepoys, under eight officers, four of whom had been taken from the counting-house, Clive surprised Arcot in the midst of a terrific storm, and the garrison fled without striking a blow. Being reinforced by large bodies of troops, the expelled garrison, swelled to the number of 3,000 men, formed an encampment near the town ; but Clive took them by surprise in the night, slew great numbers, put the rest to flight, and returned to his quarters without a single casualty.

Chunda Sahib sent 10,000 men, including 150 French soldiers, under his son, Rajah Sahib, to recover Arcot. Clive's little garrison endured a siege of fifty days against this disproportionate force, and against the pressure of famine, which was early and severely felt. Nothing in history is equal to the proof of devotion which the native portion of this gallant little band gave to their beloved commander ; the Sepoys came to Clive with a request that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia, declaring that they would be satisfied with the thin gruel which strained away from the rice. Rajah Sahib at length made an attempt to take the place by

storm ; he was defeated with great loss, principally by Clive's personal exertions, upon which he abandoned the siege, leaving behind him a large quantity of military stores.

Clive followed up his victory with great vigor, and the government of Madras, encouraged by his success, resolved to send him with a strong detachment to reinforce the garrison of Trichinopoly. Just at this conjuncture, however, Major Lawrence returned from England and assumed the chief command. If Clive was mortified by the change, he soon overcame his feelings ; he cheerfully placed himself under the command of his old friend, and exerted himself as strenuously in the second post as when he held the chief command. The French had no leaders fit to cope with the two friends, and the English triumphed everywhere. The besiegers of Trichinopoly were themselves besieged, and compelled to capitulate. Chunda Sahib fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, and was put to death at the instigation of his rival. The forts of Covelong and Chingleput were taken by Clive, though his forces consisted of raw recruits, little better than an undisciplined rabble. Dupleix, however, was not driven to despair, but still sought means of renewing the contest.

After the capture of Chingleput, Clive returned to Madras, where he married Miss Maskelyne, sister to the Astronomer Royal, and immediately after returned to England. He was received with great honors by the Court of Directors, and, through the influence of Lord Sandwich, obtained a seat in Parliament ; but his election having been set aside, he again turned his thoughts toward India, where both the company and the government were eager to avail themselves of his services. The directors appointed him governor of Fort St. David ; the king gave him the commission of a lieutenant-colonel in the British army ; and thus doubly authorized, he returned to Asia in 1755.

The first service on which he was employed after his return to the East was the reduction of the stronghold of Gheriah. This fortress, built on a craggy promontory, and almost surrounded by the ocean, was the den of a pirate named Angria, whose ships had long been the terror of the Arabian seas. Admiral Watson, who commanded the English squadron, burned Angria's fleet, while Clive attacked the fastness by land. The place soon fell, and a booty of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling was divided among the conquerors.

About two months after Clive had entered on his government at Fort St. David, intelligence was received of the destruction of the English settlement at Calcutta by Surajah Dowlah, the Nabob of Bengal. Although scarcely any resistance had been made, the English prisoners, 146 in number, were all thrust into a close and narrow apartment called the Black Hole, which, in such a climate, would have been too close and too narrow for a single prisoner. Their sufferings during the dreadful night, until death put an end to the misery of most, cannot be described ; 123 perished before morning, and the survivors had to be dug out of the heap formed by the dead bodies of their companions.

The authorities at Madras, on receiving this intelligence, resolved to avenge the outrage ; 900 Europeans and 1,500 Sepoys, under the command of Clive,

were embarked on board Admiral Watson's squadron ; the passage was rendered tedious by adverse winds, but the armament arrived safely in Bengal. Clive proceeded with his usual promptitude ; he routed the garrison which the nabob had placed in Fort William, recovered Calcutta, and took Hoogly by storm. Surajah Dowlah, who was as cowardly as he was cruel, now sought to negotiate peace, but at the same time he secretly urged the French to come to his assistance. This duplicity could not be concealed from Clive and Watson. They determined accordingly to attack Chandernagore, the chief possession of the French in Bengal, before the force there could be strengthened by new arrivals either from the South of India or Europe. Watson directed the expedition by water ; Clive by land. The success of the combined movements was rapid and complete. The fort, the garrison, the artillery, the military stores, all fell into the hands of the English, and nearly five hundred European troops were among the prisoners.

Soon after, Clive marched to attack Surajah Dowlah near Plassey. At sunrise on the morning of June 23, 1757, the army of the nabob, consisting of 40,000 infantry and 15,000 cavalry, supported by fifty pieces of heavy ordnance, advanced to attack the English army, which did not exceed three thousand men in all, and had for its artillery but a few field-pieces. But the nabob had no confidence in his army, nor his army in him ; the battle was confined to a distant cannonade, in which the nabob's artillery was quite ineffective, while the English field-pieces did great execution. Surajah's terror became greater every moment, and led him to adopt the insidious advice of a traitor, Meer Jaffier, and order a retreat. Clive saw the movement, and the confusion it occasioned in the undisciplined hordes ; he ordered his battalions to advance, and, in a moment, the hosts of the nabob became a mass of inextricable confusion. In less than an hour they were dispersed, never again to reassemble ; though only five or six hundred fell ; their camp, guns, baggage, with innumerable wagons and cattle, remained in the hands of the victors. With the loss of only 22 soldiers killed and 50 wounded, Clive had dispersed an army of 60,000 men, and conquered an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain. Surajah Dowlah fled from the field of battle to his capital, but, not deeming himself safe there, he tried to escape by the river to Patna. He was subsequently captured, and barbarously murdered by the son of Meer Jaffier. In the meantime Clive led Meer Jaffier in triumph to Moorshedabad, and installed him as nabob.

Immense sums of money were given to the servants of the company ; Clive received for his share between two and three hundred thousand pounds. Nor was this all : Shah Alum, the son of the Emperor of Delhi, having invaded Bengal, Clive delivered Meer Jaffier from this formidable enemy, and was rewarded with the jaghire or estate of the lands south of Calcutta, for which the company were bound to pay the nabob a quit-rent of about thirty thousand pounds annually. But the gratitude of Meer Jaffier did not last long ; weary of his dependence on the English, he sought an alliance with the Dutch, who had a factory at Chinsurah. The authorities of this place sent earnest letters to their countrymen

in Batavia, urging them to take this opportunity of raising a rival power to the English in India; and their advice was taken. Seven large ships from Java, having on board 1,500 troops, appeared unexpectedly in the Hoogly. Though England was at peace with Holland, Clive resolved to attack them without delay. The ships were taken and the army routed. Chinsurah was invested by the conquerors, and was only spared on the condition that no fortifications should be built, and no soldiers raised, beyond those that were necessary for the police of the factories.

Three months afterward he returned to England, where he was received with a profusion of honors; he was raised to the Irish peerage, and promised an English title. George III., who had just ascended the throne, received him with marked distinction, and the leading statesmen of the day vied with each other in showing him attention. By judicious purchases of land he was enabled to acquire great parliamentary influence, and by large purchases of India stock he was enabled to form a strong party in the Court of Proprietors. The value of such support was soon shown; the Court of Directors, instigated by Mr. Sullivan, the personal enemy of Lord Clive, withheld the rent of the jaghire that he had received from Meer Jaffier, and it was necessary to institute a suit in chancery to enforce payment.

But Clive's greatest strength was derived from the misconduct of his successors in the government of Bengal. "Rapacity, luxury, and the spirit of insubordination," says a late writer, "spread from the civil service to the officers of the army, and from the officers to the soldiers. The evil continued to grow till every messroom became the seat of conspiracy and cabal, and till the Sepoys could only be kept in order by wholesale executions." Individuals were enriched, but the public treasury was empty, and the government had to face the dangers of disordered finances, when there was war on the frontiers and disaffection in the army. Under these circumstances it was generally felt that Clive alone could save the empire which he had founded.

Lord Clive felt the strength of his position. He refused to go to India so long as his enemies had preponderating power in the Court of Directors; an overwhelming majority of the proprietors seconded his wishes, and the Sullivan party, lately triumphant, was deprived of power. Having been nominated governor-general and commander-in-chief of the British possessions in Bengal, he sailed for India, and reached Calcutta in May, 1765. He at once assembled the council, and announced his determination to enforce his two great reforms—the prohibition of receiving presents from the natives, and the prohibition of private trade by the servants of the Company. The whole settlement seemed to be set, as one man, against these measures; but Clive declared that if the functionaries in Calcutta refused obedience, he would send for some civil servants from Madras to aid him in conducting the administration. As he evinced the strength of his resolution by dismissing the most factious of his opponents, the rest became alarmed and submitted to what was inevitable.

Scarcely had the governor-general quelled the opposition of the civil service

when he had to encounter a formidable mutiny of the officers of the army, occasioned by a diminution of their field allowances. Two hundred English officers engaged in a conspiracy to resign their commissions on the same day, believing that the governor-general would submit to any terms rather than see the army, on which the safety of the empire rested, left without commanders. They were mistaken in their calculations; Clive supplied their places from the officers round his person; he sent for others from Madras; he even gave commissions to some mercantile agents who offered their support at this time. Fortunately the soldiers, and particularly the Sepoys, over whom Clive had unbounded influence, remained steadfast in their allegiance. The leaders were arrested, tried, and dismissed from the service; the others, completely humbled, besought permission to withdraw their resignations, and Clive exhibited lenity to all, save those whom he regarded as the contrivers of the plot.

In his foreign policy he was equally successful. The Nabob of Oude, who had threatened invasion, sought for peace as soon as he heard of Clive's arrival in India; and the Emperor of Delhi executed a formal warrant, empowering the Company to collect and administer the revenues of Bengal, Bahar, and Oussa; that is, in fact, to exercise direct sovereignty over these provinces. Never had such a beneficial change been wrought in the short space of eighteen months. The governor-general set a noble example of obedience to his own regulations; he refused the brilliant presents offered him by the native princes, and when Meer Jaffier left him a legacy of sixty thousand pounds, he made the whole over to the Company, in trust, for the officers and soldiers invalided in their service.

At the close of January, 1767, the state of his health compelled Lord Clive to return to England. His reception at home was far from being gratifying; his old enemies in the India House, reinforced by those whose rapacity he had checked in Bengal, assailed him publicly and privately; the prejudices excited against those who had suddenly made large fortunes in India, were concentrated against him who was the highest, both in rank and fortune; while his ostentatious display of wealth and grandeur increased the unfavorable impression on the public mind. The dreadful famine which desolated Bengal in 1770, was, with strange perversity, attributed to Lord Clive's measures, and his parliamentary influence was greatly weakened by the death of George Grenville. Such was his position in the session of 1772, when the state of India was brought before Parliament, and all the evils of its condition made subjects of charge against the best of its rulers. Clive met the storm with firmness. Lord Chatham declared that the speech in which he vindicated himself at an early stage of the proceedings was one of the finest ever delivered in the House of Commons; his answers, when subjected to a rigid examination before a committee of inquiry, were equally remarkable for their boldness and candor. But there were some of his deeds which could not be justified, and a vote of moderate censure on his conduct was sanctioned by the House of Commons. This was a disgrace, for which the favor of his sovereign, though it never varied, afforded him no consolation; his constitution, already weakened by a tropical climate, began to give way; to

soothe the pains of mind and body he had recourse to the treacherous aid of opium, which only aggravated both; at length, on November 22, 1774, he died by his own hand.

That Clive committed many faults cannot be denied; and it is not sufficient excuse to say that they were necessary to the founding of the British empire in India. But his second administration, the reforms he introduced into the government, and the system of wise policy which he established, may well atone for his errors; indeed, it has done so in India, where the natives not only respect his memory as a conqueror, but venerate it as a benefactor.

FRANÇOIS KELLERMANN, MARSHAL OF FRANCE

(1735–1820)

François Christopher Kellermann, who with a little army of raw recruits defeated the forces of united Europe at Valmy, and saved France from destruction, was born of a respectable family at Strasbourg, then part of France, on May 28, 1735. At the age of seventeen, he became a cadet in the regiment of Lowendalh; and passing through the grades of ensign and lieutenant in 1753 and 1756, became captain of dragoons, in which rank he served in the Seven Years' War until 1762, and was favorably mentioned in the reports of the battle of Bergen. A brilliant charge of cavalry, against a corps commanded by General Scheider, procured him, in the last year, the distinction of the cross of St. Louis, then an honor of the highest esteem. After the peace of 1763, he passed with the same rank into the legion of Conflans, and in 1765 and 1766 was charged by the king with the execution of some important commissions in Poland. In 1771, the increasing troubles in Poland furnished a pretext for the invasion of that country by the united troops of France and the Germanic confederation; and Kellermann was appointed to accompany the French commander-in-chief of the expedition, Baron de Vioménil; and in 1772, he was placed at the head of a native corps of cavalry which he had been concerned in organizing. His conduct in the retreat from the castle of Cracow, in 1772, elevated his character for dexterity and courage. In 1780, he became lieutenant-colonel of hussars; on January 1, 1784, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier, and in 1788, received the rank of major-general. In 1790, under the National Assembly, he was placed in command of both departments of Alsace, and so approved were his services in placing that frontier in a state of defence against the threatened invasion of com-

bined Europe, that, in 1792, he received the cordon rouge of the order of St. Louis, and was appointed lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of the forces assembled at Neukirch, and afterward, on August 28th, in the same year, of the army of the Moselle.

It was at this time that the formidable invasion under the Duke of Brunswick, consisting of 138,000 men, of whom 66,000 were under the King of Prussia in person, and 50,000 were Austrians under Prince Hohenlohe and Marshal Clairfait, marched to France, and menaced Dumouriez, who occupied the defiles of Varennes, with very inferior forces. Against this mighty invasion the French nation rose as one man. Recruits poured to the borderland singing the Marseillaise, their newly adopted national hymn. Rapidly reducing this motley force to order, Kellermann, with 22,000 men, marched from Metz, on September 4th, for Chalons with the utmost celerity, reached Bar before the Prussians, saved the magazines on the upper Saone and Marne, and put himself in a situation to communicate with Dumouriez. The latter general was attacked on September 16th, and immediately ordered Kellermann to take a designated position on his left, which was, accordingly, accomplished on the 19th. No sooner had Kellermann arrived here, than he perceived that the position was altogether defective. A pond on his right separated him from Dumouriez; the marshy river of the Auve, traversed by a single narrow bridge, cut off his retreat in the rear; and the heights of Valmy commanded his left. While he was shut up in this isolated position, the enemy might march upon the magazines at Dampierre and Voilmont, cut both the French armies off from Chalons, and then fall upon each of them in succession. Kellermann instantly resolved to rectify this error in the disposition of the troops; and by four o'clock on the following morning, his army was in motion by its rear upon Dampierre and Voilmont. But the Prussians, equally alive to the disadvantage in which Kellermann had been placed, were already in movement to attack him, and it became impracticable to pass the Auve. Leaving his advanced-guard and his reserve to check the Prussians on the plain, Kellermann drew off the rest of his army to the heights of Valmy, and placing a battery of eighteen pieces near the mill of Valmy, at seven in the morning was drawn up in a strong position to receive the attack of the enemy. The King of Prussia, who commanded in person, drew up his army in three columns on the heights of La Lune, and advancing in an oblique direction a vehement fire was kept up on both sides for two hours. About nine, a new battery on the enemy's right suddenly opened in the direction of the mill, near which Kellermann and his escort, with the reserve cuirassiers, were stationed, and produced the utmost confusion. Most of the escort were killed or wounded, and Kellermann had a horse shot under him, while about the same time the explosion of two caissons of ammunition near the mill added to the alarm. Kellermann, however, quickly disposed a battery so as to return the fire, and the battle was restored on that side. After some time, two of the Prussian columns, flanked by powerful cavalry, advanced in formidable array toward the mill, while the third remained in reserve. Kellermann drew up his men in column by

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battalions, and advancing his reserved artillery to the front of his position, waited the advance of the enemy, who approached in silence. When they were within range of a destructive fire, Kellermann, waving his hat upon the end of his sabre, shouted, "Vive la Nation!" to which the whole army responded with enthusiastic cries, and at the same moment, the artillery opened a tremendous fire. The Prussians halted; the heads of their columns melted away under the galling discharges; and they retreated, in good order, to their original position after sustaining a serious loss. The fire, however, continued on both sides with spirit; and about four o'clock in the afternoon the Prussians renewed their attack in column, but were again repulsed, even more decidedly, and by six in the evening were in full retreat. The victory was thus decided in favor of the French; but the safety of the magazines at Dampierre and Voilmont was still not secured.

Kellermann allowed his army about two hours' repose, and then, leaving large fires lighted along his whole line, and some regiments of light cavalry to defend the position, if the enemy should attempt an attack, he quietly drew off about nine o'clock at night, and reached Dampierre without the enemy being aware of his movement. About six o'clock the next morning, the Prussians marched for the same point, and were not a little astonished to find Kellermann's army drawn up in line of battle on the heights of Dampierre, in a position which rendered it impracticable to attack. They immediately retreated, and their retiring columns suffered severely from a fire opened by the French artillery. This operation raised the reputation of Kellermann to an exalted height. The allies soon afterward retreated from France, and Kellermann desired to attack their rear; but Dumouriez would not allow the movement to be made.

In recompense of these services Kellermann was made commander-in-chief of the army of the Alps; but incurring the jealousy of the ruling faction, he was thrown into prison in June, 1793, and lingered there for thirteen months, until the 9th Thermidor (July 27, 1794) restored him to liberty. In 1795 the army of Italy was reincorporated with the army of the Alps, from which it had been separated in the beginning of 1793; and the command of the united force was given to Kellermann at the close of that month. On his way to Nice to take the command, he met Napoleon at Marseilles, who, having been displaced by the reconstruction of the army, was now visiting his mother at that place on his way to Paris. Napoleon gave much valuable information respecting the seat of war; and Kellermann, continuing his journey, reached head-quarters at Nice on May 9, 1795. His operations during the campaign that followed diminished the reputation which he had previously acquired. "Throughout the conduct of this war," says Napoleon, "he was constantly committing errors." On June 23d General Devins, at the head of the Austrian and Piedmontese armies, advanced against his positions; and after a series of engagements on the 25th, 26th, and 27th, Kellermann was driven out of all the posts in which Napoleon's arrangements had placed him in the preceding October, and falling back to the line of the Borghetto, wrote to the Directory that, unless he was speedily reinforced, he would be obliged even to quit Nice. The government were now satisfied that

the command of the army of Italy was beyond Kellermann's abilities; and again separating the army of the Alps from it, they placed Kellermann at the head of the latter as a reserve, and intrusted the army of Italy to General Scherer, and sometime afterward to Napoleon.

After the conquest of Milan, the Directory, either jealous of Napoleon or elated by success, decided to divide his army, and to place 20,000 men under Kellermann to cover the siege of Mantua, and to direct the rest under Napoleon upon Rome. Napoleon immediately resigned his command, and wrote to the Directory: "I will not serve with a man who considers himself the best general in Europe; it is better to have one bad general than two good ones." The Directory, in alarm, abandoned their design; Kellermann was left at Chambéry, and Napoleon was allowed to follow his own plans.

In 1797, Kellermann was made inspector-general of the cavalry of the army of England and of that of Holland; and in 1799, he took his place in the Senate, and was elected president on August 1, 1801. In 1804, he was created a Marshal of the Empire, and in the following year, received the grand eagle of the Legion of Honor. In 1803, he commanded the third corps of the army of reserve on the Rhine; and, in 1806, was placed at the head of the whole of that army; to which authority the command of the army of reserve in Spain was added in 1808; and in the same year, in honor of the great victory of his more vigorous days, he was created Duke of Valmy.

In 1809, he commanded the army of reserve on the Rhine, the army of observation of the Elbe, the fifth, twenty-fifth, and twenty-sixth military divisions, and the army of reserve of the North. In 1812, he was charged with the duty of organizing the cohorts of the national guard in the first military division; he afterward commanded the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth divisions. In 1813, he was at first provisional commander of the corps of observation on the Rhine, and then received the command of the second, third, and fourth military divisions. After the battle of Leipsic, he performed a valuable service in reconducting to France a body of about six thousand soldiers, who had been wounded in the affairs about Dresden.

Upon the restoration of Louis XVIII., Marshal Kellermann received the command of the third and fourth divisions, and took no part in the events of the "hundred days." Upon the second restoration, he was placed at the head of the fifth division, received the grand cross of the order of St. Louis, and was made a peer of France.

He died at Paris, on September 13, 1820, aged eighty-five years. He left a son, the celebrated general who made the decisive charge at Marengo, and distinguished himself in Spain and at Waterloo, and who died on June 2, 1835; and a daughter, married to General de Léry.

MICHEL NEY, MARSHAL OF FRANCE*

By Louise Chandler Moulton

(1769–1815)

Among the marshals of the great Napoleon, Ney has always held in my mind the place of honor. "The Bravest of the Brave" was the sobriquet bestowed on him by the men of his own nation and his own time; and the briefest record of his life cannot fail to prove how well the title was deserved. I could wish for a larger canvas on which to paint his portrait; but the space allotted to me here will at least suffice to reveal his character, and chronicle the main events of his career.

Michel Ney was born on January 10, 1769, in the small town of Sarre-Louis, in Lorraine which province had at that time only recently been annexed to France. He was in reality, therefore, more German than French. His father was a working cooper by trade, but he wished his son to be something better, and arranged for him to study law. Life at a desk, however, had no interest for the future marshal, who, even then, had no doubt as to what should be his future career. In 1787 he enlisted, at Metz, as a private hussar. His rise was rapid from the first. He greatly distinguished himself in the Netherlands, where revolutionary France, under Dumouriez and others was holding her own against allied Europe. He became lieutenant in 1793, and captain in 1794. In 1796, after a brilliant conflict under the walls of Forchheim, which resulted in the taking of that town, and on the field of battle, he was made General of Brigade.

Next year, in trying to save a gun from capture, he was taken prisoner by the Austrians; but General Hoche, who was then commanding the army of the Sambre and Meuse, soon effected his exchange. In 1798 he served with great distinction under Massena, in Switzerland, and was made general of division.

In 1799 he was transferred to the army of the Rhine, which he commanded for some time, fighting with varying success, but with unvarying energy and courage. He fought under Moreau at the famous battle of Hohenlinden, and at the peace of Lunéville was appointed inspector-general of the cavalry.

In 1802 Napoleon having discovered that Switzerland "could not settle her intestine divisions except by the interposition of France," sent Ney, with 20,000 men, to dissolve the Diet and disband its forces. This mode of settling intestine

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divisions did not commend itself to the Swiss. It is generally admitted, however, that Ney acted with as much moderation as his odious task permitted; and he doubtless welcomed his recall to take a command in the army which was being collected at Boulogne, ostensibly for the invasion of England.

When Napoleon was proclaimed emperor Ney was made a marshal, "for a long succession of heroic actions," and when the army, instead of crossing the Channel, turned back to crush Austria and the coalition, Ney commanded the sixth corps. By October 14, 1805, Napoleon had surrounded Mack and his army in Ulm, and on that day Ney carried the heights of Elchingen after a terrific combat. It was from this achievement that his title of Duke of Elchingen was derived. After the capitulation of Ulm Ney had, at Innsprück, the proud satisfaction of restoring to the seventy-sixth regiment the flags of which they had been despoiled. He was sent into the Tyrol in pursuit of the Archduke John, whose rear-guard he caught and cut to pieces at the foot of Mount Brenner, at the same time that Napoleon, at Austerlitz, brought the war to a close.

After the peace of Presburg Ney remained in Suabia until the rupture with Prussia. The day of Jena found him so anxious for the fray that he attacked the enemy without waiting for orders, and brought the whole Prussian cavalry upon his small division of some three thousand men, and held them at bay until Napoleon sent him assistance. Though Prussia was practically annihilated by the battles of Jena and Auerstadt, Russia was still to be reckoned with. Napoleon invaded Poland, and found himself forced into a winter campaign at a formidable distance from France. Marching and countermarching through mud and snow the whole army was subjected to horrible suffering; but even then Ney's impetuous energy was unabated. Napoleon even rebuked him for "foolhardiness;" and more than once his only salvation from destruction was in the slowness and density of the Russians. He took little part in the dreadful and indecisive battle of Eylau, after which Napoleon remained for eight days without making any movement; but it was to him that, at Friedland, Napoleon allotted the post of honor and of danger, saying, as the marshal went off proud of his task, "That man is a lion."

Napoleon about this time discovered that "the interposition of France was necessary in the affairs of Spain;" and after the peace of Tilsit Ney was only allowed to remain in France long enough to recruit his forces, before being sent to the Peninsula. A few months later in the year, when Napoleon visited Spain, Ney was given the command of the sixth corps there, but he was destined to reap few Spanish laurels, and it is said that he endeavored to persuade the emperor to relinquish the hopeless struggle against an entire people. While Soult was engaged in the difficult task of forcing the English from the Peninsula by way of Corunna, Ney held Galicia and the Asturias, destroyed guerilla bands, defeated Sir Robert Wilson, and intercepted the enemy's convoys; but the whole country was in arms against the French, who after six months' unceasing struggle, were compelled to retreat.

When Massena was sent to Portugal with orders from Napoleon to drive the

MARSHAL NEY RETURNING THE CAPTURED COLORS.

"English leopards and their Sepoy general into the sea," Ney, acting under his directions, took Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida. At Busaco, on September 27, 1810, he differed from his commander-in-chief as to the advisability of attacking the English position in front, which was strong. Massena suffered a severe repulse; and Ney was undoubtedly right, since the fact remains that after the battle Wellington's position was easily turned, and he was compelled to fall back. He retreated upon the famous lines of Torres Vedras, before which Massena sat helplessly for months, until famine forced him to break up his camp. Ney was intrusted with the command of the rear-guard, and the universal opinion of military critics is that his management of this retreat was one of his most splendid feats of arms. On one occasion he confronted, with 5,000 men, Wellington and his army of 30,000, and delayed them for many hours, while the sick and wounded, the baggage wagons, and the main body of the French army made good their retreat. While Ney was in front of him Wellington knew no repose; nor, for all his efforts, did he succeed, during the whole pursuit, in capturing an ammunition wagon or even a single gun. But when Massena—with a view to saving his military reputation, which had been gravely compromised by his want of success—proposed again to advance upon Lisbon, Ney flatly refused to obey him, and after a violent quarrel, was ordered by Massena to relinquish his command and retire into the interior of Spain to await the decision of the emperor. Napoleon recalled him to France, and gave him the command of the third corps of that avalanche of men—men of so many nations and kindreds and peoples—which he was preparing to hurl upon Russia.

The Grand Army crossed the Niemen in June, 1812, and followed an ever-retreating foe to Smolensk, where the Russian general, Barclay de Tolly, had received positive orders from Alexander to give battle, and where he had placed a garrison of 30,000 men. On August 14th Ney cleared the neighboring town of Krasnoi at the point of the bayonet, and during the next two days the Russians were slowly forced back under the walls of Smolensk. On the 17th a general attack was ordered, and Ney was directed to take the citadel. But so obstinate was the Russian defence that when night came no entrance had been effected. However, an hour after midnight the Russian general set fire to the town, and abandoned it, having lost 12,000 men in the defence. At a council of war which followed the capture of the place, Ney strongly recommended that the Grand Army should establish itself upon the banks of the Dwina and the Dnieper, and occupying Smolensk and its environs with a vanguard, there await the Russian attack. His advice was overruled, however, and he was forced to follow the retreating foe upon the road to Moscow. But Russia was thoroughly dissatisfied with the way in which the war had so far been carried on, and Barclay de Tolly was at this juncture superseded by Kutusof, who, having intrenched himself strongly near the little village of Borodino, prepared to dispute the farther progress of the invaders. The battle which followed, on September 7th, was one of the most obstinate and sanguinary of modern times. It lasted from early morning till late at night, and more than eighty thousand men were killed or

wounded. Ney fought like a common soldier in the very thickest of the conflict. The Russian positions were at last carried, and Ney sent to the emperor for reinforcements with which to complete the victory. The emperor had only his guard in reserve, and refused this request. "If there should be another battle to-morrow," he said, "with what am I to fight it?" "Let him go back to Paris, and play at emperor, and leave fighting to us," cried Ney, scornfully, when he heard this message. Had his request been granted, and the Imperial Guard been hurled into the conflict at the right moment, it seems probable that the Russian army would have been entirely destroyed. As it was, they drew off in good order, under cover of night, and Kutusof even had the effrontery to claim a victory. For his services during this memorable day Ney received the title of Prince of the Moskowa.

The result of the battle of Borodino was to leave Moscow at the mercy of the invaders, and a barren prize indeed it proved to them. In the horror of the fearful retreat from the ruined city the fame of Ney reached its highest point. Nothing in all history surpasses the record of his indomitable courage and cheerfulness in the most hopeless situations, and amid the most frightful hardships. As in Spain, he had the command of the rear-guard, and the soldiers, preyed upon alike by the Cossacks and the cold, died in the path like flies. Without artillery and without cavalry, they yet succeeded, day after day, in obstructing their pursuers. Ney was on foot in the midst of them, carrying a musket and fighting like the humblest private. But at Smolensk—where the army expected to find everything, and really found nothing—they stayed too long, and on resuming their march found the Russians barring their path. Napoleon and the Imperial Guard cut their way through. The first and fourth corps succeeded, after a desperate conflict, in evading their enemies, but Ney, who had received orders to blow up the fortifications of Smolensk before leaving the town, found himself with some eight thousand men cut off from the main body of fugitives by an army of 50,000 Russians. He attacked them as though the numbers were equal, lost in a short time nearly half his little force, and was obliged to fall back. Being called upon to surrender, he answered, proudly, "A Marshal of France never surrenders," and gave the order, as night approached, to retreat toward Smolensk, which was indeed the only way open to him. The soldiers were in despair. Ney alone did not lose heart. In the gathering dusk they came upon a small rivulet. The marshal broke the ice and watched the flow of the current beneath. "This must be a feeder of the Dnieper," he said. "We will follow it, and put the river between us and our enemies." This they succeeded in doing; but were obliged to leave their wounded, their artillery, and their baggage upon the other side. Ney had left Smolensk on November 17th, with about eight thousand men. On the 20th he joined Napoleon, who had given him up for lost—with somewhere about one thousand. Napoleon, hearing that he was come, fairly leaped and shouted for joy, exclaiming, "I have three hundred millions of francs in the Tuileries—I would have given them all rather than have lost such a man."

A few days afterward Ney was fighting madly on the shores of the fatal Beresina to clear the way for the surging and almost frenzied crowd of soldiers, stragglers, women and children, who, under the merciless fire of the Russian batteries were streaming across the river on the rickety bridges improvised by the French engineers. The Grand Army was by this time only a crowd of wretched and undisciplined fugitives. Ney managed to preserve the semblance of a rear-guard, and if it had not been for his unceasing efforts it seems probable that hardly a single soldier would ever have seen again the shores of France. As it was, when he crossed the Niemen on December 13th, himself the last man to leave Russian territory—his rear-guard had vanished, and he had with him only his aides-de-camp, while of about five hundred thousand men who had crossed the river five months before scarcely fifty thousand returned.

No sooner did this catastrophe become known than Europe—so long ground under his heel—rose against Napoleon, who at once called upon France for fresh levies. Ney was given the command of the first Corps. On April 29, 1813, he drove the allies from Weissenfels toward Leipsic. On May 1st he again compelled a retrograde movement; and on May 2d he commanded the French centre at the battle of Lutzen, where, indeed, he bore the brunt of the fighting. The allies were compelled to retire, but they did not consider themselves beaten, and they fought again at Bautzen a few days afterward. Lutzen and Bautzen were both dubious victories, but at Dresden the allies were defeated with great loss.

This victory, however, was annulled by the defeat of Vandamme, who was taken prisoner in Bohemia, after losing 10,000 men. When Napoleon heard of this disaster he at once sent Ney to replace Oudinot in the command of the Northern army, with the object of pushing on to Berlin; but for once Ney's evil stars were in the ascendant, for on September 5th he was totally defeated by Bernadotte, at Dennewitz, losing 10,000 prisoners and eighty guns. "The Bravest of the Brave" was inconsolable. For some days he took no food, and scarcely spoke. He wished to give up his command and fight as a grenadier. "If I have not blown out my brains," he said, "it is only because I want to rally my army before dying."

And now came the catastrophe at Leipsic—the three days' battle of the Nations—where, on the first day, Ney was defeated by Blücher, after a desperate struggle in which he lost 4,000 killed and wounded, and upward of two thousand prisoners. On the third day, after the defection of the Saxons, he held out for five hours with 5,000 men against 20,000, and retired fighting to the end. Through the whole of the succeeding campaign of France, he was at the emperor's side; and when, in spite of all the genius of Napoleon, and all the bravery of his soldiers, Paris capitulated, Ney was one of three marshals sent by the defeated Emperor of the French to negotiate with the Emperor of Russia for his abdication in favor of his son, the King of Rome.

This mission failed of any result — Napoleon went to Elba, and Louis XVIII. reigned over France in his stead. Ney accepted the new order of

things, and was created a peer of France, knight of St. Louis, and governor of the sixth Military Division. But the world was for the time at peace; and Ney's occupation was gone. He had been a fighter all his life—he could not turn courtier at the end. He had married, in 1810, Mlle. Auguié, who had been brought up in the court of Louis XVI., was a friend of Hortense Beauharnais, and naturally fond of gayety and society. The great marshal was a simple and rather illiterate man, who had had no time to cultivate fashionable graces, so it happened that when Madame la Maréchal gave a banquet or a ball, Ney used not to appear, but dined by himself, in his own apartments, as far removed as possible from the noise of the festival. It is said that outside the field of battle he was one of the timidest of men, and even submitted quite tamely to the insolence of his own servants.

In January, 1815, he departed for his country-seat of Coudreaux, near Chateaudun, where he lived in the simplest possible fashion, till on March 6th, an aide-de-camp of the Minister of War brought him an order to return at once to the head-quarters of the Military Division of which he was commander. Instead of going directly to his post, he went by way of Paris, where he heard for the first time of the landing of Napoleon.

"It is a great misfortune," said he. "Whom can we send against him?"

Then, having visited the king, and assured him of his devotion to the monarchy, he went to his command at Besançon. Next morning he heard that Grenoble had declared for the emperor, and that the occupation of Lyons was inevitable. He could observe for himself the dissatisfaction of the troops by whom he was surrounded. On the 12th he was at Lons-le-Saulnier, organizing his troops, and writing to the minister of war for ammunition and horses. But he soon saw that resistance was hopeless. The Bourbons had managed, as usual, to make themselves hated. The king's brother and Marshal Macdonald had been obliged to flee from Lyons when Napoleon appeared. All the soldiers were delighted at the thought of having their "Little Corporal" back again. On the night of the 13th Ney received an emissary from Napoleon. What memories must have stirred in his heart, of old perils and old glories! How could he resist the mighty spell of the past? On the 14th he announced to his troops that the house of Bourbon had ceased to reign, and proclaimed Napoleon.

"It was a grievous fault, and grievously did Cæsar answer it." From this moment Ney knew no more peace of mind. So bitter was his remorse that he could not face his fellow-soldiers, and obtained Napoleon's permission to retire for a time into the country. When he returned, Napoleon said, banteringly, "I heard you had emigrated." "Ah, sire," answered Ney, "I ought to have done so long ago, but it is too late now."

The approach of war revived his spirits to some extent, and when, a few days before the battle of Waterloo, he joined the army in Flanders, he looked like the Ney of old. At Quatre Bras, on June 16th, despite an obstinate combat, he failed to drive Wellington from his position, and the next day he does not ap-

pear to have discovered that the English had fallen back upon Waterloo until some hours after their departure. At the great battle of Waterloo, on June 18th, he fought with the same reckless bravery as ever. He had five horses killed under him, and his clothing was riddled with bullets. Napoleon said, not without truth, that he behaved like a madman. After his fifth horse was shot he fought on foot until forced from the field by the rush of fugitives. He had done his best to die on the field of battle, but almost miraculously he escaped without a wound.

After the second restoration of the Bourbons Ney retired into the country, meaning to escape to the United States, and was provided by Fouché with a passport for this purpose. He delayed, for some reason, to use it; and on August 3d he was arrested at the house of a relative. A council of war was appointed to try him, composed of Marshals Masséna, Augereau, Mortier, and three lieutenants. It would have been better for Ney had he submitted himself to their verdict; but he unwisely denied their competence, and demanded, as a peer of the realm, to be tried by his peers, and it was a tribunal which showed him no mercy. It does not appear that the king desired his death; but Talleyrand declared that it would be a grand example, and the royalists generally thirsted for his blood. He was condemned, by a majority of 139 to 17, to be shot for high treason.

On December 7th his wife and four children were admitted to his prison in the early morning, to take leave of him. But neither in this painful ordeal nor at any time afterward, did the condemned marshal show any sign of weakness. At eight o'clock he was taken in a carriage to the place of execution, outside the garden gates of the Luxembourg. The officer who commanded the firing party wished to bandage his eyes, but Ney said, quietly—"Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both balls and bullets?" Then, raising his voice, he cried, "I protest against my condemnation. I wish that I had died for my country in battle. But here is still the field of honor. *Vive la France!*"

The officer in command, to his credit be it said, was dumb. He seemed incapable of giving the word to fire; and Ney himself, taking off his hat, and striking his breast, cried, in a loud voice—"Soldiers, do your duty—fire!"

Thus died, in his forty-seventh year, "The Bravest of the Brave."

Louise Chandler Moulton.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

By Colonel Clayton, R.A.

(1769–1821)

Napoleon Bonaparte, the second son of Charles Bonaparte and his wife, Letizia de Ramolino, was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on August 15, 1769. In 1779 he entered the Royal Military School of Brienne le Château; there he remained till the autumn of 1784, when he was transferred to the Military School of Paris, according to the usual routine. An official report on him by the Inspector of Military Schools in this year speaks highly of his conduct, and notifies his great proficiency in mathematics and fair knowledge of history and geography, but says he is not well up in ornamental studies or in Latin, and, curiously enough, adds that he will make an excellent sailor. Napoleon lost his father in 1785, and the same year he was commissioned as second-lieutenant of artillery, in which capacity he served at Valence and other garrisons. He spent his periods of leave in Corsica, and appears to have wished to play the leading part in the history of his native island, showing the first signs of his ambitious and energetic character. During the critical times following the first French Revolution, he at first joined the moderate party of Paoli; but, trying for military power, though by untiring activity and reckless audacity he succeeded in being elected lieutenant-colonel of the National Volunteers of Ajaccio, he failed in an attempt to seize that town and was obliged to return to France. The French Government soon made an endeavor to crush Paoli and do away with Corsican privileges, and the islanders rallied round the patriot. Napoleon now turned against him and attempted to seize the citadel of Ajaccio for the French; but failing again, with all his relatives he fled a second time to France.

From this time onward Napoleon looked to France for his career. The narrow horizon of his native island was no longer wide enough for him, but from its bracing mountain air and from the quick blood of his race he drew a magnetic force, which imparted to his decisions and actions a rapidity and energy that carried all before them, while at the same time a power of calm calculation, of industry, and of self-control enabled him to employ his genius to the best advan-

tage. The force of his personality was so overwhelming that in considering his career the regret must ever be present that the only principle that remained steadfast with him, and is the key to his conduct throughout, should have been the care for his own advancement, glory, and power. Napoleon now joined the army under Carteaux, which acted against the Marseillais who had declared against the National Convention and occupied Avignon. At this time he became attached to the younger Robespierre, who was a commissioner with the army, and embraced his Jacobin principles. He was shortly promoted chef de bataillon, and commanded the artillery at the siege of Toulon, where he highly distinguished himself, and is generally believed to have been the author of the plan of attack which led to the fall of the place. He was then promoted general of brigade.

On the fall of the Robespierres, Napoleon incurred serious danger, but was saved by powerful influence enlisted in his favor. He was, however, ordered to take command of an infantry brigade in the Army of the West. This he considered would stifle his military career, and neglecting to obey the order, he was in consequence removed from the list of employed general officers. Disgusted with his apparent lack of prospects, he was now anxious to be sent to Turkey to reorganize the Turkish artillery. But on the eve of the 13th Vendémiaire (October 5, 1795) he was appointed second in command of the Army of the Interior under Barras, and did the National Convention good service next day in repelling the attack of the Sections of Paris. Influenced partly by fear and partly by appreciation of his talents, the Directory appointed General Bonaparte to the command of the Army of Italy, on February 23, 1796. On March 9th he married Joséphine Tascher de la Pagerie, widow of General Vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnais, and left Paris for Italy two days later.

On joining the army Bonaparte inaugurated a new era in the wars of the Republic. Previously the leading motives had been pure patriotism and love of liberty; Bonaparte for the first time, in his proclamation on taking command, invoked the spirit of self-interest and plunder, which was to dominate the whole policy of France for the next twenty years. Evil as were the passions which he aroused, Napoleon's great military genius flashed forth in its full brilliancy in this his first campaign. His power lay in the rapidity and boldness of his decisions, and in the untiring energy with which he carried them out, confounding his enemies by the suddenness and lightning rapidity of his blows, which never gave them time to recover. He found the French army about thirty-six thousand strong, distributed along the crests of the mountains from Nice to Savona, and opposing 20,000 Piedmontese under Colli and 38,000 Austrians under Beaulieu. These two generals had, however, differing interests: Colli's main object was to protect Piedmont, Beaulieu's to cover Lombardy. Hence, if Bonaparte could penetrate the point of junction of the two armies, it was probable they would separate in their retreat, and could be beaten singly. He therefore attacked the centre of the allied line, and, driving back the Austrians from Montenotte on April 12th, turned against the Piedmontese and defeated them at

Millesimo the next day. Losing no time he left a division under Augereau to keep the Piedmontese in check, and led the bulk of his army against the Austrians, defeating them heavily at Dego on the 14th. The allied armies then retreated in diverging directions as expected, and Bonaparte, following the Piedmontese, beat them at Ceva and Mondovi, and forced the King of Sardinia to sign the armistice of Cherasco, leaving him free to deal with the Austrians. He crossed the Po at Piacenza on May 7th, and obliged the Austrians to retreat to the Adda. Following them he forced the bridge of Lodi on May 11th, and entered Milan amid the rejoicings of the people on the 15th. But his ill-omened proclamation had done its work; violence and pillage were rampant in the French army, and he could do little to restrain them. Indeed, he himself showed an example of plundering, though under more organized forms. Heavy contributions were exacted, curiosities and works of art were demanded wholesale and despatched to France; and the Directory, demoralized by the unaccustomed wealth that flowed in upon them, became fully as eager as Napoleon for fresh conquests and their accruing spoils.

The Austrians still held Mantua, which Napoleon now besieged, occupying himself at the same time in consolidating his conquests. The Austrians made strenuous efforts to save the fortress. They were much superior in number to the French, but were defeated again and again by the rapidity and genius of their opponent. Finally, at the end of October, an Austrian army of 50,000, but mostly recruits, advanced under Alvinzi. Then followed the three days' battle of Arcola, during which Napoleon had a very narrow escape, but which ended in Alvinzi's defeat and retreat on Tyrol. From Arcola Napoleon dated his firm belief in his own fortune. Once again, in January, 1797, Alvinzi tried to relieve Mantua. But Napoleon moved in full force on Rivoli, and won a decisive battle there on January 14th, the Austrian detachment on the Lower Adige having to lay down their arms next day at Roverbella. Würmser capitulated at Mantua on February 2d, Napoleon treating him with generosity. This first Italian campaign was perhaps the most skilful of all those of Napoleon. Everything was done accurately and rapidly, and without throwing away chances. Some of his later campaigns, though equally brilliant, show him acting more with the gambler's spirit, running unnecessary risks with almost a blind reliance upon his star, in the hope of obtaining results which should dazzle the world.

In political matters during this time Napoleon was acting less as a servant of the French Directory than as an independent ruler. He entirely ignored the instructions he received from Paris, levying contributions, entering into negotiations, and deposing princes at his own will, and writing that he is not fighting "for those rascals of lawyers."

Napoleon returned to Paris on December 5, 1797. The Directory, fearing his ambition, thought they could only keep him quiet by employing him, and gave him command of the so-called Army of England. But he was bent on the conquest of Egypt. He appears to have had something visionary in his temper-

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ament, and to have dreamed of founding a mighty empire from the stand-point of the East, the glow and glamour of which seem always to have had a certain fascination for him. He therefore employed the resources of the Army of England to prepare for an expedition to Egypt, and the Directory yielded to his wishes, partly no doubt, through the desire of getting him away from France. But their aggressive policy was at the same time fast bringing on another European war. The expedition sailed from Toulon on May 19, 1798, captured Malta from the Knights of St. John by treachery, and, escaping by great luck from the British fleet under Nelson, arrived at Alexandria on June 30th. The army was disembarked in haste, for fear lest Nelson should arrive, and on July 8th Napoleon marched on Cairo. He defeated the Mamelukes at Chebreïss and the Pyramids, and entered Cairo on July 24th. He then occupied himself with organizing the government of Egypt, but his position was rendered very hazardous by the destruction of the French fleet on August 1st by Nelson at the battle of the Nile, and he saw that his dream of founding an empire in the East could not be realized. He thought, however, that he might create a revolution in Syria, by the aid of which he might overthrow the Turkish power, and march in triumph back to Europe through Asia Minor and Constantinople. He accordingly entered Syria in February, 1799, with 12,000 men, but was brought to a standstill before St. Jean d'Acre. Failing to capture that fortress, supported as it was by the British squadron under Sir Sidney Smith, in spite of the most desperate efforts, he was obliged to return to Egypt. After his return, Napoleon defeated a Turkish army which had landed at Aboukir, but learning the reverses that had been suffered by the French arms in Europe, he resolved to leave Egypt and return to France. He embarked secretly on August 22d, leaving a letter placing Kléber in command of the Army of Egypt, and landed in France six weeks later.

He found matters at home in great confusion. The wars had been mismanaged, Italy was almost lost, and the government, in consequence, was in very bad odor. The revolution of the 18th Brumaire followed (November 9, 1799), when the legislature was forcibly closed, and a provisional executive of three consuls, Siéyès, Roger-Duclos, and Bonaparte, formed to draw up a new constitution. This was promulgated on December 13th; the executive was vested in three consuls, Bonaparte, Cambacérès, and Lebrun, of whom Bonaparte was nominated First Consul for ten years. He was practically paramount, the two remaining consuls being ciphers, and the other institutions being so organized as to concentrate power in the executive. Siéyès became president of the Senate. The governmental crisis being settled, energetic steps were taken with regard to the civil war in the west. A proclamation was issued promising religious toleration at the same time that decided military action was taken, and these measures were so successful that all was quiet at home by the end of February, 1800. Then Napoleon turned his attention abroad. He made overtures for peace to England and Austria, now the only belligerents, as he wished to lull suspicion by posing as the friend of peace, not as a military ruler; but he inwardly rejoiced when they rejected his overtures.

The situation of the belligerents on the Continent was this: the Army of the Rhine under Moreau, more than one hundred thousand strong, was distributed along the Rhine from the Lake of Constance to Alsace, opposed to Kray, whose head-quarters were at Donaueschingen in Baden; while Masséna, with the Army of Italy, was on the Riviera and at Genoa, opposed to an Austrian army under Melas. Napoleon intended to gain himself the chief glory of the campaign; so, giving Moreau orders to cross the Rhine, but not to advance beyond a certain limit, and leaving Masséna to make head as best he could against Melas, with the result that he was besieged in Genoa and reduced to the last extremity, he prepared secretly an army of reserve near the Swiss frontier, to the command of which Berthier was ostensibly appointed. Outside, and even inside France, this army of reserve was looked upon as a chimera. Moreau crossed the Rhine on April 24th, and drove Kray to Ulm, but was there checked by Napoleon's instructions, according to which he also sent a division to co-operate with the army of reserve. Napoleon himself went to Geneva on May 9th, and assuming command of this army crossed the St. Bernard, and reached the plains of Italy before Melas had convinced himself of the existence even of the army of reserve, and while his troops were scattered from Genoa to the Var. Napoleon's obvious course would now have been to move straight on Genoa, relieve Masséna, and beat in detail as many of Melas's troops as he could encounter. But this would not have been a sufficiently brilliant triumph, as the bulk of the Austrian army might have escaped; and trusting in his star, he resolved to stake the existence of his army on a gambler's cast. Leaving Masséna to be starved out, he moved to the left on Milan, and occupied the whole line of the Ticino and Po as far as Piacenza, so as to cut off entirely the retreat of the Austrians. He then crossed the Po, and concentrated as many troops as he could spare at Stradella. The strategy was brilliant, but the risk run excessive. His army was necessarily scattered, while Melas had had time to concentrate, and he was besides ignorant of the Austrian position. He sent Desaix with a column to seek information, and moved himself on Alessandria, where he found Melas. Next day, June 14th, Melas marched out to attack the French on the plains of Marengo, and despite all Napoleon's efforts, had actually defeated them, when fortunately, Desaix returned, and his advance, together with a cavalry charge by Kellermann, changed defeat into victory. Melas, losing his head, signed a convention next day, giving up almost all North Italy, though Marmont says that if he had fought another battle he must have won it. Napoleon returned to Paris with the glories of this astonishing campaign; but peace did not follow till Moreau, when his liberty of action was restored to him, had won the battle of Hohenlinden on December 3, 1800. Then followed the treaty of Lunéville with Germany, in February, 1801, the concordat with Rome, in July, 1801, and the treaty of Amiens with England, in March, 1802, so that Napoleon was able to figure as the restorer of peace to the world. He then devoted himself to the reconstruction of the civil institutions of France, employing in this great work the best talent that he could find, and impressing on their labors the stamp of his own genius. The institutions then created,

which still remain for the most part, were the restored Church, the judicial system, the codes, the system of local government, the University, the Bank of France, and the Legion of Honor.

France at this period, sick of the failure of republican government, was gradually veering toward monarchy, and Napoleon knew how to take advantage of events to strengthen his position, and in due time establish his own dynasty.

Preparations for the invasion of England had been steadily proceeding, but Napoleon's aggressive demeanor after becoming emperor alarmed the European cabinets, so that Pitt was able to revive the coalition, and in 1805 Napoleon found himself at war with Russia and Austria, as well as with England. Forced by England's naval supremacy to abandon the notion of invasion, he suddenly changed front in August, 1805, and led his armies through Hanover and the smaller German states, disregarding the neutrality even of Prussia herself, and reached the Danube in rear of the Austrian army under Mack, which was at Ulm. The surprise was complete; Mack surrendered October 19th, and Napoleon then marched on Vienna, which he entered November 13th. But his position was critical. The Archduke Charles was approaching from Hungary, a Russian army was entering Moravia, and Prussia, incensed at the violation of her territory, joined the coalition. A short delay would have surrounded Napoleon with his enemies, but the czar was impatient, and the Russian army, with a small contingent of Austrians, encountered Napoleon at Austerlitz, December 2, 1805, and was signally defeated. This caused the break-up of the coalition; the Holy Roman Empire came to an end, the Confederation of the Rhine was formed under French protection, and the Napoleonic empire was firmly established. Napoleon then entered into negotiations for peace with Russia and England, endeavoring to conciliate those powers at the expense of Prussia. The negotiations failed, but Prussia was mortally offended, and mobilized her army in August, 1806, about which time Russia finally rejected the treaty with France. Napoleon acted with his usual promptitude, and advanced against Prussia before she could get help either from England or Russia. Although the rank and file of the Prussian armies was good, their generals were antiquated, and Napoleon crushed them at Jena and Auerstädt, October 14th, and entered Berlin on the 27th. He had then to carry on a stubbornly contested campaign with Russia. An indecisive battle at Eylau was followed by a hardly earned French victory at Friedland, June 14, 1807, and the peace of Tilsit ensued, by which Prussia lost half her territory, and had to submit to various humiliating conditions, while Russia escaped easily, and indeed got a share of the spoils.

Napoleon was now at the zenith of his power; he was the arbiter of Europe and the paramount head of a confederation of princes, among whom the members of his own family occupied several thrones. To reward his partisans he at this time created a new noblesse, and lavished upon them the public money. He sent an army under Junot to Portugal, and another to Spain, which, under Murat, took Madrid. Napoleon then procured the abdication of the King of Spain and placed his brother Joseph on the vacant throne. But he did not foresee the conse-

quences. The spirit of the nation was roused, and a formidable insurrection broke out, while a British army, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, landed in Portugal, defeated Junot at Vimiera, and forced him to sign the Convention of Cintra, evacuating Portugal. So began the Peninsular War, which for the future was to paralyze half Napoleon's strength.

In Germany also a spirit of revolt against his tyranny was rising, Austria at first taking the lead, and this brought on the war of 1809 against that power. Prussia, already beginning to recover her strength under the military system of Scharnhorst and Stein, was hostile to Napoleon in sentiment, but was kept down by the pressure of Russia. Napoleon declared war on the pretext that Austria was arming, and marching through Bavaria drove the Austrians out of Ratisbon, and entered Vienna May 13th. Eugène Beauharnais, at the head of the Army of Italy, drove the Austrians before him into Hungary, defeated them at Raab, and joined Napoleon. The emperor then tried to cross the Danube, but was checked at Aspern and obliged to retire to the island of Lobau. Five weeks of preparation then followed, the peasant war under Hofer being carried on in Tyrol, and then Napoleon made a fresh and successful attempt to cross the Danube, and won the battle of Wagram July 5th. This was followed by the armistice of Znaim and the treaty of Schönbrunn, October 20, 1809, by which he obtained a heavy indemnity in money and considerable accession of territory in Carniola, Carinthia, Croatia, and Galicia. But he mortally offended the czar by giving a large portion of the ceded territory of Galicia to the Duchy of Warsaw—*i.e.*, to Poland.

On December 16, 1809, Napoleon, desirous of an heir, divorced Joséphine, who was childless, and married, April 1, 1810, the Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria. He had no doubt the wish also to get a footing in the circle of the legitimate reigning families of Europe. A son, to whom the title of King of Rome was given, was born March 20, 1811.

Still bent on the humiliation of England, Napoleon now tried to effect his purpose by increasing the stringency of the Continental System, but this ended in bringing him into conflict with Russia. He first annexed the kingdoms of Holland and Westphalia, to give him command of their seaboards, and then prohibited English trade even when carried in neutral bottoms. The czar, already estranged by Napoleon's alliance with Austria and his conduct as regards Poland, refused to adopt this policy, and the relations between them gradually became so strained that war was inevitable, and Napoleon took the momentous resolve to invade Russia. With Maria Louisa, he arrived at Dresden May 16, 1812, and was there greeted by the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and other sovereigns. His army for this gigantic enterprise numbered about six hundred thousand, including French, Germans, and Italians. He crossed the Niemen on June 24th, reaching Vilna, which was evacuated by the Russians, on the 28th; and remained at Vilna till July 16th, hesitating to take the final resolution to invade the heart of Russia. He made overtures for peace to the czar, who refused to treat as long as an enemy remained on Russian soil. Foiled here Napoleon at last de-

cided to go on with his enterprise ; so he advanced, and at first the Russians were in no condition to meet him, their forces being scattered. If Napoleon could have advanced rapidly to Smolensk, he might have cut the Russian forces in two, but his vast host appears to have been unmanageable. Barclay de Tolly and Bagration succeeded in uniting at Smolensk, but were driven from it on August 18th, after an obstinate defence. At Smolensk Napoleon again hesitated as to whether he should go into winter-quarters, but eventually decided to press on to Moscow, trusting to the moral effect of the fall of the ancient capital. It seems as if, while his superstitious belief in his star still remained, bodily ailments had caused a deterioration in his power of rapid decision and in his energy of action. Meanwhile, great discontent had been caused in Russia by the continued retreat of the armies. Kutusoff was appointed to the chief command, and stood to fight at Borodino on September 6th. Napoleon won the battle, but with unwonted and misplaced caution refused to engage his Guard, and the victory was almost fruitless.

He entered Moscow on September 14th, and fire broke out the next night, the first effect of which was still further to alarm the Russians, who believed it to be the work of the French. The fire raged fiercely till the 20th, and a great part of the city was burned to the ground. Had the victory of Borodino been more decisive the czar might now have yielded ; but as it was he listened to the advice of Stein and Sir R. Wilson and refused to treat, thus putting Napoleon in a dilemma. His plans were always made on the basis of immediate success, and the course to be adopted in case of failure was not considered. Again he hesitated, with the result that when at last he resolved to retire from Moscow, the winter, coming earlier than usual, upset his calculations, and the miseries of that terrible retreat followed. He left Moscow on October 18th, and, reaching the Beresina with but 12,000 men, was joined there by Oudinot and Victor, who had been holding the line of the Dwina, with 18,000. His passage of the river was opposed, but he succeeded in crossing, and on December 6th the miserable remnant of the Grand Army reached Vilna. Macdonald, Reynier, and Schwarzenberg, with 100,000 men, on the Polish frontier and in the Baltic provinces, were safe ; but this was the whole available remnant of the 600,000 with which the campaign commenced.

All Europe now united against him. The French armies were discouraged, and the allies enthusiastic ; but the latter had difficulties to contend with from their heterogeneous composition and diversity of interests. The campaign opened with varying fortune. A blow at Berlin was parried by Bülow at Gross Beeren on August 23d. Napoleon himself forced Blücher back to the Katzbach, but had to retire again to defend Dresden from the Austrians ; and his lieutenant, Macdonald, was defeated in the battle of the Katzbach on August 26th. Napoleon inflicted a crushing defeat on the Austrians before Dresden on the 27th, but, while preparing to cut off their retreat, was disturbed by the news of Gross-Beeren and the Katzbach and by sudden illness, and at Kulm lost Vandamme with 20,000 men. September was spent in fruitless marches, and toward the end of the month the allies began their converging march on their preconcerted rendezvous at Leipsic. At the same time the Confederation of the Rhine began to dissolve. The

kingdom of Westphalia was upset on October 1st, and on the 8th Bavaria joined Austria. The toils were closing round Napoleon, and between October 14th and 19th he was crushed in that battle of the Titans at Leipsic, and, brushing aside the Bavarians, who tried to stop him at Haynau, on November 1st, led back the remnant of his army, some 70,000 strong, across the Rhine at Mainz.

The allies now made overtures for peace on the basis of natural frontiers, which would have left France the fruits of the first Revolution, viz., Belgium, the left bank of the Rhine, Savoy, and Nice ; but Napoleon could not be content with such curtailment of his power. Evading at first the proposal, he would have accepted it, but with suspicious qualifications, when too late. The invasion of France followed. The allies issued a manifesto on December 1st, saying they were waging war against Napoleon alone, and advanced with three separate armies. Schwarzenberg led the Austrians through Switzerland, Blücher crossed the Middle Rhine toward Nancy, while the northern army passed through Holland. Napoleon had yet hopes of success on account of the forces he still had in the German fortresses, the mutual jealousies of the allies, his connection with the Emperor of Austria, and the patriotism which would be aroused in France by invasion. But the allies gave him no time to utilize these influences, and Paris was not fortified. Napoleon carried on a campaign full of genius, gaining what advantage he could from the separation of his enemies. He attacked Blücher and won four battles in four days at Champaubert (February 10, 1814), Montmirail (11th), Château-Thierry (12th), and Vauchamps (13th). These successes would have enabled him to make a reasonable peace, but his personal position forbade this, and he tried subterfuge and delay. The allies, however, were not to be trifled with, and in the beginning of March signed the treaty of Chaumont, which bound them each to keep 150,000 men on foot for twenty years. The battles of Craonne and Laon followed, in which Napoleon held his own, but saw his resources dwindle. On March 18th the conferences at Chatillon came to an end, and on the 24th the allies determined to march on Paris. Marmont and Mortier, with less than thirty thousand men, could make no head against them, while Napoleon himself tried a fruitless diversion against their communications. Joseph Bonaparte withdrew Maria Louisa and the King of Rome to Tours. On March 30th the allies attacked Paris on three sides, and in the afternoon the French marshals offered to capitulate. Napoleon, when he learned the real state of affairs, hurried up in rear of the allies, but was too late, and had to fall back to Fontainebleau. His position was desperate, and to add to his difficulties Wellington, whose career of success had gradually cleared the French out of the Peninsula, had now led his victorious army across the Pyrenees into France itself.

Napoleon therefore at first offered to abdicate in favor of his son, but, when he found that would not be sufficient, he signed an unconditional abdication on April 11, 1814. He was given the sovereignty of the island of Elba, and the Bourbons, in the person of Louis XVIII., were restored to the throne of France. But the condition of affairs was very precarious. The return of the Bourbons was most unpopular. It indeed restored the parliament, but it unsettled the position of

Photogravure Goupil & Cie

public men and the title to estates. The army was disgusted at the appointment to commands of emigrés who had fought against France. The Church began to cause alarm to the holders of national property; and by the release of prisoners and the return of the garrisons of German fortresses, very large numbers of Napoleonic soldiers became dispersed over France. The coalition, too, broke up, and fresh alliances began to be sought with a view to check the aggressive spirit which Russia seemed inclined to manifest. Altogether affairs in Europe and France were in such a state as to make it not impossible that the magic of Napoleon's name might replace him in power. He accordingly resolved on making the attempt, left Elba on February 26, 1815, and landed on the French coast on March 1st. On the 20th he entered Paris, having been joined by the army.

Europe had declared war against him, and a new coalition had been formed, but only two armies were immediately ready to take the field; a mixed force under the Duke of Wellington in Belgium, and a Prussian army under Blücher in the Rhine provinces. The English army had its base on the sea, and the Prussian on the Rhine, so that they had diverging lines of operation. Napoleon's idea was to strike suddenly at their point of junction before they could concentrate, push in between them, drive them apart, and then defeat each separately. The plan was unexceptionable, resembling that of his first campaign in 1796, and the opening moves were successfully carried out. Napoleon left Paris on June 12th, his army being then écheloned between Paris and the Belgian frontier, so that the point where the blow would fall was still doubtful. On the 15th he occupied Charleroi, and was between the two allied armies, and on the 16th he defeated Blücher at Ligny before Wellington could come to his assistance. So far all had gone well with him; but now, apparently, his energy was not sufficient to cope rapidly with the difficulties that no doubt beset him through the shortcomings of his staff, and the spirit of mutual distrust that reigned among his officers. He did nothing till the morning of the 17th, and it was not till 2 P.M. that he sent Grouchy with 33,000 men to follow the Prussians in the supposed direction of their retreat toward Liége, and keep them at a distance while he turned against Wellington. But he had lost his opportunity; the wasted hours had enabled the Prussians to disappear, and he did not know the fact that Blücher had taken the resolution to move on Wavre, giving up his own communications in order to reunite with Wellington. The latter had retired to a previously chosen position at Mont St. Jean, and received Blücher's promise to lead his army to his assistance. So on the 18th, when Napoleon attacked the duke, unknown to him the bulk of the Prussian army was hastening up on his right flank, while Grouchy was fruitlessly engaged with the Prussian rear-guard only. This led to the crowning defeat of Waterloo, where Napoleon's fortunes were finally wrecked. He fled to Paris, and abdicated for the last time on June 22d; and, finding it impossible to escape from France, he surrendered to Captain Maitland, of the Bellerophon, at Rochefort, on July 15th. He was banished by the British Government to St. Helena, where he arrived on October 15, 1815, and died there of cancer of the stomach on May 5, 1821.

ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON

By L. Drake

(1769–1852)

Arthur Wellesley, the fourth son of the Earl of Mornington, was born on May 1, 1769, at Dungan Castle, in Ireland. Although exhibiting no decided inclination for the profession of arms, a soldier's career was chosen for him at an early age; and after some preparatory years spent at Eton, he was sent to Angers, in France, to learn in its ancient military school those lessons in the art of war which he was destined in after-life again and again so gloriously to surpass.

Unlike his contemporary Napoleon, the genius of Wellington did not display itself beyond enabling him to attain a fair and creditable proficiency at Angers. On his return to England he was gazetted to an ensigncy early in 1787; and five years later, having passed through the intermediate degrees, he obtained a troop in the Eighteenth Light Dragoons.

His first appearance in public life was as a statesman, having been returned to the Irish Parliament for the borough of Trim. His military career of active service commenced by his being ordered, with his regiment, to join the army in the Netherlands. Ere he reached it, the tide of victory was running against the British arms; and his opening campaign, while it gave him much experience, brought him but little glory. He had now obtained the rank of colonel; and, as commander of the rear-guard of the army, he steadily covered its retreat before the advancing troops of the French republic, till they crossed the frontiers of the Low Countries; when, after a kindly welcome and a short stay with the Bremeners, they returned home.

The worn-out regiments were immediately recruited; and in April, 1796, Colonel Wellesley sailed with his corps for the East Indies, where he arrived in February the following year.

The fall of Seringapatam, and the death of Tippou-Saib in its defence, are well-known events.

The principal command of the army in India was soon intrusted to Colonel Wellesley, and early next year he was gazetted major-general. The nature of

this sketch will not admit of a detailed account of the rest of the campaign, although it proved a "short but brilliant one"—one which ended in the entire submission of the Mahratta potentates who continued the struggle after Tippou's fall, and completely established the reputation of the future hero of Waterloo.

A staff command awaited Major-General (and now Sir Arthur) Wellesley's return to England; and soon afterward he married Catherine, the third daughter of the Earl of Longford.

The command of a detachment of the army sent against the French in Spain and Portugal, was confided to Sir Arthur, in June, 1808, when without delay he proceeded to Corunna. The successes of the earlier portion of the campaign, owing to the admirable conduct of Sir Arthur, were so well appreciated at home that the king raised him to the peerage. Through many difficulties Lord Wellington still continued to lead the allied army on from victory to victory, to relate which, even briefly, would alone fill a volume, till he found himself ready for the last grand struggle at Ciudad Rodrigo, which was now occupied by the French. It was early in January, 1811, yet notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, and the dangers to which the army was exposed, in case of the sudden rising of the river Agueda, which runs nearly in front of the town, the preliminaries of the siege were successfully conducted. One afternoon, the breaching batteries, comprising twenty-seven large guns, opened their fire on the wall of the town. In five days the breaches were practicable, and a summons to surrender was sent to the governor. This he declined doing. Wellington, having personally examined the breaches, felt convinced that an assault had every prospect of success. Ordering the fire of the guns to be directed against the cannon on the ramparts, he sat down on an embankment, and wrote the order of assault which was to seal the doom of the town, beginning with the emphatic sentence—"The attack upon Ciudad Rodrigo must be made this evening at seven o'clock."

Spain and Portugal conferred honors on the conqueror of Rodrigo; and at home he was raised to the earldom of Wellington, with an increased annuity of £2,000 a year.

The French army, under Marshal Soult, had at length been compelled to quit Spain, and with such speed, that in four days they passed over ground which it took the allied armies seven days to traverse. During the retreat the two armies approached each other several times; and on one occasion, when the French army was crossing the plains of Ger, its pursuers followed so closely, that had it not been for the thick woods through which they had to pass, Soult's retreat would have been seriously endangered by the British cavalry.

When Bonaparte had quitted Fontainebleau, and had embarked on board the Undaunted frigate for Elba, Lord Wellington felt he might safely leave the army for a time; and, setting out for Paris, he reached it May 4th. He met with an enthusiastic reception from all classes; while the unqualified praises of each of the allied sovereigns showed how much the successful issue of the struggle to restore liberty to Europe was due to his talents and constancy of purpose. The restored Spanish king, Ferdinand, sent him a letter of gratitude; and the

Crown Prince of Sweden gave him the Order of the Sword. England at the same time conferred upon him the dukedom he so long enjoyed, and raised five of his lieutenants to peerages.

Once more the "loud shrill clarion" of war aroused Europe to arms. Ten short months after his abdication, Napoleon, escaped from Elba, was again in Paris, resolved to incur all risks in order to gain the greatest prize in Europe—the crown he had so lately relinquished. The magic influence of his name spread through France, which became one vast camp; and in an incredibly short space of time Napoleon found himself ready to take the field with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, of whom twenty thousand were highly disciplined cavalry. The whole army was perfectly equipped, while three hundred pieces of cannon formed an overpowering artillery. To oppose this well-appointed force, the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blücher had collected an army of one hundred and eighty thousand men. But although the allied armies thus exceeded Napoleon's in numbers, his consisted of veteran troops of one nation, while theirs were composed, for the most part, of raw levies. That under the duke was "the weakest and the worst;" at no time did it reach eighty thousand men, and on one-half of these only could reliance be placed in the day of battle.

"I am going to have a brush with Wellington," said Napoleon, on the evening of June 11, 1815; and next morning before daybreak he set out to join his army on the frontiers, taking every precaution to conceal from Wellington that he was coming. Napoleon's object was to separate Blücher from Wellington, then to deal with each singly, and thus to crush them forever. Then France, rejoicing to see glory once more resting on her eagles, would again hail him as her emperor.

While at dinner, Wellington received the first news of the advance of Napoleon. Thinking that this was merely a feint to draw the allies toward Ligny, while a serious attempt was made upon Brussels, Wellington, who had already prepared himself for any emergency, determined to wait till Napoleon's object was more fully displayed; while, therefore, he gave orders that the troops should be in readiness to march at a moment's notice, he, with his officers, joined in the festivities of a ball given that evening by the Duchess of Richmond.

Blücher's second courier arrived before twelve o'clock, and the despatches were delivered to the duke in the ball-room. While he was reading them, he seemed completely absorbed by their contents; and after he had finished, for some minutes he remained in the same attitude of deep reflection, totally abstracted from every surrounding object, while his countenance was expressive of fixed and intense thought. He was heard to mutter to himself, "Marshal Blücher thinks"—"It is Marshal Blücher's opinion;"—and after remaining thus abstracted a few minutes, and having apparently formed his decision, he gave his usual clear and concise orders to one of his staff officers, who instantly left the room, and was again as gay and animated as ever; he stayed to supper, and then went home.

The trumpet's loud call awoke every sleeper in the city of Brussels a little

A REVIEW OF THE BRITISH ARMY BY WELLINGTON.

after midnight. Then it became known that the French had advanced to Charleroi, which they had taken, and that the English troops were ordered to advance and support the Prussians. Instantly the place resounded with martial preparations; and as soldiers were quartered in every house, the whole town became one bustling scene.

At daylight the troops were under arms, and at eight o'clock set out for Quatre Bras, the expected scene of action in advance of Charleroi; the fifth division taking the direct road through the forest of Soignies.

Early in the afternoon, Marshal Ney attacked the Prince of Orange, and by an overwhelming superiority of troops was driving him back through a thick wood called "Le Bois de Bossen," when the leading columns of the English reached Quatre Bras. Wellington's eye at once saw the critical condition of his ally; and, though the troops had marched twenty miles under a sultry sky, he knew their spirit was indomitable, and gave the welcome order that the wood must be immediately regained.

On came Ney's infantry, doubling that of his opponents' in number, supported by a crashing fire of artillery, quickly followed by the cavalry, which, dashing through the rye crops, more than breast high, charged the English regiments as soon as they reached the battle-ground.

Yet, though unable properly to establish themselves, they formed squares, and roughly repelled the enemy. Fierce and frequent were the efforts of the French to break the squares. Showers of grape poured upon them; and the moment an opening appeared, on rushed the lancers. But the dead were quickly removed; and, though the squares were lessened, they still presented an unbroken line of glittering bayonets, which neither the spears of the lancers, nor the long swords of the cuirassiers could break through. A division of the Guards from Enghien, coming up at this crisis, gallantly charged the enemy, and in half an hour cleared the wood of them completely. This exploit was remarkable, achieved as it was by young soldiers after a toilsome march of fifteen hours, during which time they had been without anything to eat or drink. The fire of the French artillery, and the charges of cavalry, obliged these gallant fellows, although now joined by the Brunswickers, in some measure to keep the shelter of the wood. They, however, sallied out at intervals, until Ney, finding himself shaken, sent for his reserve. This force Napoleon had unexpectedly removed to support his attack on the Prussians at Ligny; yet the marshal maintained his position to the close of the day, when he fell back on the road to Frasnes, while the British and their brave allies lighted fires, and securing such provisions as they could, after a scanty meal, piled arms, and lay down to rest on the battle-field.

Napoleon's simultaneous attack on the Prussians at Ligny was for a long time doubtful. Both Blücher and Napoleon were compelled to bring their reserves into action; and when night closed, Blücher still, "like a wounded lion," fought with ferocity. But the darkness enabled Napoleon to wheel a division of French infantry on the rear of the Prussians, while a dense body of cuirassiers forced Ligny on the other side, and not till then did Blücher fall back.

Wellington was prepared to accept battle at day-break next morning; but, hearing of Blücher's retreat, he also resolved to fall back, so as to keep a lateral communication with the right wing of the Prussians, and by this movement also prevent Bonaparte from placing himself between the two armies, when at his choice he might turn his forces against either, in which case the inferiority of numbers would have entailed certain defeat.

Napoleon expected to find the English army still upon the ground it had occupied on the 16th. Great was his surprise when, on reaching the heights above Frasnes, he saw that the troops at the entrance of the wood were only a strong rear-guard, and that the retreat toward Brussels was already half effected. He bitterly rebuked Ney for his supposed negligence, though Wellington's own officers did not imagine they were to retreat till the moment it began; and the duke, by dexterously wheeling his troops round the wood, part of which could only be seen by the French, gave their marshal the idea that he was bringing up large reinforcements instead of drawing off his troops. The French squadrons immediately commenced the pursuit, but were so rudely handled by the Life Guards under Lord Uxbridge, who protected the rear, that, after several attacks, in the last of which the French hussars were charged and nearly cut to pieces, the pursuit was so severely checked as to give the infantry ample time to take up the ground appointed them on the heights of Mont St. Jean, covering the approach to Brussels by the great road from Charleroi.

"Here it was that the duke had determined to make his final stand, staking the glory of many years on the issue of a single battle."

When day broke, and Napoleon beheld his opponents, whom he feared would have escaped him during the night, fearlessly occupying their position of the evening before, and evidently prepared to defend it, a flush of joy overspread his face, while he exclaimed confidently, "Bravo! I have them then—these English!"

By nine o'clock the weather moderated, the sun shone out, fires were kindled. the men dried and cleaned their arms, and, ammunition being served out, provisions were distributed, and the men breakfasted "with some degree of comfort."

Since day-break occasional shots had been fired; but not till eleven o'clock did the battle begin. A body of light troops left the French line, and, descending the hill at a sling trot, broke into scattered parties, keeping up an irregular fire as they advanced toward the Château of Hougoumont. These were closely followed by three divisions nearly thirty thousand strong; and the dropping fire was soon changed into one continued roll of musketry. As the English skirmishers fell back, two brigades of British artillery opened on the advancing columns of the French, each shot plunging and tearing through their masses, while the shells from the howitzers fell so truly that the shaken columns drew back. But now a powerful artillery opened from the French heights, fresh troops poured forward, and for more than an hour the line of each army remained spectators of the terrific attack on the château, surrounded by a dense cloud of smoke, through which glared forth the flashes of the artillery. The French guns

had found their range; every shot told upon the old walls of the mansion; and crashing masonry, burning rafters falling, mingled with the yell of battle, added a frightful interest to the scene. At length the Nassau sharpshooters were driven back, and the French troops began to penetrate the orchard; but, ere they could occupy it the squadrons of English cavalry, under Lord Saltoun, bore down upon them, and drove them back. Wheeling round, they then attempted the rear of the château, but being received unflinchingly, were obliged to retire. Despairing of success, the French artillery now discharged shells upon Hougoumont; the tower and chapel were soon in a blaze, and in these many wounded men met a dreadful fate. Still, though surrounded by flames and bursting shells, with the heavy shot ploughing through wall and window, the Guards held their post, nor could Hougoumont be taken.

"How beautifully these English fight! But they must give way," exclaimed Napoleon to Marshal Soult. But evening came, and yet they held their ground. The men, maddened by seeing their comrades falling around them, longed ardently for the moment to advance; but Wellington felt that the crisis was not yet come. It required all his authority to restrain the troops; but he knew their powers of endurance.

"Not yet, my brave fellows," said the duke; "be firm a little longer, and you shall have at them by-and-by." This homely appeal kept each man in his place in the ranks. But now the superior officers remonstrated, and advised a retreat.

"Will the troops stand?" demanded Wellington.

"Till they perish!" was the reply.

"Then," added the duke, "I will stand with them to the last man."

Yet Wellington was not insensible of the critical nature of his position, and longed for night or Blücher. It was now seven, and the Prussians had been expected at three. In less than an hour, the sound of artillery was heard in the expected direction, and a staff officer brought word that the head of the Prussian column was at Planchenoit, nearly in the rear of the French reserve. Bonaparte, when told of their advance, maintained that it was Grouchy's long-expected force coming up; but when he saw them issue from the wood, and perceived the Prussian colors, he turned pale, but uttered not a word.

Napoleon's Imperial Guards—his veteran troops—were now advancing, covered by a tempest of shot and shells, toward the ridge behind which lay the British infantry to gain a shelter from the fire. Wellington eagerly watched the dense cloud as it approached; and when it arrived within a hundred yards, advancing on horseback to the brow of the ridge, he exclaimed, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

In a moment the men were on their feet—the French closed on them, when a tremendous volley drove the whole mass back; but the old Imperial Guard recovered, yet only to receive a second volley as deadly as the first, followed by a bold charge with the bayonet, which forced them down the slope, and up the opposite bank. In vain the French attempted to support them by taking the

Guards in flank. Lord Hill brought forward the extreme right of the army, in the form of a crescent, which overlapping the horsemen, they were crushed as in a serpent's folds, while the infantry fell back, re-formed, and occupied their former place on the ridge.

Wellington's quick eye already detected the confusion caused by the Prussian attack under General Bulow on the French rear. Hastily closing his telescope, he exclaimed, "The hour is come! Now every man must advance!"

Forming into one long line, four men deep, the whole infantry advanced, with a loud cheer, the sun at the instant streaming out as if to shed his last glories on the conquerors of that dreadful day. Headed by the duke, with his hat in hand, the line advanced with spirit and rapidity, while the horse-artillery opened a fire of canister-shot on the confused masses.

For a few minutes they stood their ground gallantly; and, even when the allied cavalry charged full upon them, four battalions of the Old Guard formed squares, and checked its advance. As the grape-shot tore through the ranks of the veterans, they closed up again, and, to every summons to surrender, gave the stern reply, "The Guard never surrender—they die!"

Napoleon had already fled. Finding all hope of victory gone, he at first threw himself into one of the squares of the Old Guard, determined to die with them, but when the Prussians gained on their rear, and he was in danger of being made prisoner, he exclaimed, "For the present it is finished. Let us save ourselves!" and, turning his horse's head, he fled with ten or twelve of his immediate attendants.

It was now half-past nine at night, and the moon rose with more than ordinary splendor. The French, now a mass of fugitives, were closely pursued by both armies, and a fearful slaughter ensued between Waterloo and Genappe. At the latter place the British discontinued the pursuit; but the Prussians, comparatively fresh, pursued without intermission; their light-horse putting no limit to their revenge. Many of the poor fugitives sought shelter in the villages on their route; but at the sound of a Prussian trumpet they fled again, only to be overtaken and cut down.

Wellington re-crossed the field of Waterloo to sup at Brussels. The moonlight revealed all the horrors of the scene—his stern nature gave way—and, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "I have never fought such a battle, and I hope never to fight such another."

He never did. Waterloo was his last battle, though he lived for nearly forty years afterward, a leader in English politics, and died in 1852, a national hero, a worthy twin figure to the immortal Nelson.

LORD HORATIO NELSON

(1758–1805)

HORATIO NELSON was born at Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, September 29, 1758. His father, the rector of that parish, was burdened with a numerous family; and it is said to have been more with a view to lighten that burden than from predilection for the service, that at the age of twelve he expressed a wish to go to sea, under the care of his uncle, Captain Suckling. Of his early adventures it is unnecessary to speak in detail. In 1773 he served in Captain Phipps's voyage of discovery in the Northern Polar seas. His next station was the East Indies; from which, at the end of eighteen months, he was compelled to return by a very severe and dangerous illness. In April, 1777, he passed his examination, and was immediately commissioned as second lieutenant of the Lowestoffe frigate, then fitting out for Jamaica.

Fortunate in conciliating the good-will and esteem of those with whom he served, he passed rapidly through the lower ranks of his profession, and was made post-captain, with the command of the Hinchinbrook, of twenty-eight guns, June 11, 1779, when not yet of age. In 1782 he was appointed to the Albemarle, twenty-eight; and in 1784 to the Boreas, twenty-eight, in which he served for three years in the West Indies, and though in time of peace, gave signal proof of his resolution and strict sense of duty, by being the first to insist on the exclusion of the Americans from direct trade with the British colonies, agreeably to the terms of the Navigation Act. He had no small difficulties to contend with; for the planters and the colonial authorities were united against him, and even the admiral on the station coincided with their views, and gave orders that the Americans should be allowed free access to the islands. Still Nelson persevered. Transmitting a respectful remonstrance to the admiral, he seized four of the American ships, and after a long and tedious process at law, in which he incurred much anxiety and expense, he succeeded in procuring their condemnation by the Admiralty Court. Neither his services in this matter, nor his efforts to expose and remedy the peculations and dishonesty of the government agents, in almost all matters connected with naval affairs in the West Indies, were duly acknowledged by the Government at home; and in moments of spleen, when

suffering under inconveniences which a conscientious discharge of his duty had brought on him, he talked of quitting the service of an ungrateful country. In March, 1787, he married Mrs. Nisbet, a West-Indian lady, and in the same year returned to England. He continued unemployed till January, 1793; when, on the breaking out of the French wars, he was appointed to the Agamemnon, sixty-four, and ordered to serve in the Mediterranean under the command of Lord Hood.

An ample field for action was now open to him. Lord Hood, who had known him in the West Indies, and appreciated his merits, employed him to co-operate with Paoli in delivering Corsica from its subjection to France; and most laboriously and ably did he perform the duty intrusted to him. The siege and capture of Bastia was entirely owing to his efforts; and at the siege of Calvi, during which he lost an eye, and throughout the train of successes which brought about the temporary annexation of Corsica to the British crown, his services, and those of the brave crew of the Agamemnon, were conspicuous. In 1795 Nelson was selected to co-operate with the Austrian and Sardinian troops in opposing the progress of the French in the north of Italy. The incapacity, if not dishonesty, and the bad success of those with whom he had to act, rendered this service irksome and inglorious; and his mortification was heightened when orders were sent out to withdraw the fleet from the Mediterranean, and evacuate Corsica and Elba. These reverses, however, were the prelude to a day of glory. On February 13, 1797, the British fleet, commanded by Sir John Jervis, fell in with the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent. In the battle which ensued, Nelson, who had been raised to the rank of Commodore, and removed to the Captain, seventy-four, bore a most distinguished part. Apprehensive lest the enemy might be enabled to escape without fighting, he did not hesitate to disobey signals, and executed a manœuvre which brought the Captain into close action at once with three first-rates, an eighty, and two seventy-four gun ships. Captain Trowbridge, in the Culloden, immediately came to his support, and they maintained the contest for near an hour against this immense disparity of force. One first-rate and one seventy-four dropped astern disabled; but the Culloden was also crippled, and the Captain was fired on by five ships of the line at once; when Captain Collingwood, in the Excellent, came up and engaged the huge Santissima Trinidad, of one hundred and thirty-six guns. By this time the Captain's rigging was all shot away; and she lay unmanageable abreast of the eighty-gun ship, the San Nicolas. Nelson seized the opportunity to board, and was himself among the first to enter the Spanish ship. She struck after a short struggle; and, sending for fresh men, he led the way from his prize to board the San Josef, of one hundred and twelve guns, exclaiming, "Westminster Abbey or victory." The ships immediately surrendered. Nelson received the most lively and public thanks for his services from the admiral, who was raised to the peerage by the title of Earl St. Vincent. Nelson received the Order of the Bath; he had already been made Rear-Admiral, before tidings of the battle reached England.

During the spring, Sir Horatio Nelson commanded the inner squadron em-

ployed in the blockade of Cadiz. He was afterward despatched on an expedition against Teneriffe, which was defeated with considerable loss to the assailants. The admiral himself lost his right arm, and was obliged to return to England, where he languished more than four months before the cure of his wound was completed. His services were rewarded by a pension of £1,000. On this occasion he was required by official forms to present a memorial of the services in which he had been engaged; and as our brief account can convey no notion of the constant activity of his early life, we quote the abstract of this paper given by Mr. Southey. "It stated that he had been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, and in three actions with boats employed in cutting out of harbor, in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns; he had served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi; he had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers; taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels, and actually been engaged against the enemy upward of a hundred and twenty times; in which service he had lost his right eye and right arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body."

Early in 1798 Nelson went out in the Vanguard to rejoin Lord St. Vincent off Cadiz. He was immediately despatched with a squadron into the Mediterranean, to watch an armament known to be fitting out at Toulon, the destination of which excited much anxiety. It sailed May 20th, attacked and took Malta, and then proceeded, as Nelson supposed, to Egypt. Strengthened by a powerful reinforcement, he made all sail for Alexandria; but there no enemy had been seen or heard of. He returned in haste along the north coast of the Mediterranean to Sicily, refreshed the fleet, and again sailed to the eastward. On nearing Alexandria the second time, August 1st, he had the pleasure of seeing the object of his toilsome cruise moored in Aboukir Bay, in line of battle. It appeared afterward that the two fleets must have crossed each other on the night of June 22d.

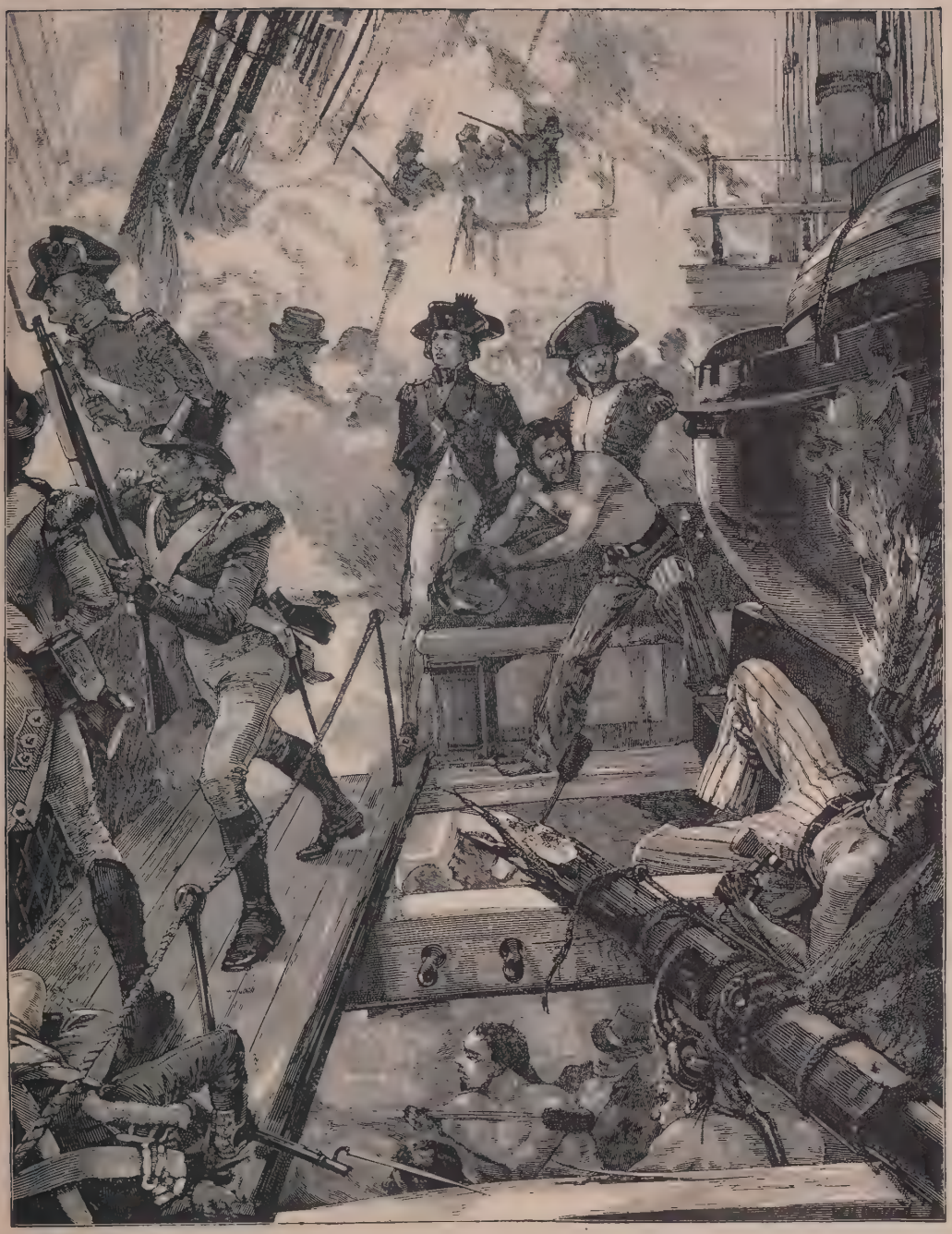
The French fleet consisted of thirteen ships of the line and four frigates; the British of the same number of ships of the line, and one fifty-gun ship. In number of guns and men the French had a decided superiority. It was evening before the British fleet came up. The battle began at half-past six; night closed in at seven, and the struggle was continued through the darkness—a magnificent and awful spectacle to thousands who watched the engagement with eager anxiety. Victory was not long doubtful. The first two ships of the French line were dismasted in a quarter of an hour; the third, fourth, and fifth were taken by half-past eight; about ten, the L'Orient, Admiral Bruey's flagship, blew up. By daybreak the two rear ships, which had not been engaged, cut their cables and stood out to sea, in company with two frigates, leaving nine ships of the line in the hands of the British, who were too much crippled to engage in pursuit. Two ships of the line and two frigates were burnt or sunk. Three out of the four ships which escaped were subsequently taken; and thus, of the whole armament, only a single frigate returned to France.

This victory, the most complete and most important then known in naval warfare, raised Nelson to the summit of glory, and presents and honors were showered on him from all quarters. The gratitude of his country was expressed, inadequately in comparison with the rewards bestowed on others for less important services, by raising him to the peerage, by the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, with a pension of £2,000. The Court of Naples, to which the battle of Aboukir was as a reprieve from destruction, testified a due sense of its obligation by bestowing on him the dukedom and domain of Bronte, in Sicily.

The autumn of 1798, the whole of 1799, and part of 1800, Nelson spent in the Mediterranean, employed in the recovery of Malta, in protecting Sicily, and in co-operating to expel the French from the Neapolitan continental dominions. In 1800 various causes of discontent led him to solicit leave to return to England, where he was received with the enthusiasm due to his services.

Soon afterward he separated himself formally from Lady Nelson. In March, 1801, he sailed as second in command of the expedition against Copenhagen, led by Sir Hyde Parker. The dilatoriness with which it was conducted increased the difficulties of this enterprise, and might have caused it to fail, had not Nelson's energy and talent been at hand to overcome the obstacles occasioned by this delay. The attack was intrusted to him by Sir Hyde Parker, and executed April 2d, with his usual promptitude and success. After a fierce engagement, with great slaughter on both sides, the greater part of the Danish line of defence was captured or silenced. Nelson then sent a flag of truce on shore, and an armistice was concluded. He bore honorable testimony to the gallantry of his opponents. "The French," he said, "fought bravely, but they could not have supported for one hour the fight which the Danes had supported for four." May 5th Sir Hyde Parker was recalled, and Nelson appointed Commander-in-chief; but no further hostilities occurred, and suffering greatly from the climate, he almost immediately returned home. For this battle he was raised to the rank of Viscount.

At this time much alarm prevailed with respect to the meditated invasion of England; and the command of the coast from Orfordness to Beachy Head was offered to him, and accepted. But he thought the alarm idle; he felt the service to be irksome; and gladly retired from it at the peace of Amiens. When war was renewed in 1803, he took the command of the Mediterranean fleet. For more than a year he kept his station off Toulon, eagerly watching for the French fleet. In January, 1805, it put to sea, and escaped the observation of his look-out ships. He made for Egypt, and failing to meet with them, returned to Malta, where he found information that they had been dispersed in a gale, and forced to put back to Toulon. Villeneuve put to sea again, March 31st, formed a junction with the Spanish fleet in Cadiz, and sailed for the West Indies. Thither Nelson followed him, after considerable delay for want of information and from contrary winds; but the enemy still eluded his pursuit, and he was obliged to retrace his anxious course to Europe, without the longed-for meeting, and with no other satisfaction than that of having frustrated by his diligence their designs on the English colonies. June 20, 1805, he landed at Gibraltar, that being the first



W. OVEREND PINXIT.

NELSON AT TRAFALGAR.

time that he had set foot ashore since June 16, 1803. After cruising in search of the enemy till the middle of August, he was ordered to Portsmouth, where he learned that an indecisive action had taken place between the combined fleets returning from the West Indies, and the British under Sir Robert Calder.

He had not been many days established at home before certain news arrived that the French and Spanish fleets had entered Cadiz. Eager to gain the reward of his long watchings, and laborious pursuit, he again offered his services, which were gladly accepted. He embarked at Portsmouth, September 14, 1805, on board the Victory, to take the command of the fleet lying off Cadiz, under Admiral Collingwood, his early friend and companion in the race of fame. The last battle in which Nelson was engaged was fought off Cape Trafalgar, October 21, 1805. The enemy were superior in number of ships, and still more in size and weight of metal. Nelson bore down on them in two lines, heading one himself, while Collingwood, in the Royal Sovereign, led the other, which first entered into action. "See," cried Nelson, as the Royal Sovereign cut through the centre of the enemy's line, and muzzle to muzzle engaged a three-decker, "see how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ships into action." Collingwood, on the other hand, said to his captain, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here?" As the Victory approached an incessant raking fire was directed against her, by which fifty of her men were killed and wounded before a single gun was returned. Nelson steered for his old opponent at Cape St. Vincent, the Santissima Trinidad, distinguished by her size, and opened his fire at four minutes after twelve, engaging the Redoubtable with his starboard, the Santissima Trinidad and Bucentaur with his larboard guns.

About a quarter past one, a musket-ball, fired from the mizzen-top of the Redoubtable, struck him on the left shoulder, and he fell. From the first he felt the wound to be mortal. He suffered intense pain, yet still preserved the liveliest interest in the fate of the action; and the joy visible in his countenance as often as the hurrahs of the crew announced that an enemy had struck, testified how near his heart, even in the agonies of death, was the accomplishment of the great work to which his life had been devoted. He lived to know that his victory was complete and glorious, and expired tranquilly at half-past four. His last words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

He had indeed done his duty, and completed his task; for thenceforth no hostile fleet presumed to contest the dominion of the sea. It may seem mournful that he did not survive to enjoy the thanks and honors with which a grateful country would have rejoiced to recompense this crowning triumph. But he had reached the pinnacle of fame; and his death in the hour of victory has tended far more than a few years of peaceful life, to keep alive his memory in the hearts of a people which loved, and a navy which adored him.

ISRAEL PUTNAM

(1718–1790)

ISRAEL PUTNAM, the redoubtable hero of Indian and French adventure in the old colonial wars, the survivor of many a revolutionary fight, was born at Salem, Mass., January 7, 1718. His grandfather, from the south of England, was one of the first settlers of the place. The boy was brought up with his father on the farm. He had little education in literature; much in the development of a hardy, vigorous constitution, in his contest with the soil and the actual world about him. He was fond of athletic exercises, an adept in running and wrestling, in which he proved himself more than a match for his village companions. The story is told of his being insulted for his rusticity, on his first visit to Boston, by a youth of twice his size, when he taught the citizen better manners by a sound flogging.

Before he was of age, he was married to the daughter of John Pope, of Salem, and presently removed with his wife to a farm in the town of Pomfret, in Eastern Connecticut. His rugged powers were, no doubt, sufficiently taxed in the ordinary labors of the field. In those days the farmer had enemies to encounter, which have since vanished from the land.

The well-known fable of Æsop, of the boy and the wolf, had then a literal application. Every child in the days of our fathers knew the story of Putnam, and the she-wolf which he dragged from its den. This and similar tales go far to make up the popular reputation of the hero, and it was as a man of the people that Putnam first appears upon the public scene.

On the breaking out of the old French war, as it was termed, at the age of thirty-seven, he drew together a band of his neighbors and reported himself with the Connecticut contingent before Crown Point. He appears to have been employed in this service under Major Rogers, the celebrated partisan "ranger," whose life he is said to have saved in an encounter with a stalwart Frenchman. Putnam conducted himself as a man of resources and valor in this mixed species of warfare, in achieving a reputation which brought him, in 1757, the commission of a major from the Connecticut Legislature. It was the year of the memorable massacre of Fort William Henry. Putnam was with the forces whose headquarters were at the neighboring Fort Edward, under command of General Webb, and

made several vigorous attempts to assist in the support of the beleaguered fortress, but his efforts were not seconded by the commander, who ungenerously left the fort a prey to Montcalm and the Indians. These adventures of Putnam displayed his personal courage, in approaching the enemy on Lake George, and subsequently in command of his Rangers in rescuing a party of his fellow-soldiers from an Indian ambuscade at Fort Edward.

The year 1758 saw Major Putnam again in the field, under the command of Abercrombie, at the scene of his former labors, in the vicinity of Lake George. In the early movements of the campaign, Putnam distinguished himself in an ambuscade, by a destructive night attack upon a party of the enemy at Wood Creek. When the main line advanced toward Ticonderoga, he was, with the lamented Lord Howe, in the front of the centre, when that much-loved officer was slain upon the march. It was the first meeting, after landing from Lake George, with the advance of the French troops. There was some skirmishing, which attracted the attention of the officers. Putnam advanced to the spot, accompanied, contrary to his dissuasions, by Lord Howe, who fell at the first fire. The party of Putnam, enraged by this disaster, fought with gallantry, and inflicted a heavy loss upon their opponents. The result of this miserably conducted expedition, however, made no amends for the loss of the gallant Howe. Two thousand men were blunderingly sacrificed before Ticonderoga, and the threatened siege was abandoned.

The life of Putnam is full of perilous encounters incident to border service against the Indians. In one of these he narrowly avoided capture by the savages on the Hudson, near Fort Miller. He escaped only by shooting the rapids with his boat, a marvellous adventure, which is said to have wakened a superstitious veneration for him in the minds of his Indian assailants.

Not long afterward, however, the barbarians had an opportunity of treating him with less respect. It was in the month of August of this year that he was engaged with a reconnoitring party in company with the partisan Rogers, near Ticonderoga. They had been employed in watching the movements of the enemy, and were on their return to Fort Edward when the attention of the French partisan officer, Molang, who was on the lookout, was attracted to them by a careless shooting-match between Rogers and a fellow British officer. A confused hand-to-hand action ensued in the woods, in the course of which Putnam, his gun missing fire, "while the muzzle was pressed against the breast of a large and well-proportioned savage," was captured and bound to a tree by that formidable personage. The English party now rallying, drove their pursuers backward, which brought the unfortunate Putnam to a central position between two fires. "Human imagination," well says Colonel Humphreys, "can hardly figure to itself a more deplorable situation." Putnam remained more than an hour deprived of all power save that of hearing and vision, as the musket-balls whizzed by his ears and a ruthless savage aimed his tomahawk repeatedly, with the infernal dexterity of a Chinese juggler, within a hair's breadth of his person. This amusement was succeeded by the attempt of a French petty-officer to put

an end to his life by discharging his musket against his breast. It happily missed fire. The action was now brought to an end in favor of the Provincials; but Putnam was carried off in the retreat by his Indian captor. He was now destined to witness one of those scenes, since so well described by Cooper, of the peculiar tortures inflicted by the Indians upon their prisoners in war; but unhappily with less complacent feelings than the reader of the skilful novelist experiences, whose terrors are tempered by the delightful art of the narrator. With Putnam the spectator and the sufferer were the same. He has been bound on the march with intolerable thongs, he has almost perished under his burdens, he has been tomahawked in the face; he is now to be roasted alive. A dark forest is selected for the sacrifice; stripped naked, he is bound to a tree, and the inflammable brushwood piled around him. Savage voices sound his death-knell. Fire is applied, when a sudden shower dampens the flame, to burst forth again with renewed strength. Though securely fastened, the limbs of the victim are left some liberty to shrink from the accursed heat. He has thought his last thought of home, of wife and children, when the desperate French partisan, Molang, the commander of the savage hordes, hearing of the act, rushes upon the scene and rescues him from his tormentors. Putnam is now restored to the guardianship of the Indian chief by whom he had been captured, and from whom he was separated during these hours of agony, when he had fallen into the hands of the baser fellows of the tribe. The party now reach Ticonderoga, where Putnam is delivered to Montcalm, and thence courteously conducted by a French officer to Montreal.

There he found himself within reach of a benevolent American officer, then a prisoner in the city, Colonel Peter Schuyler, who generously ministered to his necessities, and who was instrumental in procuring his release from the French commander, when he himself was exchanged after the capture of Frontenac. Putnam, on his return home, gallantly conducted through the wilderness the sorely tried Mrs. Howe and her children, whose adventures in Indian captivity and among the French, equal the inventive pages of romance.

The next year, in Amherst's great campaign, Putnam returned to Montreal under better auspices. He was with that commander in his onward movement, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and rendered efficient service in the passage down the St. Lawrence, by his bravery and ingenuity. When the fort of Oswegatchie was to be attacked, and two armed vessels were in the way, he proposed to silence the latter by driving wedges to hinder the movement of their rudders, and to cross the abatis of the fortification by an attack from boats, armed with long planks, which were to be let down when the vessels, protected by fascines, were placed alongside of the work. A timely surrender anticipated both of these expedients. The dying Wolfe had conquered Canada at Quebec, making victory easy elsewhere in the province. Montreal surrendered to the allied forces without a blow. Putnam, it is recorded, availed himself of the opportunity to look up the Indian chief who had taken him prisoner, and exchange civilities and hospitalities, now that the tables were turned.

We next find Putnam in charge of a Connecticut regiment, in a novel field of warfare, on the coast of Cuba, in Lord Albemarle's attack upon Havana, in 1762. He was in considerable danger in a storm, when the transport in which he embarked with his men was wrecked on a reef of the island; a landing was effected by rafts, and a fortified camp established on the shore. He was again fortunate in escaping the dangers of a climate so fatal to his countrymen. On his return home, he was engaged in service against the Indians, with the title of colonel. The war being now over, he retired to his farm, which he continued to cultivate till he was again called into the field by the stirring summons of Lexington.

In the preliminary scenes of the war, he fairly represented the feeling of the mass of his countrymen, as it was excited by the successive acts of parliamentary aggression. As a soldier of the old French war, he had learned the weakness of British officers in America, and the strength of a hardy, patriotic peasantry. "If," he said, "it required six years for the combined forces of England and her colonies to conquer such a feeble colony as Canada, it would, at least, take a very long time for England alone to overcome her own widely extended colonies, which were much stronger." Another anecdote is characteristic of the blunt farmer. Being once asked whether he did not seriously believe "that a well-appointed British army of five thousand veterans could march through the whole continent of America," he replied, "no doubt, if they behaved civilly, and paid well for everything they wanted; but—if they should attempt it in a hostile manner, though the American men were out of the question, the women, with their ladles and broomsticks, would knock them all on the head before they had got half way through."

The news of Lexington—the war message—transmitted from hand to hand till village repeated it to village, the sea to the backwoods, "found the farmer of Pomfret, two days after the conflict, like Cincinnatus, literally at the plough." He unyoked his team and hastened in his rude dress to the camp. Summoning the forces of Connecticut, he was placed at their head, with the rank of Major-General, and stood ready at Cambridge for the bloody day of Bunker's Hill. He was in service in May, in the spirited affair checking the British supplies from Noddle's Island, in Boston Harbor, and resolutely counselled the occupation of the heights of Charlestown. When the company of Prescott went forth on the night of June 16th, to their gallant work, he was with them, taking no active command, but assisting where opportunity served. He was seen in different parts of the field, but his chief exertions appear to have been expended upon the attempted fortification of Bunker's Hill, where he met the futigives in the retreat, and conducted "such of them as would obey him," says Bancroft, to the night's encampment at Prospect Hill.

Putnam's was one of the first Congressional appointments, ten days before the battle, when the rank of Major-General was conferred upon him. He continued to serve at the siege of Boston, and when the theatre of operations was changed by the departure of the British to New York, was placed by Washington, in 1776, in command in that city until his own arrival. He employed him-

self during this short period, with several devices for the safety of the harbor. In August, on the landing of Howe, he was, upon the sudden illness of Greene, who had directed the fortifications, and after the arrival of the British, left in command at the battle of Long Island, and much censure has been thrown upon him for the neglect of the passes by which the American left was turned. In the actual combat there appears to have been a divided authority.

The abandonment of New York next followed, with the retreat to Westchester and the passage through the Jerseys. Putnam was then, in January, 1777, ordered to Philadelphia to make provision for its defence. In May, he was put in command of the post at the Highlands, to secure its defences, and observe, from that central position, the movements of the enemy. In the summer of this year, Sir Henry Clinton, at New York, sent up the river a flag of truce to claim one Edmund Palmer, who had been taken in the American camp, as a lieutenant in the British service. This drew forth from Putnam a reply which has been often quoted:

"HEADQUARTERS, August 7, 1777.

"Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines; he has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

"ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P.S.—He has been accordingly executed."

In September, a portion of Putnam's command was withdrawn by Washington for the support of the army in Pennsylvania, by a peremptory order which, it is said, put an end to a plan formed by Putnam for a separate attack on the enemy at New York. Forts Montgomery and Clinton, at the entrance to the Highlands, fell into the hands of Clinton by a surprise shortly after, but the conquest of this important position was neutralized by the victory of Gates, at Saratoga. The British remained at Fort Montgomery but twenty days. Putnam seems still to have entertained some project in connection with New York, which led him to withhold troops called for by the imperious necessities of Washington. The neglect of these orders brought a pointed letter from Hamilton, and an equally significant rebuke from Washington himself. In the following spring, Putnam was relieved of his command in the Highlands by the appointment of General McDougal to the post, and was ordered to Connecticut to superintend the raising of the new levies. He was stationed the following winter at Danbury, when the famous descent of the precipice at Horse Neck occurred, one of the latest marvels of Putnam's anecdotical career. While he was on a visit to one of his outposts at Horse Neck, Governor Tryon, of New York, advanced upon the place with a considerable body of troops. Putnam planted his small force on the hill, but was speedily compelled to provide for the safety of his men by a retreat, and for his own, by plunging down a formidable rocky steep by the roadside.

In 1779, he was again in the Highlands, superintending the defences then

erected at West Point, one of which, the fort now in ruins, bore his name. In the winter, he visited his family in Connecticut, and as he was returning to the army, at Morristown, was struck with paralysis. His right side was enfeebled, and his active career ceased, though he enjoyed the cheerful, tranquil pursuits of age. His memory remained unimpaired. One of his amusements was to relate to his friend and military companion, Colonel Humphreys, those events of his varied life, which that officer wrought into the pleasing narrative appropriately addressed to the State Society of the Cincinnati in Connecticut, and published by their order. The dedication of the work to Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, bears date June 4, 1788, about two years before the decease of the hero of the story. General Putnam died at Brookline, Conn., May 29, 1790, in his seventy-third year.

ANTHONY WAYNE*

By O. C. Bosbyshell

(1745–1796)

Across the pages of history recording mighty conflicts that rock nations and governments to their foundations, flash certain grand characters whose career adds a charm to the dreary and often prosaic narrative. Some bright particular star, whose lustre flings romance over dry facts, firing the hearts of all patriots with enthusiasm and national fervor. Honoring the great commanders of the wars of the ages for their noble deeds, here and there sparkles out the brilliant genius of a warrior with less responsibility, but whose name inspires the ardor of men, the love of women, and the fervor of the poet and novelist. Such a character, such a man, was "Mad" Anthony Wayne, an able, fearless soldier of the American Revolution, so thoroughly patriotic, such an earnest, honest believer in the righteous cause for which he fought, that he was mad indeed with all found arrayed against the interests of the Colonists, or with those who, having donned the Continental uniform, were indisposed to fight.

Anthony Wayne was born in Waynesborough, Easttown Township, Chester County, Penn., on January 1, 1745. He sprang from good English stock. His grandfather resided in Yorkshire, England, but during the reign of Charles II. purchased an estate in the County Wicklow, Ireland, and settled on it. Being a thor-

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ough Protestant he espoused the cause of King William III., and in the service of that monarch fought in the Battle of the Boyne, as a captain of dragoons. In 1722 he came to America with his four sons, and procured some one thousand six hundred acres of land in Chester County, Penn., upon which he settled in 1724. His youngest son, Isaac, the father of Anthony Wayne, received as his share of his father's estate five hundred acres of land near Paoli. Born and brought up amid the charming surroundings of this most beautiful country, it is easily understood why Anthony Wayne became so thoroughly imbued with tastes for the beautiful. His neatness in dress, and earnest advocacy of a brilliant uniform for the officers and men of the Revolutionary Army, had its foundation in the very atmosphere he lived in, this magnificent Chester Valley. "Dandy" Wayne indeed, but only so far as neatness in dress and delicacy of taste were concerned, for a nobler-minded, more unselfish patriot never entered the army of a nation. Wayne was educated at the Philadelphia Academy, and he became a surveyor of some note. He attended closely, however, to his magnificent farm, and took a lively interest in all affairs affecting his fellow-citizens. In 1765 and 66, only just of age, he was sent to Nova Scotia to survey some lands belonging to Benjamin Franklin and others.

In May, 1766, he married Mary, the daughter of Bartholomew Penrose, a Philadelphia merchant, and settled down to the life of a farmer. He was a stirring man in his neighborhood, fond of an active and out-door life. He was filled with military impulses; his choice of a profession, that of surveyor, evidently arose from his taste for exploration, and for the excitement incident to plunging into trackless wastes of forests and mapping out new boundaries. His love of military pursuits led him to study all the great works on the art of war, and when the time came he was prepared, as few soldiers of the revolution were, for the conflict with the trained soldiers of Great Britain. He formed companies with the men in his neighborhood, and drilled them assiduously. This gave him prominence and popularity, so that he is found a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1774–75. Wayne seemed to have prescience of what was coming, and when the conflict came he was ready. In September, 1775, he raised a regiment of soldiers, of which he became the colonel in the January following, and joined General Sullivan's command in Canada in the spring of 1776. At the battle of Three Rivers, May, 1776, Wayne displayed remarkable military knowledge, and was enabled to extricate his command from difficulties that seemed almost insurmountable. In a letter to Dr. Franklin and others he gives a graphic description of this engagement. Of his men engaged he says, "I have lost more than the one-quarter part, together with a slight touch in my right leg, which is partly well already." This was Wayne's first battle. He displayed such remarkable coolness and excellent judgment throughout this engagement, as to command the respect and admiration of all in the army; his entire career during this unfortunate Canadian campaign exhibited clearly his soldierly qualifications. Recognizing these, General Schuyler, in November, 1776, appointed Colonel Wayne to the command of Fort Ticonderoga and Mt. Independence, which military post Wayne considered the sec-

ond most important in the country. While stationed here, Wayne busied his men in rendering the place as nearly impregnable as possible, and by warm, fervid letters implored the "powers that be" in Pennsylvania, to send proper clothing, food, and arms to the men of that State serving in his army. So negligent did the State seem to the needs of its men, that this warm-hearted, high-spirited warrior, seriously thought of resigning his commission, being unable to longer witness the impoverished condition of his troops.

Colonel Wayne was appointed Brigadier General in February, 1777, and ordered to join General Washington's army at Morristown, N. J., in April of the same year. He was given command of the "Pennsylvania Line" consisting of two brigades of four regiments each, with a total strength of about 1,700 men. His activity and alertness during the summer, in harassing and annoying the enemy, went far toward ridding the State of that enemy, and gained for him the praise of Washington, who publicly acknowledged his "bravery and good conduct." The British, unable to force their way through New Jersey, determined to go around by sea to Philadelphia, and after embarking at Staten Island were next heard from within the Chesapeake Bay. Washington moved his army to Wilmington, Wayne having been sent ahead to organize the militia rendezvousing in Chester County, Penn. He rejoined the army at Germantown and marched with it to Wilmington.

In the battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777, Wayne was particularly distinguished. He occupied the left of the American line at Chad's Ford, and had opposed to his forces, the Hessians commanded by Baron von Knyphausen. He fought all day, holding his ground tenaciously, repelling every effort made by the enemy to cross the ford and worrying them by repeated attacks of his light infantry, which he frequently sent over the creek for the purpose. The right wing of the enemy having been turned, Wayne, at sunset, retreated in good order, without the loss of any artillery or stores. On the evening of September 20th, Wayne, with a detachment of twelve hundred men, was suddenly and impetuously attacked at Paoli Tavern by a very large force of the rear guard of the British army, which rear guard he had been sent to annoy. By the betrayal of Tory spies at the time of the attack, the forces "were not more than ten yards distant." Notwithstanding the impetuosity of the attack, by largely overwhelming numbers, Wayne succeeded in extricating his command without loss of artillery, ammunition, or stores. Some sixty-one Americans were killed. A court of inquiry was instituted to inquire into Wayne's conduct of this affair, which resulted so distastefully to him that he demanded a court martial. This court acquitted "him with the highest honors," a conclusion approved by General Washington.

Wayne's residence was searched by the British immediately after the Paoli fight, with the hope of capturing the general. The officer, in his zeal, ripped open a feather-bed with his sword. Mrs. Wayne indignantly exclaimed, "Did you expect to find General Wayne in a feather-bed? Look where the fight is the thickest!"

Wayne led the right wing at the battle of Germantown, October 4, 1777, and

forced the enemy back a distance of two miles. The British claim that "this was the first time we had ever retreated from the Americans." The balance of the army, failing to accomplish the end desired, Wayne was compelled to retreat, but this he did in good order, and when General Howe, who "could not persuade himself that we had run from victory," as Wayne puts it, followed the Americans, Wayne drew up in line. "When he advanced near we gave him a few cannon shot with some musketry—which caused him to break and run with the utmost confusion." Wayne lost a horse in this engagement, and received slight wounds in the hand and foot. The memorable winter at Valley Forge followed. General Wayne, ever active, devoted his time to procuring necessary supplies for the army. His earnest appeals to the State authorities and men of influence, for the welfare of the brave men at Valley Forge, tell a tale of suffering and endurance hard to realize. Early in the spring of 1778 he successfully raided the British lines, carrying off horses, cattle, forage, and other supplies. After the evacuation of Philadelphia, Wayne kept up a constant annoyance around the rear of the British army, fighting whenever the opportunity came.

The American army re-entered New Jersey in June, 1778, and moved across that State in a line parallel with the route taken by the British army. These lines encountered each other on June 28th, at Monmouth; an engagement fought, in the main, on a plan suggested to General Washington by General Wayne. General Charles Lee's half-hearted action, to call it no more severe name, resulted in the battle of Monmouth being less of a disaster to the British army than it promised. Wayne did his part gloriously. Lee, who with his own command was in full retreat when he should have earnestly supported Wayne, ordered Wayne to retire. This the latter did, chagrined and mortified, until the mortification was turned into delight upon meeting the Commander-in-Chief, who immediately ordered Wayne to advance to the attack again. This was just what Wayne wanted, and with three Pennsylvania regiments, one from Maryland, and one from Virginia, he stayed the assaults of the flower of the English army, the *corps d'élite*, and successfully held his line, causing the enemy to retire with great loss. General Washington commended General Wayne in the highest terms for his "good conduct and bravery through the whole action." Writing of this engagement to the Secretary of War, Wayne says, "Tell the Phila ladies that the heavenly, sweet, pretty red coats—the accomplished Gent–n of the Guards and Grenadiers have humbled themselves on the plains of Monmouth."

The enemy retreated to New York and remained in that city the balance of the year. Wayne occupied the time in urging active operations and trying to infuse a more aggressive spirit into the management of affairs. At this time public affairs were very much hampered by a feeling of indifference as well as an illusive notion that peace would soon follow. This affected the nation and the army. Wayne baffled these false ideas with all his powers. He urged the Government to forward needed supplies of clothing and food. He could not be inactive; fervid, earnest, and aggressive, he must be ever doing. The American Army kept a close watch upon the movements of the British in New York during the summer

and fall of 1779. General Washington organized a Light Infantry Corps and put General Wayne in command. It was considered one of the finest bodies of troops attached to the Continental Army, and was composed, besides "the choicest sons of Pennsylvania," of two Connecticut and one Virginia regiment. The Commander-in-Chief was extremely desirous of driving the British from the forts commanding King's Ferry on the Hudson, at Stony Point, on the western bank of the river, and at Verplanck's Point, directly opposite. This dangerous business was confided to Wayne and his Light Infantry Corps, the plan of operations being carefully prepared by General Washington. This plan was followed by Wayne, except in one particular, which change Washington declared to be an "improvement on his own plan." Wayne, after the most careful preparations, moved to the assault on Stony Point, a fortification strongly built on a rocky eminence, one hundred and fifty feet above the Hudson River, at 12 o'clock at night, on July 16, 1779. Wayne's report to Washington tells the story of the fight most graphically—he says he "gave the troops the most pointed orders not to attempt to fire, but put their whole dependence on the Bayonet—which was most faithfully and Literally Observed—neither the deep Morass, the formidable and double rows of abbatis or the high and strong works in front and flank could damp the ardor of the troops—who in the face of a most tremendous and Incessant fire of Musketry and from Artillery loaded with shells and Grape-shot forced their way at the point of the Bayonet thro' every Obstacle, both Columns meeting in the Center of the Enemy's works nearly at the same Instant." Before entering the fort Wayne was struck in the head by a musket-ball; he fell stunned, but soon rallied, and by the assistance of two of his aides, was helped into the fortification and shared the capture with his troops. The Stony Point achievement roused the patriotic spirit of the Americans. It was deemed the most brilliant affair of the war. Congratulations from the Commander-in-Chief, and all the prominent generals, as well as foremost citizens and Assemblies, were heaped upon Wayne, and Congress voted him a gold medal to commemorate his gallant conduct, besides thanking him "for his brave, prudent, and soldier-like conduct in the well-conducted attack on Stony Point."

After the treachery of Arnold, in 1780, the charge of the fort at West Point was committed to General Wayne. He marched his division over the mountain in a dark night, a distance of sixteen miles, in four hours, "without a single halt or a man left behind." In January, 1781, owing to the broken promises of Congress, a large number of the men in the Pennsylvania line mutinied, an event that threatened serious consequences to the American Army. This defection was suppressed peaceably, mainly through the excellent tact of General Wayne. He was idolized by his soldiers, who knew him as the soul of honor, and who placed implicit trust in his statements. Washington in a letter certifies to his "great share in preventing worse extremities" and thanks him for his exertions. In February, 1781, Wayne was ordered to join General Greene's Army, then operating in South Carolina, but upon Lord Cornwallis' rapidly transferring his forces to Virginia, this order was changed, and Wayne was directed to reinforce

Lafayette. This he did at Fredericksburg in June. The enemy seemed intent upon destroying all military stores they could reach, and for this purpose continually sent raiding parties through the State. The efforts of Wayne were ever put forth to suppress these raids. Believing, on July 6, 1781, that Cornwallis's forces were divided by the James River, Wayne was sent forward to attack them at Green Springs. He found a great force of the British Army in his front. Too late to retreat, Wayne with true soldierly instinct, having faith in the courage and discipline of his men, boldly charged a force five times as large as his own, threw them into disorder and safely brought his men away under cover of the enemy's confusion.

Cornwallis hastened to Yorktown, the investiture and siege of which Wayne aided in furthering, first, by occupying the ground south of the James River to prevent the enemy's reaching North Carolina; and then in opening the first parallel with six regiments on October 6, 1781. A few days afterward he, with two battalions, covered the Pennsylvania and Maryland troops while they began the second parallel. Wayne, with the Pennsylvania regiments, supported the French troops in the attack of the 14th, and was present at the surrender on the 19th. Notwithstanding a wound in the fleshy part of the leg, early in the siege, caused by a sentry mistaking him, Wayne remained active, and participated in the glory of the capture of Cornwallis and his army. This operation over, Wayne joined the army of General Nathaniel Greene, in South Carolina, in January, 1782, and was instrumental in quelling the disturbances in that section. A very large force of Indians threatened the destruction of his command on the night of June 23, 1782. These Indians were skilfully handled by a noted Creek Chief, as well as by a British officer. They surrounded Wayne's forces and held his artillery. Wayne fiercely attacked, using only the bayonet, and so impetuous was his onslaught, that he broke the lines of the Indians, and routed them completely. The dead body of the Creek leader, who, it is said, was felled by Wayne's own sword, was found on the ground the next day.

Wayne commanded the forces that took possession of Savannah and Charleston, after their evacuation by the British. Having freed the South from all marauders, Wayne returned, much shattered in health from the effect of a low fever, to his old home in Pennsylvania, and settled down to civil life, desiring, as he puts it, "to pass many happy hours in domestic felicity with a few of our friends, unfettered by any public employ and consequently unenvied." He was, however, made a member of the Council of Censors, and in 1784 represented his county in the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. He was likewise, in 1787, a member of the Convention of the State called to ratify the Constitution of the United States.

To better look after an estate given him by the State of Georgia, in recognition of the services he rendered that State, Wayne settled there, and was elected a member of Congress on January 3, 1791. He served from October, 1791, to March, 1792, when, a contest being made, Congress decided his election illegal and declared his seat vacant. Almost immediately after this action, on April 3,

1792, President Washington appointed Wayne Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, with the rank of Major-General; an appointment confirmed by the Senate on the same day. No more signal act could have marked the approval of Wayne's great services to the nation in the War of the Revolution, than this great mark of approbation conferred by his illustrious Chief. To him was intrusted the settlement of the difficulties then existing with the Indians in the Northwestern Territory. These savages, stirred up by the British, armed with British guns, and often led by British officers, continued the warfare on the Americans after peace had been declared between the contending countries. Efforts to subjugate them under Generals Harmar and St. Clair had failed.

General Wayne, whose entire life clearly shows a man prepared for what may come, wisely drilled the force he collected to undertake this work, for a year. He knew the value of a well-drilled and disciplined army. Having perfected his troops, he, by easy stages, advanced into the disturbed territory, establishing posts at various points, which he cleverly fortified, and upon every occasion and opportunity offered the savages peace. These offers were as often rejected. From Fort Defiance, a fort he built and named, at the junction of the Miami and Le Glaize rivers, he, in August, 1794, went down the Miami River, with about one thousand men, until he came close to a British post, at the foot of the rapids of the river. Here he sent a last overture to the Indians, promising peace if they would lay down their arms. Upon their rejecting this, he, on August 20th, moved to the head of the rapids, and attacked them with such vigor, using again his favorite weapon, the bayonet, that their defeat was overwhelming. The entire surrounding country was laid waste. The army advanced to the junction of the St. Joseph's and St. Mary's rivers, where a strong fort was built and named Fort Wayne. The present flourishing city of that name in Indiana now stands upon this spot. The winter was spent in Greeneville, at which place the Indians, on August 3, 1795, against the wishes of their leaders and English allies, signed a treaty of peace, in which twelve tribes took part—a peace which was never broken, and by which an immense territory was ceded to the United States and opened up for settlement. Wayne returned early in 1796, on a short visit to Pennsylvania, and everywhere *en route* received the plaudits of his fellow-citizens. His reception in Philadelphia was exceedingly brilliant. The unsettled condition of affairs in the Northwest, however, made his stay brief. Having been appointed sole commissioner to treat with the disaffected parties there, and directed to take possession of all forts held by the British in that country, he returned in June of the same year. With great tact he performed wisely and well the difficult mission intrusted to him. In November he left Detroit to visit the last of the posts included in his orders. This was then called Presque Isle, but is now the site of the city of Erie. When within a short sail of this post a severe and sudden attack of the gout came on. He was carried into the block-house at Presque Isle, in a dying condition, and lingered in great agony until December 15, 1796, when he died. By his own desire he was buried "at the foot of the flag-staff on a high hill called 'Garrison Hill,' north of the present Soldiers'

Home." (Stille, 343.) In 1809, his son, Colonel Isaac Wayne, removed the body to the family burying-ground at St. David's Church, Radnor, Penn., where, on July 4th of the same year, the Society of the Cincinnati erected a monument in his honor.

So lived, so died, Anthony Wayne; gentleman, soldier, statesman, patriot. "Mad," "Dandy," "Black Snake," "Tornado." Angry with traitors—Neat—Courageous—Irresistible. None can study his life without feeling the nobleness of his character. Courtly in manners, honorable to a degree, high in aspirations, unselfishly for country, magnanimous in victory, loyal to authority, affectionate to family, pure in morality, and earnest for the right, Anthony Wayne's life is a bright example and legacy to the American youth of all times.

FRANCIS MARION

(1732–1795)

Francis Marion, the partisan general of South Carolina, was of Huguenot descent, the first American settlers of the name being Benjamin Marion and Judith Balnet, his wife, who came from France in 1690, and established themselves in a plantation on one of the tributaries of the Cooper River, near Charleston. Gabriel, the son of Benjamin, married Esther Cordes. These were the parents of Francis Marion. He was born, it would appear, in St. John's Parish, Berkeley County, probably in 1732. His early life was passed, till his twenty-seventh year, in agricultural pursuits, when we first hear of him in connection with military matters in the period of the old French war. He took the field with Moultrie, and fought gallantly by the side of that officer in the Cherokee country against the savages at the battle of Etchoee. He then returned to his farm, near Eutaw Springs, ripening for the work of the Revolution, which found him at the height of manhood, at the age of forty-three. The people of his district relied upon his understanding, for we find them send-

ing him as their delegate to the Provincial Congress of 1775, when he was appointed captain in the regiment of his former superior officer, Colonel Moultrie. His first duty was to gather a company, which he speedily effected in the Eastern region, where he was well known. He was then employed in the neighborhood of Charleston; being engaged in the occupation of Fort Johnson and the command of Dorchester.

He was with Moultrie, at Sullivan's Island in May, 1776, during that fierce day of battle when the British were driven from the southern colonies, and particularly distinguished himself in the gallant defence.

At the ill-managed attack upon Savannah, by the combined forces of D'Estaing and Lincoln, which ended so disastrously for the Americans, Marion was present with his regiment, which did much by its gallantry to redeem the honor, if not the fortunes, of the day. Next came, in the winter of 1780, the siege of Charleston, by Sir Henry Clinton. It was evident from the beginning that the city must fall, and it has been a point much discussed whether Lincoln should have attempted to defend it, whether it would not have been better for the cause that he should withdraw his troops, and besiege the British from the open country. This was what afterward took place when the conquerors were reduced almost to starvation. An accident which happened to Marion has been esteemed a piece of singular good fortune to the cause, in saving him from surrender. He was in command of the small body of light troops, outside of the city, when he was called to aid in the defence. During the first days of the very deliberate investment, he was dining with some friends in the town, when, according to a custom not unusual in those hard-drinking times, the door was locked that no one should avoid his share of the conviviality. Determined to escape the infliction, he threw himself from the window into the street. The fall fractured his ankle and incapacitated him from service. In obedience to an order of Lincoln, commanding all officers unfit for duty to retire from the city, he left while the country was still open, and took refuge in his native region of St. John. His freedom was thus preserved for the service of his country.

Now came the incursions of Tarleton and the devastating warfare of Cornwallis—a policy of savage extermination which would have driven a people with less capability of exertion to despair. But it happened, as it has before, that the very means employed to crush, excited the spirit of resistance, and deliverers were raised up for the oppressed. It was a peculiar species of warfare which was now entered upon, requiring novel resources both for attack and defence. A thinly inhabited country was the scene of operations, cut up in all directions by rivers and their branches, and innumerable swamps. Large bodies of troops could move only with difficulty; it was a service for small parties of cavalry always in movement, making up by rapidity for want of numbers. On the side of the British, Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, an officer of spirit, whose fiery youth has been vividly handed down to us in the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was the leading representative of this method of warfare, harrying the land with his mounted troops, and overcoming by his activity and unscrupulousness. Success

added terror to his name, as he gained victory after victory, and seemed destined to sweep the land of its patriot defenders. He was the right arm of Cornwallis, in his movements in the interior, and began to be deemed invincible, when his course was arrested by Morgan, the Virginian, and his resolute companies of native defenders of the State, at the battle of Cowpens. But it was in Marion that the chief spirit of resistance was incorporated. On the arrival of Gates from the North, in command of the Southern army, having partially recovered from his lameness, he presented himself before the hero of Saratoga, on his march toward the fatal field of Camden. American commanders were accustomed to odd sights of dress and equipment in the patriot soldiery who enlisted under their banners, and Gates must have been used to appearances with which the eye of Washington himself was but too familiar. The little band of Marion, however, seems to have astonished even their American brethren-in-arms. As for the well-equipped British, they always held the ragged American regiments in contempt, till they were soundly flogged by them. An intelligent looker-on at the camp, Colonel Otho Williams, in his narrative of the campaign, speaks of Colonel Marion's arrival, "attended by a very few followers, distinguished by small leather caps and the wretchedness of their attire; their number did not exceed twenty men and boys, some white, some black, and all mounted, but most of them miserably equipped. Their appearance was, in fact, so burlesque, that it was with much difficulty the diversion of the regular soldiery was restrained by the officers; and the general himself was glad of an opportunity of detaching Colonel Marion, at his own instance, toward the interior of South Carolina, with orders to watch the motions of the enemy, and furnish intelligence."

It was while Marion was engaged on this service, that the battle of Camden was fought; but luckily, he had no share in the misadventure. He was employed, in fact, in quite an independent career of his own, organizing his own forces and acting at his own discretion. He was at the head of that system of partisan warfare, which, in its developments, was to rid the State of the foreign foe. His present command, "Marion's Brigade," was formed from the hardy spirited population of Irish descent, settled between the Santee and the Pedee, in the territory of Williamsburg. They were convinced of the intentions of the British rulers at Charleston to reduce them to political servitude; they knew their rights, and knowing, dared to maintain them. Their movement was voluntary, as they gathered their small but resolute force of picked men, and called Marion to its command. He had already assumed it, and caused the Tories to feel his new authority when the defeat of Gates took place. It roused him at once to a new effort to redeem the fortunes of war. He was already in the neighborhood of the field, and hearing that a British guard was on its way with a considerable body of prisoners, he determined to arrest the party on its march. Two days after the battle, he concerted an attack, and with the loss of but one man, killed and took 22 regulars and 2 Tories prisoners, and retook 150 continentals of the Maryland line. He was now a recognized leader in the field, and the British commander-in-chief directed his efforts to his overthrow. "I

most sincerely hope," wrote Cornwallis to Tarleton, "that you will get at Mr. Marion." But Mr. Marion was not so easily to be caught. On the appearance of a superior force, under the command of Tarleton, which it would have been vain to resist, the skilful partisan turned his forces in another direction, to the borders of North Carolina, where he overawed the Scotch Tories in that disaffected region. The ruthless conduct of the British whom he had left behind, now raised the South Carolinians to fresh resistance, when Marion, ever mindful of his opportunity, returned to the State with speed, accomplishing sixty miles in one day, and in a bold night attack, defeated a large body of Tories on the Black Mingo. Following this up with some smaller successes of the kind, he again attracted the attention of Tarleton, who issued out of Charleston in force for his capture, and when he was fairly on his heels, wearied out and perplexed by the windings of his foe, gave up the chase, it is said, with the exclamation, "Come, my boys! let us go back. We will soon find the Game Cock [Marion's brother partisan, Sumter], but as for this damned Swamp-fox, the devil himself could not catch him."

The tide was now turning, as the people felt their strength. King's Mountain, in the autumn of this memorable 1780, brought a vast accession of strength to the popular cause, in the proof that the best British troops were not invincible before an aroused yeomanry; but there was much yet to be done before the day of final deliverance was secured. It was a slow, weary, harassing policy which was to be pursued, of surprises and escapes, of self-denial and endurance, of the watchful, unyielding virtue of Marion and his men. They took post in an island fortress of wooded swamp land, at the junction of the Pedee and Lynch's Creek, known as the "camp of Marion," where he recruited his forces, husbanded his strength, and sallied forth on his raids against the foe. This is the spot where the popular admiration of Marion finds its home and centre. "His career as a partisan," says his faithful biographer, the novelist Simms, "in the thickets and swamps of Carolina, is abundantly distinguished by the picturesque; but it was while he held his camp at Snow's Island that it received its highest colors of romance. In this snug and impenetrable fortress, he reminds us very much of the ancient feudal baron of France and Germany, who, perched on a castled eminence, looked down with the complacency of an eagle from his eyrie, and marked all below him for his own. The resemblance is good in all respects but one. The plea and justification of Marion are complete. His warfare was legitimate." It is in this place the scene is laid of an interview with the British officer, so familiar to the public in popular narratives and pictorial illustration. A flag from the enemy, at the neighboring post of Georgetown, is received with the design of an exchange of prisoners. The officer is admitted blindfold into the encampment, and on the bandage being taken from his eyes, is surprised equally at the diminutive size of the General and the simplicity of his quarters. He had expected, it is said, to see some formidable personage of the sons of Anak of the standard military figure, which, as Mr. Simms remarks, averaged, in the opposing generals during the war, more than two hundred pounds. On the

contrary, he saw "a swarthy, smoke-dried little man, with scarcely enough of threadbare homespun to cover his nakedness, and instead of tall ranks of gay-dressed soldiers, a handful of sunburnt, yellow-legged militiamen, some roasting potatoes, and some asleep, with their black firelocks and powder-horns lying by them on the logs." This is Weems's narrative, a little colored with his full brush, but true enough as to detail. The improvement which he works up from the plain potato presented as a dinner to the officer, is equally sound as a moral, though we will not vouch for the exact expression of the sentiment. As a specimen of Weems, it is characteristic; but certainly Marion never talked in the fashion of this zealous biographer.

The Briton, however, entrenched at Charleston, and with his double line of forts encompassing the interior, was not all at once driven out. When he was compelled to leave, it was by the slow process of an exhaustion, to which even victory contributed; for every British conquest in that region was as costly as a defeat. Greene came with his Fabian policy, acquired in the school of Washington, to repair the errors of Gates. It was a course with which the policy of Marion was quite in agreement, attacking the enemy when they were vulnerable; at other moments retreating before them. Both officers knew well how to drain the vitality of the British army. Greene appreciated Marion. "I like your plan," he wrote to him, "of frequently shifting your ground. We must endeavor to keep up a partisan war." He sent Lieutenant-Colonel Lee to his aid, and together they attempted the capture of Georgetown in a night attack, which was but partially successful, in consequence of a loss of time and the want of artillery. Though not fully carried out, it served as a diversion and alarm in the rear of Cornwallis, who now, after the defeat of an important portion of his force under Tarleton, was advancing rapidly through North Carolina at the heels of Greene. Lee was recalled to join his commander, and Marion continued his partisan warfare in South Carolina. He was after a while reinforced by Greene on his return to the State, and assisted that general greatly in the movements which resulted in imprisoning the enemy in Charleston. After a brilliant affair with the British, in conjunction with Lee and Sumter, and other bold spirits, he hastened to Greene in time for the battle of Eutaw, in which engagement he commanded the right of the South Carolina militia, and gallantly sustained the fierce attack of the enemy. Toward the close of the war, he took his seat in the Legislative Assembly which met at Jacksonborough, as the representative of St. John, Berkeley. He was engaged in one or two further conflicts with the enemy, and the struggle which he had so manfully sustained was at an end.

He now retired to his plantation, to find it broken up by the incursions of the British. While engaged in its restoration, he was sent as representative of the district to the Senate of the State. It is recorded to his credit that he displayed in this situation a ready magnanimity toward Tory offenders in preserving their lands from confiscation.

"It was war, then," said he; "it is peace now. God has given us the victory. Let us show our gratitude to heaven, which we shall not do by cruelty to man."

W. RANNEY PINXIT.

MARION CROSSING THE PEDEE.

In the same lofty spirit, he refused to receive any advantages from a bill exempting the soldiers of the militia from prosecution for acts committed in the service. He felt that his conduct needed no shelter. The Legislature rewarded him with thanks, and the more substantial appointment of Commandant of the Port of Charleston, a nominal office, with the salary of £500, which were cut down to dollars. A timely marriage, however, with a wealthy lady of Huguenot descent, Miss Mary Videau, a spinster of fifty, who was attracted by the hero, relieved him of pecuniary anxieties, leaving him an old age of ease in agricultural pursuits. He still represented his parish in the State Senate, and sat in 1790 in the Convention for forming the Constitution. In 1794 he resigned his military commission given to him by Rutledge, and the following year, yielding to a gradual decline, expired on February 27th, at the age of sixty-three.

Marion was a true, unflinching patriot—a man of deeds, and not of words; a prudent, sagacious soldier, not sudden or quick in quarrel, but resolute to the end; a good disciplinarian, and beloved by his men, who came at his call.

There was no power of coercion, such as restrains the hired soldier, in his little band; it was held together only by the cohesive force of patriotism and attachment to the leader. We hear of no acts of cruelty to stain the glory of his victories, but much of his magnanimity.

PAUL JONES

(1747–1792)

PAUL JONES, the popular naval hero of the Revolution, the son of John Paul, a gardener in Scotland, was born July 6, 1747, at a cottage on the estate of his father's employer, Mr. Craik, at Arbigland, in the parish of Kirkbean. His parents belonged to a respectable class of the population of the country. The boy, as is wont with Scottish boys, however humble, received the elements of education, but could not have advanced very far with his books, since we find him at the age of twelve apprenticed to the sea. The situation of Kirkbean, on the shore of the Solway, naturally gave a youth of spirit an inclination to life on the ocean; and he had not far to seek for employment in the trading-port of Whitehaven, in the opposite county of Cumberland. Paul's first adventure—the appendix of Jones was an

after-thought of his career—was in the service of Mr. Younger, a merchant in the American trade, who sent his apprentice on a voyage to Virginia, where an elder brother of Paul had profitably established himself at Fredericksburg. This gave him an early introduction to the country with which the fame of the future soldier of fortune was to be especially identified.

The apprenticeship of Paul was of short duration. The failure of his employer threw the youth upon his own resources; but he lost no time in taking care of himself. His studies on shipboard had already qualified him for the higher duties of the mercantile service; the slave-trade, the active pursuit of those days, offered him an engagement; he sailed for the African coast in the King George, a vessel engaged in this infamous traffic, out of Whitehaven, and in his nineteenth year was trusted as chief mate of the Two Friends, another vessel of the trade, belonging to Jamaica. Having carried his human cargo to the island, sickening of the pursuit, he sailed as a passenger to Kirkcudbright, in his native district. Opportunities are always presenting themselves to the watchful and the initiated. The chief officers of the vessel died of the fever; Paul took command and carried the ship in safety to the owners. They put him in command of the brig, the John, on another West India voyage.

Finally, in 1771, he left Scotland never to return to it, save to carry terror among its population. He proceeded to London; found employment in the West India trade, and in 1773 settled himself for a while in Virginia on the estate of his brother, to whom he had now become heir. This was a grand turning-point of his career, and to signalize it properly, Paul, who was somewhat of a fanciful turn, added the name Jones to his proper appellation, John Paul.

On the organization of the infant navy of the United States, in 1775, John Paul Jones, as he is henceforth to be called, received the appointment of first of the first lieutenants in the service, in which, in his station on the flag-ship Alfred, he claimed the honor of being the foremost, on the approach of the commander-in-chief, Commodore Hopkins, to raise the new American flag. This was the old device of a rattle-snake coiled on a yellow ground, with the motto, *Don't tread on me*, which is yet partially retained in the seal of the war-office.

The first service of the new squadron was the attack upon the island of New Providence, in which Jones rendered signal assistance. On the return voyage, the unsatisfactory encounter with the Glasgow occurred, which afterward resulted in the dismissal of one of the American officers, and Jones's appointment in his place to the command of the Providence, of twelve guns and seventy men. His exploits in this vessel gained him his first laurels. He now received the rank of captain, and sailed on various expeditions, transporting troops, conveying merchantmen, out-sailing British frigates, and greatly harassing the enemy's commercial interests. His success in these enterprises induced Commodore Hopkins to put him in command of the Alfred and other vessels on an expedition to the eastward, which resulted in the capture of various important prizes of transport and other ships, and extensive injury to the fisheries at Canso. On his return, he was superseded in the command of the Alfred, his seniority in the ser-

vice being set aside, a grievance which led to remonstrance on his part, and a correspondence with the Committee of Congress, in the course of which Jones made many valuable suggestions as to the service, and gained the friendship of that eminent business man of the old Confederacy, Robert Morris. There appear to have been several appointments for him in progress, when his somewhat unsettled position became determined by the resolve of Congress to send him to France for the purpose of taking command of a frigate to be provided for him by the Commissioners at Paris. By the resolution of June 14, 1777, he was appointed to the Ranger, newly built at Portsmouth, and—a second instance of the kind—had the honor of hoisting for the first time the new flag of the stars and stripes; at least he claimed the distinction, for the bristling vanity of Jones made him punctilious in these accidental matters of personal renown.

It took some time to prepare the Ranger for sea, but Jones got off on his adventure in November, made a couple of prizes by the way, and at the end of a month reached Nantes. Disappointed in obtaining the large vessel which he expected, and obliged to be contented with the Ranger, he employed his time in making acquaintance with the French navy at Quiberon Bay, and offering valuable suggestions for the employment of D'Estaing's fleet on the American coast. He soon determined to put to sea on an adventure of spirit. On April 10, 1778, he sailed from Brest on a cruise in British waters. Directing his course to the haunts of his youth, he captured a brigantine off Cape Clear, and a London ship in the Irish Channel; planned various bold adventures on the Irish coast, which he was not able to carry out from adverse influences of wind and tide, but well-nigh succeeded in burning a large fleet of merchantmen in the docks of Whitehaven. In this last adventure, he made a landing at night, and advanced to the capture of the town-batteries, leaving his officers to fire the ships, of which there were about two hundred in the port. His orders were not obeyed, either from insufficient preparations or the relenting of his agents, when he himself set fire to one of the largest of the vessels. It was now day, and the people were warned by a deserter from his force, but Jones managed to hold the whole town at bay till he made good his retreat. This daring affair was an impromptu of Jones's genius, justified in his view by similar depredations of the British on the American coast; but it had an ugly look of ingratitude to the place which had sheltered his youth, and first given him promotion in the world.

Nor was this all. He immediately crossed to his native shore of Scotland, with the intention of seizing the Earl of Selkirk, at his seat on the promontory of St. Mary's Isle, on the Solway, near Kirkcudbright. Landing at the spot he ascertained that the earl was from home. Disappointed in his object, he would have returned, when the officers in his boat insisted upon a demand for the family plate. Jones demurred, but yielded with the proviso that the thing was to be done in the most delicate manner possible. His lieutenant, Simpson, undertook the business, and introduced himself to Lady Selkirk, who was, conveniently enough for his purposes, engaged at breakfast. She had at first taken the party for a press-gang, and had offered them refreshments; on being informed of the

nature of their visit, their request, backed by the armed crew at the door, was complied with.

It is said that Jones apologized personally to Lady Selkirk, and we shall presently find him, at the first interval of leisure, taking measures to repair the act. For the moment, however, he had more serious work on hand. In his upward voyage along the Irish coast, he had looked into Belfast Lough, after his Majesty's sloop-of-war Drake, of twenty guns, which he attempted to board in a night attack by a bold manœuvre, which came within an ace of success. Immediately after the affair of St. Mary's, he ran across the channel and had the fortune to meet the Drake coming out of Carrickfergus. She was getting to sea to check the exploits of the Ranger, which had now alarmed the whole region. Jones desired nothing more than an encounter. As the ship drew up she hailed the Ranger. Jones gave the reply through his sailing-master: "The American continental ship Ranger. We are waiting for you. Come on. The sun is little more than an hour high, and it is time to begin!" A broadside engagement commenced, and continued at close quarters for an hour, when the Drake surrendered. Her captain and first lieutenant were mortally wounded, her sails and rigging terribly cut up, and hull much shattered. The loss of the Ranger was 2 killed and 6 wounded; that of the Drake, 42. The Drake had two guns the advantage of her adversary. The action took place on April 24th; on May 8th, Jones having traversed the channel, carried his prize safely into Brest.

His first thought now was to make some amends to Lady Selkirk and his own reputation for the plundering visit of his lieutenant. He therefore addressed to her, the very day of his landing, an extraordinary letter—Jones was fond of letter-writing—full of high-sounding phrases, and professions of gallantry and esteem, in the midst of which he failed not to recite the splendid victory of the Ranger. He drew a picture of the terrors inflicted by the British in America; and in respect to that unfortunate plate, expressed his intention to purchase it, in the sale of the prize, and restore it at his own expense to the family. This, after delays and obstacles, he finally accomplished some years later, when we are told it was all returned as it was taken, the very tea-leaves of the parting breakfast clinging to the tea-pot.

The affair of the Ranger, so brilliantly conducted, the short, energetic cruise in narrow seas, so near the British naval stations, gave Jones a great reputation for gallantry in Paris. The delays and difficulties, however, incidental to the wretched state of the American finances abroad, and the imperfect relation of his country with the French court, were well calculated to cool any enthusiasm excited by his conquest; and a man of less vivacity and perseverance than Jones might have dropped the service. He persevered. His lieutenant, Simpson, after various refractory proceedings, had sailed home in the Ranger, when an arrangement was finally made with Le Ray de Chaumont, the negotiator of the French court, to furnish a jointly equipped and officered fleet, of which Jones was to take command. Five vessels were thus provided, including the American frigate Alliance. An old Indiaman, the Duke de Duras, fell to the lot of Jones.

PAUL JONES AND LADY SELKIRK.

In compliment to Dr. Franklin, one of the commissioners, and especially in gratitude for a hint which he had accidentally lighted upon in an odd number of that philosopher's almanac, to the effect that whoever would have his business well done must do it himself—a suggestion by which Jones had greatly profited in giving a final spur to his protracted negotiations—he changed the name of his vessel, by permission of the French Government, to the Bon Homme Richard.

Jones at length set sail, on August 14th, with his squadron. Landais, an incompetent Frenchman in the American service, was in command of the Alliance. It was altogether a weak, mongrel affair. The Bon Homme Richard was unseaworthy, her armament was defective, and in her motley crew Englishmen and foreigners outnumbered the Americans. The plan of the cruise was to sail round the British Islands from the westward. At Cape Clear the commander parted with two of the smaller vessels of the squadron, which now consisted of his own ship, the Alliance, the Pallas, and the Vengeance. The service was, however, far more impaired by the insubordination of Landais, who evinced great jealousy of his superior. Several prizes were taken, one of them by Jones off Cape Wrath, at the extremity of Scotland. Traversing the eastern coast, he arrived, with the Pallas and the Vengeance, at the Firth of Forth, and entertained the bold idea of attacking the armed vessels at the station, and putting not only Leith, but possibly the capital, Edinburgh itself, under contribution. He would certainly have made the attempt—indeed, it was in full progress—when it was defeated by a violent gale of wind.

Jones now continued his course southwardly, casting longing eyes upon Hull and Newcastle, when, having been joined by the Alliance, the squadron suddenly, off Flamborough Head, fell in with the Baltic cruisers, the Serapis, forty-four, Captain Pearson, and the Countess of Scarborough, twenty, Captain Piercy, convoying a fleet of merchantmen. Jones at once prepared for action. The combat which ensued, between the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard, is one of the most remarkable in the annals of naval warfare, for the circumstances under which it was fought, the persistence of the contest, and the well-matched valor of the commanders. The engagement was by moonlight, on a tranquil sea, within sight of the shore, which was crowded with spectators, who thronged the promontory of Flamborough Head and the piers of Scarborough. After various preliminary manœuvres on the part of the English commander to shelter the merchantmen, the engagement began at half-past seven in the evening, with a series of attempts of the Bon Homme Richard to come to close quarters with her antagonist. At the first broadside of Jones's vessel, two of the old eighteen-pounders mounted in her gun-room burst, with fearful destruction to the men. This accident compelled the closing of the lower ports, and produced a still greater inequality between the combatants than at the start, for the Serapis was not only a well-constructed, well-furnished man-of-war, thoroughly equipped, while the Bon Homme Richard had every disadvantage in these respects; but the absolute weight of metal was, at the outset, greatly in favor of the Englishman. The Richard then passed to windward of the Serapis, receiving her fire, which did much dam-

age to the rotten hull of the old Indiaman. Jones next attempted a movement to get into position to rake his antagonist from stem to stern, which resulted in a momentary collision. There was an effort to board the Serapis, which was repulsed, when Captain Pearson called out, "Has your ship struck?" and Jones instantly replied, "I have not yet begun to fight." The ships then separating, were brought again to a broadside encounter, when Jones, feeling the superior force of the Serapis, and her better sailing, was fully prepared to take advantage of the next position as the ships fell foul of one another, to grapple with his opponent. He himself assisted in lashing the jib-stay of the Serapis to the mizzenmast of the Richard.

The ships became now closely entangled for their full length on their starboard sides; so near were they together, that the guns of one touched the sides of the other, and in some places where the port-holes met, the guns were loaded by passing the rammers into the opposite vessel. Every discharge in this position was of course most deadly, and told fearfully upon the rotten hull of the Richard. To add to Jones's embarrassment, he was repeatedly fired upon by Landais, from the Alliance, which always kept her position with the Richard between her and the enemy. This extraordinary circumstance is only to be accounted for by an entire lack of presence of mind in the confusion, or by absolute treachery. The Serapis poured in her fire below from a full battery, while the Richard was confined to three guns on deck. She had efficient aid, however, in clearing the deck of the Serapis, from the musketry and hand-grenades of her men in the tops. One of these missiles reached the lower gun-deck of the Serapis, and there setting fire to a quantity of exposed cartridges, produced a destruction of life, an offset to the fearful loss of the Richard by the bursting of her guns in the opening of the engagement. The injury to the Richard, from the wounds inflicted upon her hull, was at this time so great that she was pronounced to be sinking, and there was a cry among the men of surrender; not, however, from Jones, who was as much himself at this extremity as ever. Seeing the English prisoners, who had been released below, more than a hundred in number, rushing upon deck, where in a moment they might have leaped into the Serapis, and put themselves under their country's flag, he coolly set them to working the pumps, to save the sinking ship. Human courage and resolution have seldom been more severely tried than in the exigencies of this terrible night on board the Richard. Jones continued to ply his feeble cannonade from the deck, levelled at the mainmast of the adversary. Both vessels were on fire, when, at half-past ten, the Serapis struck.

The loss in this extraordinary engagement, which outstrips and exaggerates the usual vicissitudes of naval service, was of course fearful. The entire loss of the Richard is estimated by Cooper at one hundred and fifty, nearly one-half of all the men she had engaged. Captain Pearson reported at least one hundred and seventeen casualties. The Bon Homme Richard was so riddled by the enemy's fire, and disembowelled by the gun-room explosion, that she could not be saved from sinking. When the wind freshened, the day after the victory, she

became no longer tenable; her living freight was taken from her, and Jones, in the forenoon of the 25th, "with inexpressible grief," saw her final plunge into the depths of the ocean.

While the engagement of the Richard and Serapis was going on, the Pallas, better officered than the Alliance, captured the other English vessel, the Countess of Scarborough. The two prizes were carried to the Texel, where the squadron enjoyed the uneasy protection of Holland. Jones himself had a more satisfactory reception in an enthusiastic greeting on the Exchange at Amsterdam, and a brilliant triumph, illuminated by the smiles of the fair sex, shortly after in Paris. In October, 1780, he left for America in the Ariel, bearing with him a gift from the king, a gold-mounted sword, with the inscription on the blade: *Vindicati Maris Ludovicus* XVI. *Remunerator Strenuo Vindici* — "Louis XVI., rewarder, to the valiant defender of a liberated sea." The voyage was interrupted, at its outset, by a severe storm off the harbor, in which Jones displayed his usual heroism. The vessel was refitted, and after a partial action on the high seas with a mysterious stranger, reached Philadelphia in February, 1781.

In 1787 he left America with the intention of serving under Louis. When he reached Paris, he was met by a proposition to enter the service of Catherine of Russia, in which he was induced to engage by prospects of rank and glory. On his journey to St. Petersburg, he had a characteristic adventure in his passage from Stockholm to Revel, which he made while the navigation was interrupted by ice, traversing the sea, with great hardihood, in an open boat, extorting the labors of the boatmen by his threats of violence. He was well received by the Empress, who forwarded him to Potemkin, then in command on the Black Sea, in a war with the Turks. It is not necessary to recount the movements of a small squadron, with a divided command and jealous counsels, presided over by a whimsical, despotic court favorite. Many as were the vexations encountered by Jones in the inefficient resources, the shifts and expedients of foreign allies, and the straits of the American commissioners, they were light compared with the stifling restraints of Russian tyranny. Jones did much fighting, in his command of the Wolodomer, on the Black Sea, against the Pasha, but retired with little glory. Persecution followed at St. Petersburg—there was an assault upon his moral character, which was triumphantly disproved—various projects flitted through his teeming mind, and his connection with the country closed after a residence of fifteen months. It is sad to watch the last years of Paul Jones, not, indeed, of age, but of growing weariness and disease, as he renews his broken Russian hopes, and revives the old, faded, pecuniary claims on the French court. A gleam of sunshine appears in his aspirations to serve his country—for he still looked across the Atlantic—in the removal of the chains from the American sailors imprisoned at Algiers. His country listened to his cry; he was charged to treat with the Regency for their ransom, but before the commission reached him, he had passed to that land where the weary cease from sighing, and prisoners are at rest. Here, with Mercy bending over the scene, let

the curtain fall. Paul Jones died at Paris, at the age of forty-five, of a dropsical affection, July 18, 1792.

The person of Paul Jones is well known by the numerous prints devoted to his brilliant exploits. You will see him, a little active man of medium height, not robust but vigorous, a keen black eye, lighting a dark, weather-beaten visage, compact and determined, with a certain melancholy grace.

He was one of nature's self-made men; that is, nature gave the genius, and he supplied the industry, for he knew how to labor, and must have often exerted himself to secure the attainments which he possessed. He was a good seaman, as well as a most gallant officer; sagacious in the application of means; vain, indeed, and expensive, but natural and generous; something of a poet in verse, much more in the quickness and vivacity of his imagination, which led him to plan nobly; an accomplished writer; and as he was found worthy of the warm and unchanging friendship of Franklin, that sage who sought for excellence while he looked with a kindly eye upon human infirmity, we, too, may peruse the virtues of the man and smile upon his frailties.

TECUMSEH*

By James A. Green

(1776–1813)

It would be a difficult matter for a well-read American to recall the names of more than four or five notable Indians, leaving, of course, contemporaneous red men out of the question. The list might comprise Pocahontas, best known, probably, for something she did not do; Powhatan, that vague and shadowy Virginian chief; King Philip, who had a war named after him and so succeeded in having his name embalmed in history; Pontiac, whose great conspiracy Parkman has made immortal, and Tecumseh. But, of them all, Tecumseh is easily foremost. He was a man who, had he been born to great position among civilized nations, would have stamped his name and fame upon the world. He was not a mere savage of the ordinary type, bloodthirsty, brutal beyond description, going upon one aimless raid after another to glut his passion for rapine and murder. These savage traits

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were not his, though all the good qualities of the Indian he possessed in double measure. He was fearless, he was untiring, and when once started toward an end he knew no rest until he had accomplished his design. He had a primitive dignity of thought and expression that marked him as a great orator. At the famous council at Vincennes, when Tecumseh had finished his speech and was about to sit down with his braves, the interpreter, pointing to General W. H. Harrison, said, "Your father wishes you to take a chair." But the ordinary courtesy of calling the white Governor the father of the red men was repugnant to Tecumseh, and with lofty mien and unpremeditated eloquence he declined the proffered seat. "No," he exclaimed, "the sun is my father, the earth is my mother, and I will rest on her bosom." And he sat down on Mother Earth with his assembled warriors, this act and fiery speech more than ever binding them to his fortunes.

Tecumseh was in reality the first of the great Ohio men. He was a Shawnee Indian, and his tribe, in the middle of the eighteenth century, had emigrated from Florida to what is now the State of Ohio, Tecumseh being born in what is now Clarke County, near the present city of Springfield, in an Indian town that bore the name of Piqua. This must not be confounded with the present Ohio town of Piqua, which is in another county altogether, the birthplace of Tecumseh now being the site of a straggling village bearing the name, West Boston. In his boyhood there was nothing unusual. He grew up in the stirring times when Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, and the other hardy Kentucky pioneers—Long Knives the Indians called them—were leading their forces into the West. It was a time when the Indians were constantly fighting. They did not live in Kentucky, but they regarded the fertile woods and prairies south of the Ohio River as their hunting-grounds, and they attacked with savage cruelty all the whites that dared to encroach upon this territory. The whites in turn crossed the Ohio in reprisal, burnt the Indian towns, tomahawked women and children, destroyed corn-fields, and were as unrelenting and barbarous in their revenge as their savage foes.

Tecumseh was born about 1776, and in 1780 the village of Piqua was attacked by a party of 1,000 Kentuckians, who, after a fierce battle, drove out the Indians and destroyed the place. It was amid such scenes that the Indian boy grew to manhood. In that wild time, war was the only science, and butchery the only trade that an Indian could follow. One of the favorite Indian pursuits of the day was the capture of parties of emigrants and traders who came floating down the Ohio in canoes or "broadhorns." For miles the Indians would secretly follow such a party, and then when their opportunity came would strike their deadly blow. When a boy of seventeen Tecumseh was in a party making an attack on some boats near the present site of Maysville, Ky. The boats were captured and all the people in them slaughtered on the spot except one person, who was spared and later burnt alive. The horror of the spectacle so impressed Tecumseh that he then and there said he would never again be guilty of such cruelty, and the vigorous manner in which he protested against it so moved his

companions that they agreed with him to not repeat the act. This resolution Tecumseh never altered ; time and time again he protected women and children from his infuriated followers. At the battle of Fort Meigs a party of Americans was captured by the British and Indians. Though they had surrendered as prisoners of war, yet the savages were firing into them promiscuously, or selecting such as they chose to tomahawk in cold blood. This dreadful scene was interrupted by Tecumseh, who came spurring up and, springing from his horse to the ground, dashed aside two Indians who were about to murder an American, threatening to slay anyone who would dare to injure another prisoner. Turning to the British General, Proctor, he asked why such a massacre had been permitted. "Sir," said Proctor, "your Indians cannot be commanded." "Begone," was the angry reply of the outraged Tecumseh, "you are unfit to command. Go, put on petticoats." This was only one incident of many showing how far he was above the ordinary Indian in magnanimity of character. At the already mentioned Vincennes conference Tecumseh agreed with General William Henry Harrison — his unrelenting foe and who judged him as harshly as any of the frontiersmen who feared and hated him—that in case of an outbreak of hostilities the women and children on both sides were to be protected and respected. Certain it is that General Harrison would have made no such agreement had he not believed that his adversary would keep it.

To understand the life and work of Tecumseh it is necessary to look into the history of his times. His career was embraced between the period of the Revolution and our second war with Great Britain. The destiny of the Great West was not then assured. Ohio and Kentucky were frontier States, vastly farther from the seat of government than is the most remote of our Western outposts to-day. They could be reached only by a toilsome journey over the Alleghanies and a trip down the Ohio. A journey to-day to the Yellowstone, or to the regions beyond the Black Hills, does not mean, in the way of time, danger, or adventure, one-tenth what a journey to Fort Washington (Cincinnati) meant in 1800. Indiana was a Territory, and the Territorial Governor, first of the Northwest, and then of Indiana, was William Henry Harrison, a born fighter, a palaverer, and who, in the difficult position which he occupied in dealing with unruly settlers on the one hand and turbulent Indians on the other hand, displayed singular tact and ability. He was eminently the right man in the right place. But in spite of the claims the United States made of the West, the country was but little known, nor was its real importance even suspected. That the Mississippi Valley would one day be peopled by millions, and be the greatest, wealthiest, and most productive part of the country, was not thought of even by the most sanguine of Americans. The Eastern States in those days had affairs enough of their own on hand, and the Western frontier was not regarded as essentially important. The national idea—the Nation with a big N, as recent humorous newspaper writers have put it—had not been evolved. It was difficult for even a man of the persuasive powers of General Harrison, to induce the General Government to furnish half enough troops to adequately guard the outposts. If there was

CHAPIN PINXIT.

TECUMSEH DEFENDS THE WHITES AT FORT MEIGS.

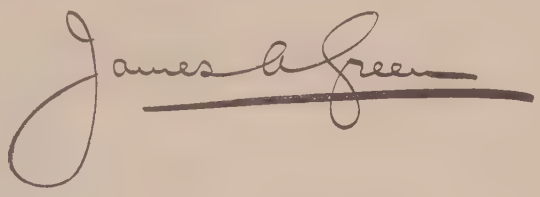
serious work to do the settlers had to do it themselves. There was little grumbling over this state of affairs, however, as the Kentuckians and Westerners generally had been brought up to do their own fighting and not to wait for the Government at Washington to do it for them. In those days British agents were actively at work among the Northern Indians to keep them in a state of disaffection toward the United States. Meanwhile, the Indians were in the midst of the great tragedy that has been enacted since the days of Columbus. They were the victims of traders who sold them fire-water, and for poor and cheap weapons, demanded furs whose value was out of all proportion to that given in return. Many of their women married white renegades who corrupted the morals of the tribes. They were being dispossessed of the finest homes and best hunting grounds in America, for the buffalo was then found in Kentucky in great herds, and their position was thoroughly unhappy. They had then—and happily this is not wholly the case at present—no rights that a white man was bound to respect. But the Indians were still many and the settlers were few. To a great leader, who of course could not take into account the mighty force behind the Anglo-Saxon ranks that first marched over the Alleghenies, it would still seem practical to band the red men together in a vast confederation and drive the invaders back again beyond the Ohio and the mountains. This was Tecumseh's splendid plan. This was the design to which he devoted his life, and which he pursued with such ardor and genius as to do what an Indian had never before accomplished. Pontiac, it is true, at the siege of Detroit gathered a number of tribes under his leadership, but he never dreamed of a continental confederacy, as did Tecumseh. In this vast design he was materially aided by his brother, best known by the name of the Prophet, who, while lacking in judgment, was none the less a man of extraordinary force of character. He proclaimed that he had received power from the Great Spirit to confound the enemies of the Indians, stay the march of disease and death, and that he was the Messiah to lead his people to new and greater things. But as conditions to success the Indians must stop drinking fire-water, they must cease intermarrying with the whites or trading with them, and they must hold all things as the property of all. They must return to their original dress and manners, and forget that they had ever seen or known the "pale faces." The fame and influence of the Prophet spread with almost miraculous rapidity, and young men and warriors came from afar in crowds to receive inspiration from him. Tecumseh with rare ability turned this influence to advance his own plans. And of course this constant stream of visitors to his brother, enabled the chief to spread his racial idea far and wide. One of the things that Tecumseh maintained was that the Indians held the land in common, that no one tribe owned this or that territory, but that the Great Spirit had given it equally to all. This he said at the conference at Vincennes, but General Harrison ridiculed the idea and stated that if the Great Spirit had intended to make one nation of the Indians, he would not have put different languages into their heads, but would have taught them all to speak alike. Tecumseh bitterly replied that no one tribe had the right to give away what was the

joint property of all, and not until the United States agreed to cease purchasing lands from the Indians and restored the lands recently bought, would peace be possible. Pointing to the moon that had risen on the council, Governor Harrison said that the moon would sooner fall to earth than the United States would give up anything fairly acquired. "Then," said Tecumseh, "I suppose that you and I will have to fight it out."

But these councils ended in nothing except a manly and impressive statement by Tecumseh of his position, and a strong and terribly just indictment of the whites for their treatment of the Indians. Tecumseh was constantly on the move. Now on the Lakes, now on the Wabash, then on the Mississippi or the plains to the westward, then on the Ohio or the hills that roll to the south from it. Everywhere the Indians received him graciously. But an accident destroyed his plans, and one defeat dashed his confederation to pieces. During his absence Governor Harrison, alarmed at the gathering of warriors at the Prophet's town of Tippecanoe, on the Wabash River, in Indiana, marched against it. There was no necessity for a battle. It might easily have been avoided. Toward the close of day the Americans reached Tippecanoe. The Indians disclaimed any hostile ideas, and it was settled that the terms of peace were to be arranged the next day. That night, however, the Indians treacherously attacked the Americans. The conflict was fierce and bloody. The Indian braves were animated by the promises of the Prophet, who declared that they would be victorious and that he had rendered the bullets of the white men of no avail. During the battle he stood on a neighboring hill and chanted a war song, to further fill his warriors with courage and enthusiasm. But though the red men fought gallantly, they were doomed to defeat. They were scattered up and down the Wabash, their town was burnt, and the power of the Western Indians was by this one blow shattered. So complete was the victory and so far-reaching in its effects, that General Harrison at once became the popular idol, and the glorification of the battle of Tippecanoe, a generation later carried him into the Presidential chair. It was this battle that gave the West to the whites.

As for Tecumseh, he returned suddenly from the West to find that despite his commands, the Prophet had permitted a battle. In his rage and disappointment he took his brother, now fallen and disgraced, by the hair and shook him. But no longer was it possible to hold his tribes together. The victory of the United States at Tippecanoe took the ardor for battle and resistance quite out of them. There were hundreds of them, however, who in the war of 1812, which broke out immediately, followed Tecumseh into the British service, in which he was commissioned as a major-general. In that service he was doomed to continued disaster. The English commander, General Proctor, was incompetent and, in all the qualities of real manhood, the inferior of his savage ally. After the battle of Put-in-Bay, on Lake Erie, he started to retreat. Tecumseh protested, and was induced to go on only by the promise that winter supplies would be delivered a few miles up the Thames. It was on this stream that Proctor finally determined to make a stand, but at the outset of the action he, coward-like,

retreated with his red coats, leaving the Indians to bear the brunt of the battle. Tecumseh had gone into the fight saying that he would be killed, and his prediction was verified. But how he died no one can say with certainty. No less than four Americans claimed the honor of having killed him. Among the slain, in that time of fierce pursuit and confusion, his body was not even identified. But there it was, on the banks of that quiet Canadian stream, some thirty-five miles from Detroit, that the greatest Indian in statecraft, diplomacy, devotion to his people, and in dignity of thought and intellectual gifts, found his unmarked grave. No one yet has written a biography of him that does full justice to his great abilities and lofty character. But his name is the most familiar of all Indian names, and he is the only Indian after whom Western fathers and mothers have ever named their sons. The late General of the United States Army, William Tecumseh Sherman, bore his name, as have hundreds of other boys born in Ohio, Kentucky, and the great States that roll westward from them.



JAMES LAWRENCE

(1781–1813)

CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE was one of that band of chivalrous spirits who, concentrating all their life in the work, with insufficient means, in the face of powerful enemies, raised our infant navy in an instant, as it were, to an honored rank in the world. The force and energy of the free national development were felt in the spontaneous movement that placed so many ardent, courageous spirits at the service of the country. These men, Barry, Barney, Decatur, Bainbridge, Perry, Somers, and the rest—the list is a long one—were volunteers in the cause, fighting more for glory than for pay. Such spirits were not to be hired—theirs was no mercenary service. It was limited by no prudential considerations. They went forth singly or united, the commissioned champions of the nation, with their lives in their hands, ready to sacrifice

themselves in that cause. Punctilious on all points of honor, they sought but one reward—victory. There was but one thing for them to do—to conquer; and, failing that, to die. Of these fiery-souled heroes, who carried their country in their hearts, the men of courtesy and courage, of equal humanity and bravery, true sons of chivalry, Lawrence will ever be ranked among the noblest.

He was born October 1, 1781, at Burlington, on the banks of the Delaware, in New Jersey. His father, John Lawrence, was an eminent counsellor at law at that place. The death of his mother, shortly after his birth, threw the charge of the child upon his elder sisters, by whom he was tenderly cared for. His disposition answered to this gentle culture. The boy was dutiful and affectionate, amiable in disposition and agreeable in manners. Such a soil is peculiarly favorable to the growth of the manly virtues where nature has assisted by her generous physical gifts. The bravest men have often been the gentlest. It is the union of the two conditions which, as in Sir Philip Sidney, makes the perfect warrior.

Young Lawrence early showed a liking for the sea, and would have led a life on the waters from the age of twelve, had not his father firmly turned his attention to books and education. It was his intention to prepare him for his own profession, the law, and his desire that he should enjoy the usual preparatory finished education. This was, however, prevented by his pecuniary misfortunes, and the youth passed from his primary school at once to the law office of his brother, John Lawrence, then residing at Woodbury. He spent two years in this situation, between thirteen and fifteen, or thereabout, vainly endeavoring to reconcile his humors to the onerous duties of the unwelcome position. The death of his father left him, in a measure, free to follow his own inclinations, and his brother, perceiving his strong bent for the sea, placed him under the care of a Mr. Griscomb, at Burlington, to study navigation, evidently with a view to enter the naval service of the country, for we find him, after a brief three months' instruction, in possession of a midshipman's warrant. This was dated September 4, 1798, the year when Congress seriously directed its attention to the protection of our commerce, then so wantonly pillaged by the two great belligerents of Europe, by the creation of a distinct navy department, and the enlargement of our naval force. The movement was specially directed to the French aggressions on the Atlantic and in the Mediterranean. Indeed, in all but the name, war existed with France. It was called a *quasi* war.

Lawrence's first service was a cruise to the West Indies, in the Ganges, a twenty-four gun ship, then commanded by Captain Tingey. He showed in this and other voyages such aptitude for his duties that he was made an acting lieutenant by his commander previous to his receiving his commission from Government. In 1802 he was appointed first lieutenant in the Enterprise, of twelve guns, one of the fleet of Commodore Morris, sent to the Mediterranean to prosecute the war with Tripoli. He particularly distinguished himself in that service, by his adventures with Lieutenant David Porter, of the New York, in an attack in open day on certain coasters or feluccas laden with wheat, which took refuge

in Old Tripoli, where they were defended by a land force. The attack was made in boats, at close quarters, under a heavy fire of the enemy.

Lawrence had a second opportunity of distinguishing himself in this war in an action likely to be better remembered by the public, the glorious adventure of Decatur, in the destruction of the wrecked and captured Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli, in February, 1804. Lawrence was the first lieutenant of that officer in this brilliant adventure, and shared its full dangers and glories.

Lawrence was also engaged in the Enterprise, in Preble's bombardment of Tripoli, the same year. He returned in the winter to the United States, with that commodore, in the John Adams. In the following spring of 1805, Lawrence successfully carried across the Atlantic one of the fleet of gunboats, No. 6, of which he was commander, destined for service in the Mediterranean. It was a small vessel, mounting two guns, not at all adapted for ocean navigation. The voyage was looked upon as a marvel. When near the Western Islands, Mr. Cooper, in his "Naval History" tells, he "fell in with the British frigate Lapwing, 28, Captain Upton, which ran for him, under the impression that the gunboat was some wrecked mariners on a raft, there being a great show of canvas and apparently no hull."

After the war with Tripoli was ended, Lawrence returned to the United States, and in the interval, when the war with England, after the affair with the Leopard and Chesapeake, was daily becoming more imminent, we find him, in 1808, appointed first lieutenant of the Constitution. About the same time he married Miss Montaudevert, the daughter of a respectable merchant of New York. He was on duty in the Vixen, Wasp, and Argus; and, at the commencement of the war of 1812, was promoted to the command of the Hornet. While in this last vessel he sailed with Bainbridge, who had the flag-ship Constitution, on a cruise along the coast of South America, and, having occasion to look in at the port of San Salvador, found there the British sloop-of-war, Bonne Citoyenne, of eighteen guns, ready to sail for England with a large amount of specie. Lawrence, whose ship mounted an equal number of guns, was exceedingly anxious to engage with this vessel. He sent a challenge to its commander, Captain Green, through the American consul, inviting him to "come out," and pledging his honor that neither the Constitution, nor any other American vessel, should interfere, which Commodore Bainbridge seconded by promising to be out of the way, or at least non-combatant. The English captain, however, declined.

It was an unhappy precedent which Lawrence thus established, injurious to the service and destined to act fatally against himself in the end, when from the challenger he became the challenged.

The Constitution meanwhile sailed away, to close the year with her brilliant engagement with the Java, leaving the Hornet engaged in the blockade of the Bonne Citoyenne. Eighteen days since the departure of the flag-ship had passed while her consort was thus engaged, waiting till her expected prize should issue from the harbor, when the Hornet was robbed of her chances of victory by the arrival of his majesty's seventy-four, the Montague. Escape now became the

policy of Lawrence, who luckily managed to get from the harbor in safety, and turned his course to the northward, along the coast. While cruising in this direction, after capturing a small English brig, he fell in with, on February 24, 1813, off the mouth of the Demerara, two brigs of war, with one of which, the Peacock, Captain Peake, he speedily became engaged. The American vessel on this occasion had somewhat the advantage in armament. In the words of Lawrence's dispatch, which gives a modest and forcible account of the affair, after mentioning his attempt to get at the first vessel he discovered at anchor off the bar, he says: "At half-past three P.M., I discovered another sail on my weather quarter, edging down for us. At twenty minutes past four she hoisted English colors, at which time we discovered her to be a large man-of-war brig; beat to quarters and cleared ship for action; kept close by the wind, in order if possible, to get the weather gage. At ten minutes past five, finding I could weather the enemy, I hoisted American colors and tacked. At twenty minutes past five, in passing each other, exchanged broadsides within half pistol shot. Observing the enemy in the act of wearing, I bore up, received his starboard broadside, ran him close on board on the starboard quarter, and kept up such a heavy and well-directed fire, that in less than fifteen minutes he surrendered, being literally cut to pieces, and hoisted an ensign, union down, from his fore-rigging, as a signal of distress."

The hull of the Peacock was so riddled that she sank, while every exertion was made by her captors to save her by throwing over her guns and stopping the shot-holes. Nine of her crew went down with her, and three of the Hornet's men. Captain Peake was found dead on board. The loss of the Hornet was trifling compared with that of her adversary; but one man killed and four wounded or injured, one of whom afterward died. This superiority is attributed by Cooper, who sums up the testimony, "to the superior gunnery and rapid handling of the Hornet."

This victory brought Lawrence a harvest of honors, public and private. Before he sailed, he had felt called upon to protest to the Secretary of the Navy against what he thought an injustice done him in the promotion of a younger officer to a captaincy, while he remained simply lieutenant-commander. He now found that the promotion had been conferred upon him in his absence, and was offered the command of the Constitution. He would have been pleased to sail in this vessel, but, much to his annoyance, immediately after receiving the appointment was ordered to the Chesapeake, then lying at Boston.

Captain Lawrence took the command of the Chesapeake at Boston toward the end of May, 1813. The Shannon frigate, Captain Broke, a superior vessel of the British navy, had been for some time off the port, and her commander, assured of his strength, was desirous of a conflict. "You will feel it as a compliment," he wrote, "if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by triumphs in equal combats that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect."

CHAPPEL PINXIT.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

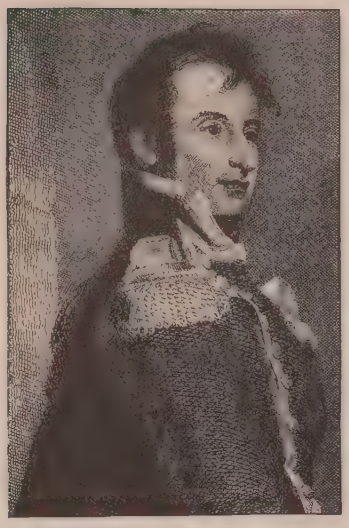
It would be complimenting the valor of Lawrence at the expense of his judgment, if we were to pronounce him ardent for the fight, with the circumstances under which it took place. In fact, as Mr. Cooper states, "he went into the engagement with strong reluctance, on account of the undisciplined state of his crew, to whom he was personally unknown. The challenging vessel, on the contrary, carried a picked crew, with every advantage of discipline and equipment. The presumption, of course, is that he was fully prepared. The armament of the two vessels was about equal, mounting forty-nine guns each.

At noon, then, on June 1st, Lawrence weighed anchor and left his station in the bay to proceed to sea with a southwesterly breeze. The Shannon was in sight, and the two ships stood off the shore till about half-past four in the afternoon, when the Chesapeake fired a gun, which was the signal for a series of manœuvres, bringing the vessels within range of each other about a quarter before six. The Shannon hove to, and the Chesapeake bore down toward her. It was Lawrence's intention to bring his ship fairly alongside of the enemy for a full discharge of his battery. He consequently first received the enemy's fire from the cabin guns, as, the wind having freshened, his ship came up to measure her length with her antagonist, which lay with her head to the southeast. Then the Chesapeake poured in her full fire, inflicting considerable damage, which was repeated in the successive discharges for several minutes. In this commencement of the action it was considered that the Shannon received most injury, particularly in her hull. Unhappily, the Chesapeake in turn lost the command of her sails. The ship was consequently brought up into the wind, and fell aboard of the enemy, with her mizzen rigging foul of the Shannon's fore-chains. This accident exposed the Chesapeake to a raking fire, which swept her deck, and, as she was already deprived of the services of the officers who had fallen in the first discharges, her guns in turn were deserted by the men. Captain Lawrence had already received a wound in the leg; his first lieutenant, Ludlow, was wounded; the sailing-master was killed, and other important officers were mortally wounded. As the ships became entangled, Lawrence gave orders to summon the boarders, who were ready below; but unhappily, the negro whose duty it was to call them up by his bugle, was too much frightened to sound a note. A verbal message was sent, and before it could be executed Lawrence was a second time struck, receiving a grapeshot in his body. The deck was thus left with no officer above the rank of a midshipman. The men of the Shannon now poured in and gained possession of the vessel. As Lawrence was borne below, mortally wounded, his dying thoughts were of his command, uttering his order not to strike the flag of his ship, or some equivalent expression, which is handed down in the popular phrase, "Don't give up the ship!" He lingered and died of his wounds on board on June 6th. The Chesapeake was carried into Halifax, and there the remains of her gallant captain were borne from the frigate with military honors, with every mark of respect which a generous enemy could pay to a fallen hero.

STEPHEN DECATUR*

By Edward S. Ellis, A.M.

(1779–1820)



Stephen Decatur was born on the eastern shore of Maryland, Worcester County, January 5, 1779. The family was of French extraction in the paternal line, and of Irish on the maternal side. The grandfather was a native of La Rochelle, in France, and married a lady of Newport, R. I., where Stephen, the son of the commodore, was born. When a very young man he removed to Philadelphia and married the daughter of an Irish gentleman named Pine. Decatur was bred to the sea and commanded a merchantman out of the port of Philadelphia, until appointed to the sloop-of-war, Delaware. Upon the completion of the frigate Philadelphia, the command of it was given to him.

The elder Decatur had one daughter and three sons. The daughter was twice married, her first husband having been killed in a duel. The sons were Stephen, James, and John P., all of whom grew to manhood. The boys were educated at the old Philadelphia Academy in Fourth Street. Admiral Charles Stewart attended the same school and was an intimate friend of Decatur through life. Many of the incidents of this sketch were received by the writer from Stewart, who fully appreciated the manliness, courage, and nobility of the sailor, now accepted as the foremost type of the heroes and founders of the American navy.

"Decatur was a born fighter," said Stewart; "I never knew a boy so fond of a bout as he. I sat near him at school and have known weeks to pass, without a single day in which he did not arrange a contest with one of the boys. We generally adjourned to the Quaker burying-ground opposite, and had it out among the tombs. Decatur despised meanness of every description, and rarely was beaten in a fight. When only fifteen, he half killed a partially intoxicated man who insulted his mother and refused to apologize. He never knew when he was whipped, but would hang on like a bull-dog. I was a few months older than he, but we were appointed midshipmen in the same year, 1798. Our intimacy was never broken by the slightest incident."

Upon entering the navy, in March of the year named, Decatur joined the frigate United States, under command of Commodore Barry, who had obtained the warrant for him. He served with Barry until promoted to a lieutenancy. The United States needed repairs, and not wishing to stay in port, Decatur

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applied for orders to join the brig Norfolk, then bound to the Spanish Main. After one cruise he returned again to port and resumed his station on the United States, where he stayed until our naval troubles with France terminated. He was next ordered to the Essex and sailed with Commodore Dale's squadron to the Mediterranean. Returning home once more, he was appointed to the New York, one of the second squadron under command of Commodore Morris. When he again came back, he was ordered to command the Argus, to proceed with her to join Commodore Preble's squadron in the Mediterranean, and on his arrival there to resign the Argus to Lieutenant Hull and take charge of the schooner Enterprise, then commanded by that officer.

The exchange being made, Decatur sailed to Syracuse where the squadron was to rendezvous. There he learned of the disaster to the Philadelphia. That frigate, as the reader will recall, ran aground while blockading Tripoli (with which country we were at war), and was captured by the Turks. Commodore Bainbridge and his crew of more than three hundred, among whom were Porter, Jones, and Biddle, were made prisoners and immured in a gloomy dungeon. Decatur quickly formed a plan for capturing or destroying the frigate. Preble, to whom the proposal was submitted, refused at first to give his consent, but his impetuous lieutenant won him over and was allowed to lead the expedition.

Decatur selected the ketch Intrepid, which he had captured a few weeks before, and manned her with seventy volunteers, chiefly his own crew. He sailed from Syracuse, February 3, 1804, accompanied by the United States brig Siren, Lieutenant Stewart, who was to aid with his boats and to receive the crew of the ketch, should it be found expedient to use her as a fireship.

The weather was so tempestuous that it required fifteen days to reach the harbor of Tripoli. It was arranged by Decatur and Stewart that the ketch should enter the harbor about ten o'clock that night, attended by the boats of the Siren. A change of wind threw the Siren six or eight miles away from the Intrepid, and, fearing to wait for the boats, Decatur decided to adventure alone in the harbor, which he did about eight o'clock.

The Philadelphia lay within one-half gunshot of the Bashaw's castle and of the principal battery ; two of the enemy's cruisers were only a couple of cables' length away on the starboard quarter, and their gunboats were within one-half gunshot on the starboard bow. All the guns of the frigate were mounted and loaded.

Although it was only three miles from the entrance of the harbor to the frigate, the wind was so light that the Intrepid did not get within hail until eleven o'clock. At the distance of two hundred yards, the frigate hailed the ketch and ordered her to anchor under threat of being fired into. Decatur's Maltese pilot, by his direction, replied they had lost their anchor in a gale of wind off the coast and were unable to do as commanded. When within fifty yards Decatur sent a small boat with a rope to make fast to the frigate's forechains. This was done and the Americans began warping the ketch alongside. Not until that moment did the Tripolitans suspect the character of the Intrepid. They were thrown into confusion, during which the two vessels came together. Decatur was the

first to leap aboard, followed immediately by Midshipman Charles Morris. A minute passed before their companions could join them, but the Turks were too terrified to sweep the daring officers from the deck, as they might have done in the twinkling of an eye.

As soon as Decatur could form a line equal to that of the enemy, the charge was made. Twenty of the Turks were killed, many jumped overboard, and the rest skurried to the main deck whither they were pursued and driven into the hold.

The Americans had hardly gained possession of the frigate, when a number of launches were seen hurrying about the harbor. Decatur decided that the best defence could be made by staying on the frigate, and he prepared to receive their attack. Meanwhile, the enemy had opened fire from the batteries and the castle and from two corsairs lying near. As the launches did not approach, the lieutenant ordered the ship to be set on fire in several places. The flames spread so fast that it was with the utmost difficulty the Americans were able to reach the ketch. At that critical moment, a propitious breeze sprang up and carried the Intrepid out of the harbor. She had not lost a man, only four being wounded.

For this exploit, Decatur was promoted to the rank of post captain, there being no intermediate grade. The honor was specially gratifying, since the promotion was made with the consent of every officer over whose head he was raised. It should be stated that at that time the rank of captain was the highest in the navy. A commodore was simply the senior officer of a squadron and might be a master, commandant, a lieutenant, or midshipman.

It was decided some weeks later to make an attack on Tripoli. The King of Naples loaned six gunboats and two lombards to Commodore Preble. These were formed in two divisions, Decatur commanding one and Lieutenant Somers the other. The squadron which sailed from Syracuse included the frigate Constitution, the brig Siren, the schooners Nautilus and Vixen, and the gunboats. Adverse winds deferred the attack for several days. Finally, on the morning of August 3d, the weather being favorable, the signal was given from the commodore's vessel to prepare for action. This signal to open the bombardment was made at nine o'clock. The gunboats were cast off and advanced in a line ahead, led by Captain Decatur and covered by the frigate Constitution and the brigs and schooners. The enemy's gunboats were moored along the harbor under the batteries and within musket-shot. Their sails had been taken from them and they were ordered to sink rather than abandon their position. They were aided and covered also by a brig of sixteen and a schooner of ten guns.

Before entering into close action, Decatur went alongside each of the boats and directed them to unship their bowsprits and follow him, as it was his intention to board the enemy's boats. Lieutenant James Decatur commanded one of the boats belonging to Commodore Preble's division, but being farther to the windward than the rest of his division, he joined and took orders from his brother.

When Captain Decatur in the leading boat came within range of the batteries, they and the gunboats opened fire. He returned it and pushed his way among the boats. At this juncture, Commodore Preble, fearing the results of Decatur's

rashness, ordered the signal to be made for retreat. This command brought to light the singular fact, that in making out the signals before going into battle, no one had thought of that which ordered a retreat. It was impossible, therefore, to recall the daring Decatur.

The enemy's gunboats contained forty men each and ours the same. Decatur had twenty-seven Americans and thirteen Neapolitans. On boarding the enemy, the latter held back, but our countrymen charged eagerly forward. Ten minutes sufficed to clear the deck. Eight of the Turks plunged into the hold, some fell while fighting, and others leaped into the sea. Only three of the Americans were wounded.

As Decatur was about to withdraw with his prize, his brother's boat came under the stern. The men called to him that they had engaged and captured one of the enemy, but her commander, after surrendering, had treacherously shot Lieutenant James Decatur, pushed off while the crew were recovering the body, and was at that moment making all haste for the harbor.

Decatur was infuriated on hearing this and resolved that the miscreant should not escape. With his single boat he pressed with all possible speed within the enemy's line, and running aside the offending boat, bounded over the gunwale, followed by eleven Americans, all that were left to him. Then followed the most desperate hand to hand fight conceivable, the issue being in doubt for twenty minutes.

There have been many accounts of Decatur's exploit on this Tripolitan gunboat, with considerable variation as to particulars. That which follows is the story as it was told to me by Admiral Stewart, who received it from Decatur himself, immediately after the fight. Decatur presented the weapon, called an espontoon, to Stewart, and I naturally examined it with great interest. The handle was of ivory and the blade perhaps eight or ten inches long, being very narrow and curved like a scimetar. It had no edge, was sharply pointed, and evidently made for thrusting.

Nothing could stay the fury of Decatur. He easily identified the commander by his immense size and gorgeous uniform. He eagerly sought out the American and they instantly came together in the fight to the death. Decatur had a cutlass, and the Turk a pike. The latter inflicted a slight wound on Decatur's breast, and in parrying the stroke his sword broke off at the hilt. Flinging the weapon aside, the American sprang like a tiger at his antagonist. The two fell to the deck, Decatur under, and flat on his back. The Turk had the weapon I have described in the front of his sash and attempted to withdraw it to give the finishing thrust. Decatur flung his legs over his back and with one arm held his enemy so tight against his body that he could not force his hand between. In this position, Decatur with his free arm drew a pistol from near his hip, reached over the back of the Turk and fired downward, directly toward himself.

"It was just like Decatur," said Stewart; "the chances were ten to one that the bullet would pass through both their bodies, but luckily it met a bone and the huge barbarian rolled off dead. The two were half-smothered by others fighting

and tumbling over them, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Decatur freed himself from them and rose to his feet."

While this fierce struggle was going on, a Turk fought his way forward and aimed a fearful blow at Decatur, who was not aware of his danger. Reuben Jones, an American sailor, so desperately wounded that he could not use his arms, flung himself between them and received the blow on his skull, which was fractured. It is a pleasure to record, however, that the brave fellow finally recovered and lived many years on a pension from his government.

Decatur succeeded in withdrawing with both prizes, and the next day was honored with the highest commendation in general orders from Commodore Preble. When the latter was superseded in command of the squadron, he gave the command of the Constitution to Decatur, who had some time before received his commission. From that ship he was removed to the Congress, returning home on her on the conclusion of peace with Tripoli.

Decatur was next employed as superintendent of gunboats, and March 6, 1806, was married to Miss Susan Wheeler of Norfolk, the only child of wealthy and cultured parents. The union was a most happy one, though no children were born to the couple.

In the month of June, 1807, the British frigate Leopard, while cruising off the coast of Virginia, poured several broadsides into the American frigate Chesapeake, commanded by Captain James Barron. England, as will be remembered, insisted on the "right of search," and the British Captain Humphreys claimed that the American had several English deserters on board. The Chesapeake had three men killed and eighteen wounded, and being unprepared for action, struck her colors.

Captain Barron was courtmartialed and sentenced to five years' suspension without pay from the service, for what was deemed a cowardly act on his part. Commodore Decatur succeeded him in command of the ship, being transferred to the United States, when she was again put in commission.

October 25, 1812, in latitude 29° N., longitude 29° 30′ W., Decatur fell in with the British ship Macedonian, of 49 carriage guns (the odd one shifting). This frigate was the largest of her class, two years old, four months out of dock, and reputed one of the best sailers in the English service. Taking advantage of the wind, the enemy fought at her own distance. The battle lasted one hour and fifty minutes. The United States poured such an incessant fire into the Macedonian that the shouts of her crew were plainly heard. She lost her mizzenmast, fore and main topsails and main yard, and was much damaged in the hull. Her official list was, 36 killed and 48 wounded, that of the Americans being 5 killed and 7 wounded. Decatur could have continued his cruise, but was obliged to accompany his crippled prize into port, where she was equipped as an American frigate. The young officer, as may be supposed, was hailed by the country as its foremost naval hero. Congress and several of the States voted him valuable testimonials for his gallantry.

The following year, Decatur attempted to gain the open sea from New York,

CHAPPEL P.NXIT.

DECATUR'S CONFLICT WITH THE ALGERINE AT TRIPOLI.

through Long Island Sound, with the Macedonian and Hornet. A British squadron of superior force, however, compelled him to run into the Thames River in Connecticut, and he lay off New London for months unable to get to sea. He was naturally impatient at being thus cooped up, and bitterly complained that traitors on shore, by means of "blue lights," warned the enemy whenever at night he prepared to break out of his imprisonment. He sent a challenge to Commander Sir Thomas Hardy of the blockading squadron, offering to fight two of the British frigates with two of his own, but the offer was declined and Decatur's frigates were afterward dismantled.

Returning to New York, he assumed command of a squadron bound for the East Indies, and put to sea in the President. January 14, 1815, through the blunder of his pilot, his ship heavily grounded while going out. The next morning, Decatur discovered the British squadron in pursuit, consisting of the Majestic razee, the Endymion, Tenedos, and Pomona frigates and a brig. Of these the Endymion was the fleetest. After drawing her away from the rest, Decatur turned and attacked her. She was crippled and her battery silenced, when the American resumed her flight. By this time, however, the other ships had come up and opened fire. Escape was impossible and Decatur surrendered to the British squadron.

Returning to the United States under parole, he was despatched to the Mediterranean, on the conclusion of peace, to punish the Algerine pirates that were preying upon our commerce. He did his work thoroughly and well, compelling the Dey to sign the most humiliating treaty ever made with a Christian nation. He obtained similar redress at Tunis and Tripoli.

Decatur was subsequently created Navy Commissioner and made his residence in Washington at Kalorama, formerly occupied by Joel Benton.

Commodore Barron's suspension began February 8, 1808. He resorted to the merchant service, and was abroad when war was declared. His suspension terminated about eight months afterward, some time after which he reported himself to the navy department, by letter, for duty, the war continuing two years after his becoming available for command. He did not return to the United States until the close of 1818. He declared that he had used every effort to reach home before during hostilities, but was prevented. A court, presided over by Captain Charles Stewart, afterward declared its judgment that such effort had not been made by Barron.

The latter felt resentful toward Decatur, and called him to account for certain expressions he had been told were used by him reflecting upon his conduct as an officer. When appealed to, Decatur, as Navy Commissioner, declared that he held no personal enmity toward Barron; he deemed it unjust to other officers of the navy that his request to be restored to command should be granted.

Barron opened a sharp correspondence with Decatur, which continued nearly a year. Mutual friends, or rather enemies, fanned the trouble between them, which ended in a challenge from Barron which was promptly accepted by Decatur. The duel took place at Bladensburg, on the morning of March 22, 1820.

Commodore Bainbridge was Decatur's second, and Captain Jesse D. Elliott served Barron in a similar capacity. Decatur chivalrously surrendered his right to name the distance, which Barron made the shortest possible, eight paces, on account of his defective eyesight. Decatur was without a superior as a pistol shot, and, declaring that he did not wish the life of his antagonist, said he would only wound him in the hip.

At the word "two," both fired so exactly together, that only one report was heard. Barron was struck in the right hip, as Decatur intended, and sank to the ground. Decatur stood erect a moment and was seen to turn pale, compress his lips, and press his hand against his side. Then he fell, the ball having passed through his abdomen.

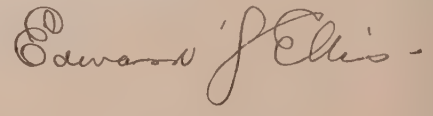
"I am mortally wounded," he said, "and wish that it had been in the defence of my country." His attendants helped him to his feet, and started slowly toward the waiting carriage. His pain was so great that after a few paces he sank exhausted, near where Barron was stretched on the ground. While the two thus lay near each other, waiting to be carried off, they shook hands, and each freely forgave the other.

Decatur was lifted into the carriage, which reached Washington at half-past ten. He would not allow himself to be carried into his home until his wife and two nieces were sent to the upper floor where they could not see the dreadful sight. Wishing to save the distracted ones from the grief of witnessing his suffering, he refused them permission to enter the room where he lay.

The news caused consternation and sorrow in Washington, where no man was more honored and loved than he. He thanked his friends for their sympathy, told them he had not long to live, and signed his will. "I am a dying man," said he, "and only regret that my wound was not received on the quarter-deck in the service of my country."

When the surgeons proposed to probe for the bullet, he said it was not worth while as it had done all the harm it could. He remarked that he did not believe it possible for a person to suffer so much pain and yet live. But not once did he utter a groan. His agony was beyond description and did not cease until half-past ten, when he died.

It seemed as if the whole male population of Washington and the adjacent county were present at the funeral, besides most of the officers of the government, members of Congress, and resident foreign ministers. The *National Intelligencer*, in an extra, said: "A hero has fallen. Commodore Stephen Decatur, one of the first officers of our navy, the pride of his country, the gallant and noble-hearted gentleman, is no more. He expired a few minutes ago, of the mortal wound received in the duel this morning. Mourn, Columbia! for one of thy brightest stars is set! A son without fear and without reproach, in the fulness of his fame, in the prime of his usefulness, has descended into the tomb."



OLIVER HAZARD PERRY

(1785–1819)

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY was born in Rhode Island, August 23, 1785. The late Commodore Mackenzie, of the navy, who possessed what we may term a fine biographical faculty, has traced in his interesting narrative of the Life of Perry, with fond minuteness, the early incidents of the boy's career. The chief characteristics, he tells us, "were an uncommon share of beauty, a sweetness and gentleness of disposition which corroborated the expression of his countenance, and a perfect disregard of danger, amounting to apparent unconsciousness." This biographer gives some curious anecdotes of his school days.

Suffice it to say, that the family removing to Newport about this time, Perry found good opportunities of education at that place, and availed himself of them in a manly spirit. He was especially instructed in mathematics, and their application to navigation and nautical astronomy. As proof of the boy's ingenuousness, and the interest he excited in intelligent observers, it is related that Count Rochambeau, the son of the General of the Revolution, then residing at Newport, was particularly attracted to him, and that Bishop Seabury, on his visitation, marked him as a boy of religious feeling. These are traits which shape the man; we shall find them reappearing in the maturity of Perry's life, in his worth, humanity, and refinement.

The boy was but thirteen when his father, in 1798, was called into the naval service of his country in the spirited effort made by President Adams to resist the aggressions of France upon the ocean. He took the command of a small frigate, built under his direction in Rhode Island, named the General Greene, and carried with him to sea his son Oliver as a midshipman, at the express solicitation of the youth. The General Greene was actively employed in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, giving all its officers abundant opportunity for practice in the infant service. The French war flurry after a while blew over, as the Directory, the mainspring of these aggressions, lost power; peace was patched up, and Jefferson shortly after inaugurated an unwholesome pacific policy by a sweeping reduction of the navy, as if it were not small enough already. In this mutilating operation the elder Perry was dropped, the younger one fortunately retained.

The navy, however, was soon revived by the demands of the nation to resist the iniquitous and insulting depredations upon life and property inflicted by the

Barbary powers. The United States had borne far too patiently with these injuries, though she had the honor of being in advance of the old powers of Europe in resisting them. The Mediterranean became the scene of many a chivalrous exploit of our early officers, a score of whom, headed by Preble, Bainbridge, Decatur, Somers, and others of that stamp of fiery and indomitable valor, gained immortal laurels by their deeds of daring in conflict with the infidel.

The young Perry served as midshipman in the frigate Adams, which sailed from Newport, in 1802, to join Commodore Morris' command at Gibraltar. His ship was for some time employed in blockading a Tripolitan at that port; a tedious but instructive service in manœuvring, at the close of which Perry, in consequence of his accomplishments, was promoted by his captain to the duties of a lieutenant. The frigate was then employed as a convoy, making the tour of the northern ports. This gave Perry an opportunity to study scenes of the old world, which can never lose their influence in the formation of the man of education and refinement.

In 1809, Perry got to sea in command of an armed schooner, the Revenge, which was employed on the coast service. While on the southern coast, he had an opportunity to gain distinction, which he did not fail to avail himself of, in cutting out a stolen American vessel from under the guns of a British ship in Spanish waters, off Florida. Conveying his prize off the coast, he was threatened by his Majesty's ship Gore, of double his force, when, having, as Mackenzie says, "no idea of being 'Leopardized,'" he put his little schooner in readiness for boarding at a moment's notice—a spirited resolution of great bravery, which he would no doubt have carried out, had the British vessel insisted upon overhauling the Revenge. While engaged in cruising off Connecticut and Rhode Island, in the beginning of 1811, he unfortunately lost his vessel, through an error of the pilot, on the Watch Hill Reef, opposite Fisher's Island, as he was sailing from Newport to New London. Every seamanlike effort was made to save the vessel, and when all was unavailing, Perry showed equal skill and resolution in landing the crew in a heavy January swell, with a violent wind. He was himself the last to leave the vessel. He was not merely acquitted of neglect, but his conduct was extolled by a court of inquiry.

He was, of course, thrown temporarily out of command by the loss of his vessel; an interval of repose which he hastened to turn to account by forming a matrimonial alliance with Miss Elizabeth Champlin Mason, of an influential family at Newport, to whom he had become engaged several years before, on his arrival from the Mediterranean. The wedding took place in May, 1811, affording him ample opportunity for the honeymoon, previous to the actual outbreak of the war impending with England.

This event found him at Newport, with the rank of master commandant, in charge of the flotilla of gunboats keeping watch in the harbor. It was a service not altogether adapted to satisfy the ambitious spirit of a young officer, but it was important in itself, and became, in Perry's hands, a step to future eminence. His course, at this time, illustrates a valuable truth, that no honorable employment is

profitless to a man of genius. He will in some way turn it to account. Constructing gunboats, and recruiting men in port, were services not calculated to make any great blaze in a despatch, but they conducted Perry to his glorious bulletins of victory, and the resounding praises of the nation.

He saw the new field of military operations opening on the lakes, and his experienced eye must have seen as well the certain difficulties, as the possible honors of the situation. It was not the post which an officer with the claims of Perry would have sought, while brilliant victories were being won, in the eye of the world, on the vast theatre of the ocean. Others, however, were before him on that element.

Despairing of a command at sea, he offered himself to Commodore Chauncey, who had recently been placed at the head of the lake service. His character was understood by this officer, and the proffer accepted. The necessary communications were made to the Government, and in the middle of February, in 1813, he was ordered to join Chauncey at Sackett's Harbor, with the picked men of his Newport flotilla. He lost no time in reporting himself at the appointed spot. His destination was Lake Erie, where he was to supervise the construction of two vessels to be employed in the next campaign, and he was anxious to get to the work; but Chauncey, who felt the need of his aid, detained him for a while on Lake Ontario. He, however, toward the end of March, reached Erie, where the vessels were building.

His experience in constructing gunboats at Newport was now of avail to him. He put the defence of the works, which had been greatly neglected, in a state of efficiency, and set himself to the collection of supplies, workmen, and an armament: no easy matter at that day and in that place in the wilderness; for such, as compared with our own time, it then was. The labors of Perry in this work of preparation were, in fact, of the most arduous character. They should not be forgotten as a heavy item to his credit in the sum total of his victory. Three gunboats and two brigs were launched and equipped in May.

It was at this time that he received advices that Chauncey was about to make an attack on the British post of Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River. He had been promised a share in this adventure, and hastened to the scene. The incidents of this journey show the spirit of the man. In his own words, in a letter describing this passage of his life: "On the evening of May 23d, I received information, about sunset, that Commodore Chauncey would in a day or two arrive at Niagara, when an attack would be made on Fort George. He had previously promised me the command of the seamen and marines that might land from the fleet. Without hesitation I determined to join him. I left Erie about dark in a small four-oared open boat. The night was squally and very dark. After encountering headwinds and many difficulties, I arrived at Buffalo on the evening of the 24th, refreshed, and remained there until daylight; I then passed the whole of the British lines in my boat, within musket-shot. Passing Strawberry Island, several people on our side of the river hailed and beckoned me on shore. On landing they pointed out about forty men on the end of

Grand Island, who, doubtless, were placed there to intercept boats. In a few moments I should have been in their hands. I then proceeded with more caution. As we arrived at Schlosser, it rained violently. No horse could be procured. I determined to push forward on foot; walked about two miles and a half, when the rain fell in such torrents I was obliged to take shelter in a house at hand. The sailors whom I had left with the boat, hearing of public horses on the commons, determined to catch one for me. They found an old passing one which could not run away, and brought him in, rigged a rope from the boat into a bridle, and borrowed a saddle without either stirrup, girth, or crupper. Thus accoutred they pursued me, and found me at the house where I had stopped. The rain ceasing, I mounted; my legs hung down the sides of the horse, and I was obliged to steady the saddle by holding by the mane. In this style I entered the camp, it raining again most violently. Colonel Porter being the first to discover me, insisted upon my taking his horse, as I had some distance to ride to the other end of the camp, off which the Madison lay."

Having thus reached headquarters, arrangements were rapidly made, and the landing of the troops assigned to Perry. In the ignorance or inexperience of some of the officers, there was considerable confusion in directing the boats in the river, which was remedied by Perry's vigilance and decision. He was everywhere, in the midst of danger, guiding and directing; the unexpected attack of the British was met by his energy, the landing effected, and the object of the expedition accomplished. This victory opened the port of Black Rock, where several American vessels were collected, which Perry undertook to get into Lake Erie against the strong current of the river, a feat which was accomplished with extraordinary fatigue; so that he returned to his station at Erie, with a respectable addition of five vessels to his own newly launched little fleet in that harbor. The American force was composed of the brigs Lawrence and Niagara, of twenty guns each, and seven smaller vessels, numbering in all fifty-four guns. Captain Barclay, commander of the British forces on the lake, had the Detroit, of nineteen guns, the Queen Charlotte, Lady Provost, and three other vessels, numbering altogether sixty-three guns. The range of the enemy's guns gave them the advantage at a distance, when the corresponding American fire was ineffectual. The Americans, too, were under a disadvantage in the enfeebled state of the crews, by the general illness which prevailed among them. The British force had undoubtedly the superiority in trained men, as compared with Perry's extemporized miscellaneous command, and untried junior officers. The latter proved, however, to be of the right material.

On the morning of the engagement the American fleet was among the islands off Malden at Put in Bay, when the British fleet bore up. There was some difficulty at first in clearing the islands, and the nature of the wind seemed likely to throw Perry upon the defensive, when a southeast breeze springing up, enabled him to bear down upon the enemy. This was at ten o'clock of a fine autumnal morning. Perry arranged his vessels in line, taking the lead in his flagship, the Lawrence, on which he now raised the signal for action, a blue flag,

inscribed in large white letters, with the words of the dying Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" He accompanied this movement with an appeal to his men. "My brave lads, this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?" "Ay, ay, sir!" was the willing response. In this way he cheered the men in the awful pause, "a dead silence of an hour and a half," preceding the action, for in the light breeze the vessels were long in overcoming the intermediate distance of several miles.

Perry, who knew the perils of the day, prepared his papers as if for death. He leaded the public documents in readiness to be cast overboard, and—a touching trait of these moments—gave a hurried perusal to his wife's letters, and tore them to pieces lest they should be read by the enemy.

The awful silence is suddenly broken by a bugle sounded on board the Detroit, and the cheers of the British seamen. A shot from that vessel fell short of its mark. The Lawrence bears on to meet the fire, accompanied by the other vessels of the command in appointed order, each destined for its appropriate antagonist. At noon the British fire from the superior long guns, was telling fearfully on the American force, when Perry made all sail for close quarters, bringing the Lawrence within reach of the Detroit. He maintained a steady, well-directed fire from his carronades, assisted by the Scorpion and Ariel. The destruction on the deck of the Lawrence was fearful. Out of 100 well men, says Mackenzie, who had gone into action, 22 were killed and 61 wounded. We shall not insult the humanity of the reader by the details of this fearful carnage. It has probably never been exceeded in the terrors of the "dying deck," in naval warfare.

In the midst of this storm of conflict, Perry, finding his ship getting disabled, and seeing the Niagara uninjured at a safe distance, resolved to change his flag to that vessel. He had half a mile to traverse, exposed to the fire of the enemy, in an open boat. Nothing deterred, with the exclamation, "If a victory is to be gained I'll gain it," he made the passage, part of the time standing as a target for the hostile guns. Fifteen minutes were passed exposed to this plunging fire, which splintered the oars and covered the boat with spray. The Lawrence, stripped of her officers and men, was compelled to surrender.

Perry instantly bore up to the Detroit, the guns of which were plied resolutely, when she became entangled with her consort, the Queen Charlotte, and the Niagara poured a deadly fire into both vessels. This cannonade decided the battle in seven minutes, when the enemy surrendered. The American loss in this engagement was 27 killed and 96 wounded; that of the British 41 killed and 94 wounded. Gallant actions were performed and noble men fell on both sides. It was every way a splendid victory, placing the genius of Perry and his magnanimous, spirited conduct throughout, in the highest rank of naval exertion.

The memorable letters, brief, at once eloquent and modest, which he wrote that afternoon announcing his victory, are too characteristic to be omitted in any personal account of the man. Addressing General Harrison, he writes: "Dear

General—We have met the enemy and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop. Yours, with very great respect and esteem. O. H. Perry." The other was to the Secretary of the Navy: "Sir, it has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a sharp conflict. I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant. O. H. Perry." In consonance with this simple eloquence, the mark of a master-mind, was his chivalrous care of his wounded and conduct toward his prisoners.

The victory having been gained, and the lake thus cleared of the foe, Perry was enabled to act in concert with General Harrison in driving the British from Michigan, and when his fleet was of no avail to follow them in their rapid flight, he joined that officer's land expedition, and was present, acting as his aid, at the battle of the Thames. "The appearance of the brave commodore," writes Harrison in his official report, "cheered and animated every heart." Perry also gained the gratitude of the Moravians, in whose district the contest took place, by his care in relieving the inevitable evils of war. He met everywhere on his homeward route with complimentary toasts and resolutions, gathering volume as he reached his native State, where he was received at Newport with military and civic honors. The city of New York paid him a grateful attention in a request communicated by De Witt Clinton, then mayor, to sit for his portrait for the civic gallery. The portrait was painted by Jarvis, representing him in the act of boarding the Niagara, and is preserved in the City Hall. He was created an honorary member of the Cincinnati; Congress voted him a medal and money; he was dined and feasted, and "blazed the comet of the season."

Perry's next service was in August, 1814, in command of the Java, 44, a frigate recently built at Baltimore. He was, however, not able to get to sea, in consequence of the blockade by the enemy. On the conclusion of peace he sailed in this vessel to join Commodore Shaw's squadron in the Mediterranean. In 1819 he sailed as commodore in command of the John Adams, for the West Indies, bound for the State of Venezuela, to carry on an armed negotiation for the protection of American commerce from aggressions in that quarter. Arriving at the mouth of the Orinoco, he shifted his flag to the Nonsuch, and ascended the river to the capital, Angostura, where he remained twenty days transacting his business, in the height of the yellow-fever season. His vessel had hardly left the river, on her way to Trinidad, when he was attacked. For nearly a week he suffered the progress of the terrible disease on board the small schooner, under a tropical sun, when he reached the station whither he had sent his flagship, the Adams. But he reached port only to die at sea, within a mile of the anchorage, on August 23, 1819, when he had just completed his thirty-fourth year. Such and so early was the fate of the gallant Perry. His remains were interred from the John Adams at Port Spain, with every attention by the English governor. Subsequently they were brought home in a national vessel by order of

Congress, and reinterred at the public expense in the cemetery at Newport. The country also provided for the support of his family. If ever America produced a man whom the nation delighted to honor, it was Perry.

SAM HOUSTON*

By Amelia E. Barr

(1793–1863)

The builders of the American Commonwealth were all great and individual men, but the most grandly picturesque, the most heroic, figure among them, is that of General Sam Houston. Neither modern history, nor the scrolls of ancient Greece or Rome, can furnish a tale of glory more thrilling and stirring than the epic Sam Houston wrote with sword and pen, as a Conqueror of Tyranny and a Liberator of Men.

His life is a romance, and even his antecedents have the grandeur and glamour of military glory, for his ancestors, as "Sons of Old Gaul," had drawn their long swords in every battle for Scottish liberty, and his own father died while on military duty in the Alleghanies. He had also a mother worthy of the son she bore; a grand, brave woman, who put the musket into his boyish hands with the words, "My doors are ever open to the brave, Sam, but are eternally closed to cowards."

This was in the year 1813, when there was promise of a war with England, and Sam was not then twenty years old—a tall, slender, wonderfully handsome youth, with the air and manner of a prince. But nothing of this bearing was due to schools or schoolmasters, he was not of any man's moulding, although he had been educated for his future in a noble manner. For to escape the drudgery of measuring tape and molasses, he fled to the Indians when but a lad, and was adopted by their chief, and with the young braves he learned to run and leap, and hunt and ride, and find his way through pathless woods with all their skill. This was his practical education; he had only one book for mental enlargement, but this was Pope's translation of "The Iliad." He read and re-read this volume till he could recite it from beginning to end; till the words were living, and the spectral heroes were his friends and companions. So that when he joined Gen-

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eral Jackson's battalion, he had the heart of a Greek demi-god and the physical skill and prowess of a Cherokee Indian chief.

He made a glorious record in this war, and, being severely wounded, both by arrows and gunshot, he returned to his home to be nursed by his mother. When he was able to rise again peace was assured and he resolved to become a lawyer. He was told that eighteen months' hard study would be necessary, but in six months he passed a searching examination, and was admitted to the bar of Tennessee with *éclat*. Then honor after honor came as naturally to him as a tree bears fruit or flower—first Adjutant-General of the State with the rank of Colonel ; then District Attorney—Major-General—Member of Congress—Governor of the State of Tennessee. All these places and honors were awarded him by large majorities during a period of nine years. Indeed, between A.D. 1818 and 1827, the records of Tennessee read like some political romance, of which the handsome and beloved Sam Houston was the hero.

This was his second school. He was learning during these years those great principles of government which enabled him afterward to legislate so wisely for the land he conquered. And as soon as he was ready for his destiny, an event happened which drove him back again to the wilderness. Concerning this event no human being has the right to speak authoritatively ; it was an affair strictly between himself and his bride of hardly three months. But whatever occurred, shattered his life to pieces. He separated from his wife, resigned his office as governor, and in the presence of a vast and sorrowing multitude, bid adieu to all his friends and honors, and set his face resolutely to his Indian father, who was then king of the Cherokees in Arkansas.

He began, in fact, his journey to Texas, the theatre of the great work for which his previous life had been a preparation. The thought of Texas was not a new one to him. No man had watched the hitherto futile efforts of that glorious land for freedom with greater interest ; and there is little doubt that Andrew Jackson was a sharer in all Houston's Texan enthusiasms, and that he also quietly encouraged and aided the efforts for its Americanization. Indeed, at that day Texas was a name full of romance and mystery. Throughout the South and West, up the great highway of the Mississippi, on the busy streets of New York, and among the silent hills of New England, men spoke of the charmed city of San Antonio as Europeans in the eighteenth century spoke of Delhi and Agra and the Great Mogul. French traders went there with fancy goods from New Orleans, and Spanish Dons from the wealthy cities of Central Mexico came there to buy. From the villages of Connecticut, from the woods of Tennessee, and the lagoons of the Mississippi, adventurous Americans entered the Spanish-Texan Territory at Nacogdoches, going through the land buying horses, and lending their stout hearts and ready rifles to every effort for freedom which the Texans made. For though the Americans were few in number and much scattered, they were like the salt in a pottage, and men caught fire and the idea of "freedom" from them.

Texas was at this time a territory of the Empire of Mexico, and Mexico was

making constant, though as yet ineffectual, efforts to become independent. Twenty years before Houston entered Texas, a number of Americans joined the priest Hidalgo in his struggle to make Mexico free. They were all shot, but this did not hinder Magee and Bernardo, with 1,200 Americans, raising the standard of liberty two years later. This party took San Antonio, and the fame of their deeds brought young Americans by hundreds to their aid; though they received no money, the love of freedom and the love of adventure being their motive and their reward.

But these brave paladins were soon followed by men who bought land and made homes, and in 1821 Austin, with the sanction of the Spanish Viceroy, introduced three hundred families, who received every reasonable guarantee from the Spanish Government. They were scarcely settled ere there was another Mexican revolt against Spain. This time the Mexicans under Santa Anna achieved the independence of their country, and a Mexican Republic was formed, with a constitution so liberal that it was gladly accepted by the American colonists. But its promises were fallacious. For ten years Santa Anna was engaged in fighting for his own supremacy, and when he had subdued all opposition he had forgotten the traditions of freedom for which he first drew his sword, and assumed the authority of a dictator.

In the meantime the American element had been steadily increasing, and Santa Anna was, not unnaturally, afraid of its growing strength and influence. In order to weaken it, he substituted for the constitution under whose guarantee they had settled, military and priestly laws of the most oppressive kind; and the complaints and reprisals at length reached such a pitch, that all Americans were ordered to deliver up their arms to the Mexican authorities. It was simply an order to disarm them in the midst of their enemies. Now the rifle is to the frontier American a third limb, and in Texas it was also necessary for the supply of food for the family, and vital for their protection from the Indians. The answer to this demand was a notice to Santa Anna posted on the very walls of the Alamo Fortress:

"*If you want our arms—take them! Ten thousand Americans.*" This was a virtual declaration of war, but the American Texans were by no means unprepared for the idea, nor yet for its translation into practice.

Austin—who had been sent with a remonstrance to Santa Anna—was in the dungeons of the Inquisition in Mexico; but Houston, Lamar, Burleson, Burnet, Bowie, Crockett, Sherman, and many another name able to fire an army, were on the ground. Besides which, the sympathy of the whole land was with the little band of heroes. For the idea of Texas had been carried in the American heart for two generations. As far back as 1819, President Adams had wanted Texas, and Henry Clay would have voted three millions for it. Van Buren told Poinsett to offer five millions. Jackson added an additional half-million for the Rio Grande territory; but Jackson had more faith in Houston and the American settlers in Texas than in money. His brave old heart was on fire for the wrongs and cruelties inflicted by Santa Anna on his countrymen; and he was inclined to

make Mexico give Texas as an atonement for the insults offered them. There is little doubt that the defiance posted on the walls of the Alamo thrilled him with a similar defiance, and that he instinctively put his hand on the spot where he had been used to wear his sword.

The first step of the American-Texans was to set a civil government in motion. Declarations and manifestoes had to be made, and loans raised in order to maintain an army in the field. There were many fine fighters, but Houston was the only statesman; and to him the arduous duty naturally fell. In the meantime Lamar and Burleson with 200 picked men attacked the Alamo Fortress. It was defended by General Cos with 1,000 men and forty-eight cannon; but on the afternoon of the third day's fighting surrendered to the Americans. This was but the first act in the drama, for as soon as the news reached Mexico, Santa Anna with a large "army of subjugation" was on the road to Texas.

The Alamo was taken by the Americans during the first day of December, 1835; on March 2, 1836, Texas was declared by the Convention assembled at the settlement of Washington, to be an independent republic, and 55 out of 56 votes elected Houston commander in chief. Houston immediately set out for the Alamo, but when he reached Gonzales he heard that every man in it had died fighting, and that Santa Anna had made a huge hecatomb of their bodies and burned them to ashes. Houston immediately sent an express to Fannin, who was defending Goliad, to blow up the fortress of Goliad, and unite with him on the Guadalupe. Fannin did not obey orders. He wrote to Houston that "he had named the place *Fort Defiance*, and was resolved to defend it." This decision distressed Houston, for Fannin's men were of the finest material—young men from Georgia and Alabama, fired with the idea of freedom and the spread of Americanism, or perhaps with the fanaticism of religious liberty of conscience. After reading Fannin's letter, Houston turned to Major Hockley, and said, as he pointed to the little band of men around him, "Those men are the last hope of Texas; with them we must achieve our independence, or perish in the attempt."

He immediately sent wagons into all the surrounding country to gather the women and the children, for he anticipated the atrocities which would mark every mile of Santa Anna's progress through the country; and he was determined that these helpless non-combatants should be placed in comparative safety in the eastern settlements. Then commenced one of the grandest and most pathetic "retreats" history has any record of. Encumbered by hundreds of women and children in every condition of helplessness, the bravery, tenderness, and patience of these American soldiers is as much beyond credence as it is beyond praise. The whole weeping, weary company were to guard, and to forage for; yet the men were never too weary to help mothers still more exhausted, or to carry some child whose swollen feet could no longer bear its weight. On this terrible march many children were lost, many died, and many were born; and the whole company suffered from deprivations of every kind.

On March 23d Houston wrote to General Rusk, "Before my God, I have found the darkest hours of my life! For forty-eight hours I have neither eaten

nor slept!" And just at this time came the news that Fannin with 500 men had been massacred, after fighting until their ammunition gave out, and surrendering as prisoners of war under favorable terms of capitulation. This news was answered by a passionate demand for vengeance, and Houston, gathering his men around him, spoke words which inspired them with an unconquerable courage. His large, bright face, serious but hopeful, seemed to sun the camp, and his voice, loud as a trumpet with a silver tone, set every heart to its loftiest key.

"They live too long," he cried, "who outlive freedom, and I promise you a full cup of vengeance!" But in words not to be gainsayed, he told them they *must* put their women and children in safety first of all. Then he explained the advantages they were gaining by every mile they made the enemy follow them—how the low Brazos land, the unfordable streams, the morasses, and the pathless woods were weakening, separating, and confusing the three great bodies of Mexicans behind. He declared the freedom of Texas to be sure and certain, and bid them prepare to achieve it.

When they arrived at Harrisburgh they found Santa Anna had burned the place. It was evident then, that the day and the hour was at hand. Houston transported the two hundred families he had in charge across the Buffalo Bayou, which was twenty feet deep, and the very home of alligators. He then destroyed the only bridge across the dangerous stream, and wrote the following letter, now in the archives of the Texas Republic:

"This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. We will only be about seven hundred to march, besides the camp guard. But we go to conquest. The troops are in fine spirits, and now is the time for action. I leave the results in the hands of an all-wise God, and I rely confidently in His Providence.

"SAM HOUSTON."

Both armies were on the field of San Jacinto, and Santa Anna had with him nearly two thousand men, against the 700 with General Houston. Houston advanced to the attack at three o'clock in the afternoon, with the war cry of "*Remember the Alamo!*" It was taken up by 700 men with such a shout of vengeance as mortal ears never heard before. With it on their lips they advanced close to the Mexican lines, while a storm of bullets went over their heads. Houston and his horse were both wounded, but both being of the finest metal, they pressed on regardless of wounds. The Americans did not answer the volley until they could pour their lead into the bosoms of their foes. They never thought of reloading, but clubbing their rifles until they broke, they then flung them away, and fired their pistols into the very eyes of the Mexicans. When nothing else remained, they drew their bowie knives and cut their way through the walls of living flesh.

Nothing comparable to that charge for freedom was ever made. Men said afterward that the unseen battalions—the mighty dead as well as the mighty living—won the battle. "Poor Fannin!" exclaimed General Sherman, "he has been blamed

for disobeying orders; but I think he obeyed orders to-day!" Men fought like spirits, impetuous, invincible, as if they had cast off flesh and blood. The battle began at three o'clock in the afternoon of April 21, 1836, and after the Americans reached the Mexican line, it lasted *just eighteen minutes.* At four o'clock the whole Mexican army was flying, and the pursuit and slaughter continued until dark. It was a military miracle, for the American loss was only eight killed and seventeen wounded. Of the Mexicans, 630 were left dead on the field; multitudes perished in the bayou and morass; and there were nearly eight hundred prisoners. Only seven men are known to have escaped either death or capture. Santa Anna was found hiding in coarse clothing, and Houston had the greatest difficulty to save his life. For Houston knew that the lives of all the Americans in Mexico were in danger, besides which, he was needed to secure the peace and independence of Texas. It required Houston's influence, however, to convince men whose fathers and brothers and sons had been brutally massacred at Goliad and the Alamo, that their private vengeance must give way to the public good.

Just about the time that the battle of San Jacinto was fought, President Jackson was one day found by Mr. Buchanan studying earnestly the map of Texas. He was tracing Houston's plan of retreat—of which he had doubtless received information—and putting his finger upon San Jacinto he said, "Here is the place! If Sam Houston is worth one bawbee, he will make a stand here, and give them a fight!" A few days after this declaration, news was received in Washington that the fight had been given and won on that very spot.

The annexation of Texas was now publicly, as it had long been privately, the hope and goal of the Government; and for this end Jackson, says Mr. Parton, "displayed an energy and pugnacity seldom exhibited before or since, by a politician in his seventy-seventh year." But "failure" was a word not in Jackson's vocabulary; he annexed Texas, and dying as the measure was accomplished, talked only in his last moments of Texas and Houston.

Houston was elected President of the new Republic by acclamation, and he served the State two terms in this capacity. Both were marked by the finest statesmanship; and during them the Texans suffered little from the ferocious Apache, Comanche, and other Indian tribes. For Houston fearlessly slept in their camps, and treated them as brethren; and his Indian "Talks" have an Ossianic poetry about them. Thus he writes to the Indian Chief Linney: "The red brothers know that my words to them have never been forgotten by me. They have never been swallowed up in darkness, nor has the light of the sun consumed them. Truth cannot perish, but the words of a liar are as nothing. Talk to all the red men, and tell them to make peace. War cannot make them happy. It has lasted too long. Let it now be ended and cease forever," etc., etc.

After the annexation of Texas, Houston represented the State for three terms in the United States Senate; but in 1859 he failed of re-election, because he refused to go with the South on the fatal subject of Secession. Yet so great was the confidence of the people in his honor and ability, that they elected him Governor of Texas in the same year; and he entered on the office in December,

1859. The election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860 precipitated events; and though Houston used all his mighty personal influence, and all his charmful, potent eloquence to keep Texas in *the Union*, he failed, and was deposed from the Governorship on his refusal to sign the Ordinance of Secession.

Then he calmly withdrew from the scene, and there are many living who remember his pathetic parting words. "I have seen," he said, "the statesmen and patriots of my youth gathered to their fathers, and the government which they had reared rent in twain, and none like them are now left to re-unite it again. I stand almost the last of a race who learned from them the lessons of human freedom!"

These events inflicted a mortal wound upon his great spirit, and when he heard the roar of the cannon announcing the secession of Texas, he turned to his wife and said, "My heart is broken!" The words were only too true; for two years he lingered a sad and solemn old man, mourning for the woes of his country and for the defection of his eldest son Sam, who had joined the Confederates, and been taken prisoner by the Northern army. He was also suffering from the wounds received both in the war of 1812 and also at San Jacinto; and it was evident that he had come to the close of life. He himself looked forward to the event without fear, and with a wise and well-grounded hope.

On March 2, 1863, Houston was seventy, and in response to an ovation in his own city of Houston, he made a short, broken little speech. It was his last public effort, and from it he went back home to Huntsville, to die. His last days were spent in incessant and heart-broken prayers for his country and for his family; and on July 26, 1863, three weeks after the fall of Vicksburg, he breathed his last to the words "*Texas! Texas!*"

So honestly and unselfishly had this great man lived that he died in poverty, needing many comforts; this hero, who by his valor and statesmanship had increased the territory of the United States by more than *eight hundred thousand square miles*, or about the equivalent of *the thirteen original States!* But the splendor of his name is not to be touched by such an accident as poverty; to the people of Texas, Houston will ever be a beloved memory; and on the Roll of Fame he shines forth, the noblest, the most princely, the most picturesque and chivalrous character in American history.

Amelia E. Barr

WINFIELD SCOTT*

By Hon. Theodore Roosevelt

(1786–1866)

Winfield Scott was born at Petersburg, Virginia, on June 13, 1786. His father was a gallant Revolutionary soldier, his mother one of the well-known Virginia family of Masons. He attended the schools in his neighborhood, and graduated at the then famous college of William and Mary; and upon graduation began his career as a lawyer. All his tastes were military, however, and in 1807 he joined a volunteer organization to watch the coasts, which were menaced by the British frigates; there being then great excitement over the Leopard and Chesapeake affair. When this flurry subsided he went down to practice in South Carolina. Soon after his arrival there was another alarm of war, and back went Scott post-haste for Washington, again abandoning his law, with the hope of getting a commission in the army. Yet again, in 1808, the chances of war once more retiring to the background, he tried his fortune at the bar, this time in Virginia. Alarms of war were frequent during the next four years, however, and Scott rigidly confined his practice as a lawyer to the intervals when it was not deemed possible that there could be danger from abroad.

In 1808 he was made a captain of light artillery, and was sent with his company to New Orleans. Scott was always frank in announcing his utter contempt for Jefferson's foreign policy as President, and his abhorrence of the men whom Jefferson got into the army at this period. West Point had only just started. Its few graduates did well in the war of 1812, but most of the other officers of the army were men appointed by political influence at the time, or else old officers who in their youth had had some experience in the Revolutionary War, but who were disabled by age, drunkenness, and long lack of acquaintance with military matters. Among the officers themselves there were savage factions, and Scott got into one or two scrapes in consequence of his advocacy of one of the parties. In May, 1812, the long-delayed hostilities were evidently close at hand, and Scott left New Orleans for Washington.

In September, Scott, now made a lieutenant-colonel, reached Niagara, only to share in the humiliating though petty defeats with which the land war opened on our northern frontier. His first serious affair was at the abortive effort to storm the Heights of Queenstown. When Van Rensselaer, who had led the at-

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tack, was wounded so as to be unable to take further part, Scott himself assumed the command. At this time about a fourth of the American militia had crossed and were attacked by slightly superior numbers of British regulars and Indians. Their remaining companions, utterly undisciplined and with no leaders, were struck by panic cowardice and refused to cross to the assistance of their fellows. Scott behaved with distinguished personal bravery, rallying his raw troops and leading them in a charge with the bayonet, always a favorite weapon with him. Nevertheless his forces soon fell into disorder and were driven over the cliffs to the edge of the water, where, from lack of boats, most of the men were made prisoners, Scott among the number. Much difficulty was experienced by the British officers in preventing the Indians from massacring the prisoners. Scott was a man of gigantic proportions. This fact, and the reckless courage with which he had fought, had attracted the attention of the Indians. Some of them came into the room where he was confined and attempted to murder him, and only his great strength and quickness enabled him to beat them off until he was rescued by a British officer.

Soon after his capture he was exchanged, and promoted to the rank of colonel. He joined the American armies as chief of staff to the major-general commanding, and being about the only man in the army who had any knowledge of tactical manuals and military treatises generally, he was kept busy from morning till night in organizing the staff service, drilling the officers, and the like. These duties, however, did not interfere with his leading and commanding his troops in battle. He led the advance guard in the successful assault on Fort George in May, 1813, took part in a number of skirmishes, and served with gallantry in Wilkinson's unsuccessful campaign.

Early in the spring of 1814 a camp of instruction for officers and men was formed, with Scott in command, near Buffalo. Up to this time the imbecility of the administration (and of the people whom the administration represented) in not preparing for the war, had been well matched by the supineness with which they carried it on. During the eighteen months that had elapsed since the beginning of the contest, only the navy, built by the Federalists when in power fifteen years before, had saved the country from complete disgrace, the armies generally being utterly inadequate in number, and moreover models of all that troops ought not to be. Even in 1814 this remained true of the forces intrusted with the defence of the Capital itself; but on the northern frontier Scott, and his immediate superior, Brown, by laborious work succeeded in turning the inefficient mob of the first two campaigns into as admirable a weapon of offence and defence as ever was handled by a general officer.

In July the little army of skeleton regiments, thus carefully drilled, was ready for the invasion of Canada. On July 5th the fight at Chippewa took place. The battle was practically between Scott's wing of Brown's army and Riall's British troops, the numbers being almost exactly equal. There was very little manœuvring. After a tolerably heavy artillery fire and some skirmishing between the light troops and Indians on each side, in the woods, the British regu-

lars and Scott's American regulars advanced against each other in line across the plain, occasionally halting to fire. It was noticed that the fire of the Americans was the more deadly; their line was thinner and more extended than that of the British. When within sixty or seventy paces of one another the two sides charged; there was a clash of bayonets; then the thinner American line, outflanking the more solid British column, closed in at the extremities, and the British broke and fled immediately.

This was not only a needed victory for the Americans, but it was the first occasion for a generation that British regulars had been faced in the open, on equal terms, with the bayonet and defeated. At this very time the British had just brought to a close the terrible war with the French in the Peninsula. Their troops had been pitted successfully against the best marshals and the best troops of what was undoubtedly the foremost military power of Continental Europe; and now the American regulars, trained by Scott and under his leadership, performed a feat which no French general and no French troops had ever been able to place to the credit of their nation.

Three weeks later the British and American forces again came together at the bloody battle of Lundy's Lane. The most desperate fighting on this occasion took place during the night, the Americans and British charging in turn with the bayonet, and the artillery of both sides being captured and recaptured again and again. The Americans were somewhat inferior in numbers to the British, and the slaughter was very great, considering the number of men engaged, amounting to nearly a third of the total of both forces. In the end the fight ceased from exhaustion, the armies drawing off from one another and leaving the field of battle untenanted; but the result was virtually a victory for the British, for the next day they advanced, and the Americans retired to Fort Erie. Scott, who had exposed himself with the reckless personal courage he always showed when under fire, was dismounted and badly injured by the rebound of a cannon ball in the early part of the battle, and about midnight, just before the close of the actual fighting, received a musket ball in the body which disabled him.

Scott did not recover from his wound in time to take part in the remaining scenes of the war. After its close he went abroad, visiting London and Paris, and being very well received, returning in 1816, and again taking up his duties in the army. He indulged himself in the luxury of a sharp quarrel with Andrew Jackson, a luxury which any man could easily obtain by the way, but which was too much for any man not possessing Scott's abundant capacity to take care of himself in any conflict. He interested himself greatly in improving the tactics of the army, and went out to take command in the Black Hawk war, where he had no opportunity to distinguish himself. At the time of the nullification outbreak in South Carolina he was appointed to see to the interests of the United States in Charleston, where he acquitted himself with equal tact and resolution. He commanded in the Seminole war, but again had no opportunity to distinguish himself; and in the winter of 1837–38 was stationed on the northern frontier,

where he succeeded in preventing invasions of Canada by American sympathizers with the then existing Canadian rebellion. Soon after this he superintended the removal of the Cherokees from Georgia, doing everything in his power for the Indians, who, in defiance of the pledged faith of the United States, were being driven out of that State.

For the next few years Scott was comparatively inactive. He had a great taste for politics, and could not forbear meddling with them, although he was at the time general-in-chief of the army. He was a very sincere Union man, and was an outspoken Whig, though with a strong latent leaning to the Know-nothing party; for he distrusted both foreigners and Catholics. He would not own slaves, and disbelieved in slavery, but he also utterly disapproved of the actions of the political abolitionists of the day. He was not only a very ambitious but a very vain man, and at times his desire for civic honors led him to try for success on fields where he did not show to such advantage as on the field of battle.

When the Mexican war broke out, the President, Polk, whom Scott detested, was reluctant to see Scott given a chance to make a record, in view of his being a pronounced Whig, and of the probability that a successful general, if nominated on the Whig ticket, would sweep the country. However, toward the end of 1846, it became impossible longer to pass by Scott's demands for active service, and, moreover, the administration felt the less reluctance inasmuch as Taylor, another Whig, had achieved much credit by his victories along the Rio Grande. Accordingly Scott was despatched with a fine army to attack Mexico from the seaboard of the Gulf and to penetrate to the capital of the country.

Early in March of 1847 he landed near the city of Vera Cruz, with 12,000 men. Trenches were opened, a bombardment begun, and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa surrendered on the 27th, 5,000 prisoners and four hundred pieces of artillery falling to the victors. Scott lost in all but sixty-four men killed and wounded. As soon after this victory as he could gather horses and mules the army started for the interior, and on April 18th encountered the Mexican army, about the same in numbers as Scott's, under Santa Anna, strongly posted at Cerro Gordo. Scott made his plans with great skill, and the battle is remarkable because of the closeness with which the methods and results of the actual attacks followed the outline which Scott gave of what he wished accomplished, in his general orders of the day previous. The Americans attacked with resolution. In places the Mexicans defended themselves well, but in other places, where their troops were raw, they gave way very quickly, and, as a result, the whole force was speedily routed and driven in headlong flight, with great loss of artillery and prisoners. Scott pushed closely after them, but almost immediately was halted by the necessity of discharging four thousand volunteers whose terms of service had expired. After waiting in vain for reinforcements, the Americans again marched forward, and halted some time at Puebla, where the long-looked-for additional troops finally arrived in August.

The army had suffered a good deal from sickness, and Scott was anxious to bring it into contact with the enemy as soon as possible. Accordingly he

pushed straight for Mexico. The Mexican armies, numerically about equal in strength to his own, occupied very strong positions, from which they were driven only by desperate fighting at Contreras, San Antonio, and Buena Vista, the Americans losing 1,000 men killed and wounded, but capturing 3,000 of their adversaries and thirty-seven pieces of artillery. An armistice followed, but the negotiations came to nothing, and in September hostilities were resumed. The strong outworks of Molino Del Rey and Chapultepec were stormed with great loss to the Americans; for they were places of formidable strength, the Mexicans defended themselves well, and the assailants were few in numbers. The bravery of the victors, under these circumstances, showed that Scott had not forgotten the art which enabled him to turn the raw troops of 1812 into men who, alone among the troops of civilized nations, could meet the British infantry in the open on equal terms.

The City of Mexico fell immediately after the storming of Chapultepec, and Scott marched in. There was no further fighting of consequence, although bands of guerillas and brigands of all kinds had to be dispersed. Scott treated them with proper severity. The campaign ended unhappily for Scott in one way, for he became embroiled with the administration and some of its partisans among the high officers of the army, the intrigues which caused this embroilment being instigated chiefly by Democratic jealousy of the Whig general. However, he was thanked by Congress.

This was the end of Scott's active service. He again plunged into political life, and in 1852 ran for the presidency on the Whig ticket, but was hopelessly defeated. He continued general-in-chief of the army until 1861, when he retired from the command. He was too old to take the field and do his part toward the suppression of the rebellion, but he remained stanchly loyal to the flag upon which his victories had conferred such glory, and to which he himself had owed so much. Even when his State seceded it did not affect him or cause him to waver in his allegiance to the country for which he had so often drawn his sword. He died May 29, 1866.

Scott had many little vanities, and peculiarities of temper and disposition, at which it is easy to laugh; but these are all of small moment in estimating the man's character and the worth of his services. He was a fearless, honest, loyal, and simple-hearted soldier, who served the nation with entire fidelity and devotion. He was very successful in battle, and, not only his crowning campaign against Mexico, but the way in which he trained and led his troops in the Canadian campaign against the British, show him to have possessed military abilities of a high order. His name will always stand well up on the list of American worthies.

Theodore Roosevelt

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT*

By Oliver Optic

(1822–1885)

NAPOLEON I. was a genius; General Grant was not. But the earnest, persistent, and determined efforts of men only moderately endowed by nature with intellectual gifts, sometimes surpass what is accomplished by the spasmodic flashes of those born to be conquerors. So far as the successful career of the most prominent hero of the War of the Rebellion may be used to "point a moral," it forcibly emphasizes the results of energy, perseverance, and a determination to succeed in spite of all obstacles. As a military strategist he was doubtless surpassed by others who were engaged in the gigantic struggle with him; but he accomplished, by adding to his soldierly abilities, his personal attributes, which seemed not to have been within the power of any other of the able commanders associated with him in the mighty conflict.

It is not claimed that General Grant was born into the world with brilliant, or even superior, intellectual powers, and his greatness was in the combination of his individual qualities, and the fact that, like Wellington, he was "rich in saving common-sense." He was a soldier in the most comprehensive sense; and if he did not overtop his colleagues in a knowledge of the science of war, he was at least their equal. The career of its greatest hero illustrates the manner in which the loyal nation gave to posterity a victorious Union.

Grant was born in humble circumstances at Point Pleasant, a village on the Ohio River, and there were no accidents of family to gild or cloud his coming into the world. He was descended from Puritan stock, and one of his ancestors, a captain in the Old French War, was killed in battle. The general's grandfather served through the Revolutionary War. His father was a tanner in Ohio, but his son was not inclined to follow that occupation, though he was willing to do so if his father insisted upon it until he was of age, but not a day longer. He stated his preferences in regard to his future employment, desiring to be a farmer, a trader on the river, or to obtain an education. The first was not practicable, and the second was not regarded as very reputable. His father wrote to the representative of his district in Congress, who obtained for the young man a nomination to the Military Academy at West Point.

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All the education the young candidate for military honors had was only such as he had obtained at the district school, and the examination for admission was considered a very trying ordeal, though it included only the branches taught in the common schools. He "brushed up" his studies, and as he was always cool and self-possessed, he did not fail from embarrassment, as many do on such occasions, but was passed and admitted. Of the class of eighty-seven only thirty-nine were graduated. In rank Grant was the twenty-first, indicating about the average ability.

As a cadet he was popular with his comrades. He was honest, fair, and square, and was especially careful of the rights of others. The horse had been a favorite with him from his early childhood, and at the Academy he was distinguished as a bold and fearless rider. He was sober and rather dignified in his manner. The name given to him by his parents was "Hiram Ulysses;" but the Congressman had made a mistake in presenting the nomination, and at West Point he was known as "Ulysses Sidney." Failing to correct the error, he accepted the initial S., but made it stand for "Simpson," after his mother. The first name was suggested by an elderly female relative, who appears to have read the Odyssey, and appreciated its hero. The initials of his name as it finally stood had a national significance, which the newspapers were not tardy in using at the time of his first decided victory.

He was graduated in 1843, and appointed brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth Regiment of Infantry. The engineers and the cavalry are considered more desirable arms of the service than the infantry, and the best scholars at the Military Academy are assigned to them. Grant's rank placed him in the latter. His regiment was sent to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. Frederick T. Dent, his classmate, was in the same command, and resided in the vicinity. He was invited to the house of the Dents, where he made the acquaintance of Miss Julia T. Dent, who became his wife five years later.

In 1845, the events which led to the Mexican War assumed form, and Grant's regiment was ordered to Corpus Christi, where he was commissioned as a full second lieutenant. His post was situated at the mouth of the Rio Nueces, between which and the Rio Grande was a triangular section of territory claimed by both governments; and this was the nominal subject of dispute between the United States and Mexico. General Taylor, commanding about four thousand troops, was ordered to move his force to the Rio Grande, on which the Mexicans had concentrated an army. A body of United States dragoons, commanded by Captain Thornton, was surprised by an overwhelming force of the enemy, and all of them killed, wounded, or captured. This event fired the blood of the soldiers, as well as of the people of the country, and Taylor crossed the river with the main body of his little army.

The Mexican generals declared that the advance of Taylor into the disputed territory was an act of war, and active hostilities had commenced. While the general was hastening to reinforce one of the forts attacked, he came upon the Mexicans drawn up in order of battle at Palo Alto. An action, mostly with

artillery, followed, and the enemy were defeated and driven from the field. It was the first battle fought in thirty-one years with any foe other than Indians, by American soldiers. Grant was in that first conflict of half a century, as he was in the last ones.

The Mexicans had fled from this first considerable battle of the war to Resaca de la Palma, where they had established themselves in a strong position. Taylor attacked them the next day, and though their force was triple that of their assailants, they were again defeated and routed. The Mexicans fought with dogged courage, however they may be judged from the events of the war. Three months later, General Taylor marched upon Monterey with an army reinforced to 6,000 men. It was strongly fortified, but the city was captured after a hard-fought battle.

In the midst of the conflict in the town, while the Mexicans were disputing its possession from the windows of the strongly constructed houses, the ammunition of the brigade to which Grant was attached was exhausted, and it became necessary to send for a fresh supply. It was a service of extreme peril, and a volunteer was called for to perform it. Grant was a bold rider, and he promptly offered himself to execute the dangerous mission. Mounting a very spirited horse, he resorted to the Indian fashion of hanging at the side of his steed so that the body of the animal protected him against the shots from the windows, and he passed safely through the street. With a sufficient escort he succeeded in conveying a load of ammunition to the point where it was needed.

Soon after the battle of Monterey, Grant's regiment was sent to Vera Cruz to reinforce the larger army that was to march under General Scott to the "Halls of the Montezumas." Lieutenant Grant, as a careful, substantial, and energetic officer, was selected for the important position of quartermaster of the Fourth Regiment. The army proceeded on its uninterrupted career of victory till the capital of Mexico was in its possession. The heights of Cerro Gordo were stormed and carried, and Grant, as usual, was in the thickest of the fight.

The first considerable obstacle after the capture of Vera Cruz having been removed, the army proceeded on its march to the City of Mexico, occupying Jalapa and Castle Perote on the way; but at Puebla the forces were so reduced by sickness, death, and the expiration of enlistments as to compel a halt. For three months General Scott was compelled to wait for reinforcements; but when he could muster 11,000 effective men, a very small number for the conquest of a country, he resumed his march, and in August arrived in the vicinity of the capital. Outside of the causeways leading to the city were the strongholds of Chapultepec and Cherubusco, and batteries mounting a hundred guns.

Chapultepec was a fortification one hundred and fifty feet above the average level of the ground. A front of nine hundred feet bristled with cannon. Behind it was a mill called El Molino del Rey, fortified and garrisoned, which defended the approach to the castle. The capture of this work was assigned to General Worth, to whose command the Fourth Regiment belonged. The assault was a desperate one, for it was "the last ditch" of the Mexicans; but it

was carried, though the assailing force lost one-fourth of its number in the assault. "Second Lieutenant Grant behaved with distinguished gallantry," is the official report of his conduct. Though custom and the precedents of the service permitted the quartermaster to remain at a safe distance from actual fighting in charge of the baggage trains, Grant never availed himself of this immunity from personal peril, but retained his place with the regiment.

When the strong places which defended the city fell, Scott and his army marched into the capital. The Mexican forces fled, and the United States flag floated over the "Halls of the Montezumas." The country was conquered, and the war was ended. Grant had been engaged in all the battles near the Rio Grande, and in most of them from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and he had won the brevet rank of captain for his gallantry.

After the ratification of the treaty of peace, by which California was acquired, the army evacuated Mexico, and Captain Grant was sent to New York with his regiment. Its companies were separated and sent to various military stations. After serving at Detroit and Sackett's Harbor, the Fourth Infantry was sent to Oregon in 1851, the discovery of gold in California having attracted an immense immigration to the shores of the Pacific. The battalion of which Grant's company was a part was stationed at Fort Dallas, and had some experience in Indian warfare. In 1848 he had been married to Miss Dent; but in the wilds of Oregon he was separated from his family. There was nothing there to satisfy his reasonable ambition, no hope of rising in his profession, and he became discontented. In 1853 he was commissioned as a full captain; but this did not reconcile him to his situation, and he resigned his position in the army to enter upon an untried life as a civilian.

Grant was now thirty-two years of age; he had a wife and two children, and it was necessary for him to provide for their support. His first choice of an occupation had been that of a farmer, and he went back to that in the present emergency. His wife owned a farm about nine miles from St. Louis, and Grant located himself there. He built a house upon it of hewn logs, working upon it with his own hands. He was not a "gentleman farmer" in any sense, for he drove one of his teams with wood to the city. He wore an old felt hat, a seedy blouse, and tucked his trousers' legs into the tops of his boots. His habits were very simple, and the lack of means compelled him to live on the most economical scale.

The retired captain was not successful as a farmer; but he was known as an honest, upright man, faithful in all his obligations. In his need of a remunerative occupation he applied for the position of city engineer in St. Louis; but he failed to obtain it. As a real estate agent and as a collector he was equally unsuccessful, and his fortunes were at a very low ebb. He obtained a place in the custom-house, but at the end of two months the death of the collector compelled him to retire. But while fortune seemed to have completely deserted him, subjecting him to the fate of thousands of others in the struggle to live and care for his family, it was more propitious to his father, who was in comparatively easy

circumstances, and had established himself in the leather business in Galena, Ill. It seemed to be incumbent upon him to do something for the relief of his oldest son, and in 1860 the ex-captain became a member of the firm of "Grant & Sons." This was the position in which the opening of the War of the Rebellion found him.

For years the military spirit of the North had been repressed and discouraged. Sober and dignified people regarded the soldier as unnecessary, and military parades were looked upon as childish, and classed in the category with circus shows. But suddenly, when the cannon of the Rebellion began to resound in the South, the people were awakened from their dream of security, and the profession of arms, which had been disparaged and had almost fallen into disrepute, became in the highest degree honorable, for the safety of the nation depended upon it. Millions were ready to fight for the Union, but there were very few trained officers to organize and command those who were eager to uphold the flag and save the nation. Except here and there one who had served in the Mexican or Indian wars, there was not a soldier in the land who had any experience of actual warfare.

To Galena came the intelligence that Fort Sumter had been bombarded, and with it the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for 75,000 volunteers. Grant was profoundly moved by the situation of the country, and without seeking for or thinking of the honors and emoluments that might be reaped, he patriotically desired to serve his country in the present terrible emergency. The nation had educated him for military service, and though he had fought with honor through one war, he did not regard the debt as paid. He was a soldier, but he did not boast of what he had done, or even claim the rank in the gathering armies to which his experience entitled him.

In less than a week he was drilling a company in Galena, whose members wished to make him their captain; but another citizen wanted the place, and he declined it. He consented to go to Springfield, the capital of the State, with the company. On the way he met the Hon. Elihu B. Washburn, and by him was presented to Governor Yates, who, however, did not appear to be greatly impressed, and did not take much notice of him. Then Grant wrote to the adjutant-general of the army at Washington, stating that he had been educated at West Point at the public expense, and considered it his duty to tender his services to the Government. He did not apply for the commission of a brigadier-general; but was willing to serve in any capacity where he might be needed.

No response came to this modest offer, and Grant visited Cincinnati, where George B. McClellan, who had been appointed major-general of volunteers by the governor of Ohio, was organizing the forces. Both had served in Worth's brigade in Mexico; and Grant thought his former friend might tender him a position on his staff. Though he called upon him several times, he failed to find him, and returned to Springfield. While he was waiting at the capital, Governor Yates sent for him, and asked him if he knew how many men belonged in a

company, how many companies in a regiment, and similar questions concerning details which were very perplexing to a civilian.

Grant assured him that he was a graduate of West Point, had served eleven years in the regular army, and knew all about such matters. This reply helped the governor out of his embarrassment, and the soldier was invited to take a seat in the State House, and act as adjutant-general. One who knew Grant better than others suggested to the governor that he should appoint him to the command of a regiment. This advice was acted upon, and the patriotic seeker for military employment was appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Infantry. Grant promptly accepted the commission, and hastened to Mattoon, where the regiment was encamped, and assumed the command.

His command was a body of three months' troops, composed of excellent material, but in rather a demoralized condition when the colonel assumed command, for the men were American citizens, jealous of their rights as such, and military discipline was new and strange to them. Grant marched them to Caseyville, where he drilled them for four weeks, and transformed them from a mob of independent citizens into one of the best-disciplined bodies of troops in the country, which became noted for its orderly and excellent bearing. The change was effected so skilfully that no man believed he had sacrificed his citizenship. The strong will of the colonel, dignified by the genuine principle of patriotism, overcame the prevailing idea of equality, and his command was a unit. The men were proud of the leadership of a regular army officer, and admired him to such a degree that they re-enlisted for three years.

While Colonel Grant was at Caseyville it was reported that Quincy, on the Mississippi, was menaced by rebel guerillas from Missouri, and he was ordered to the exposed point. In the absence of transportation he marched his regiment one hundred and twenty miles of the distance. From this point his command was sent into Missouri, where the discipline and the morals of the body were improved by quiet and judicious measures. Guarding railroads was the service in which the regiment was employed; and when serving with other commands Grant was the acting brigadier-general, though he was ranked by all the other colonels.

In July of the opening year of the war Grant became a brigadier-general of volunteers. The appointment was obtained by Mr. Washburn, who had befriended him before. The Western Department was at this time under the command of General Fremont. Grant's district was a part of Missouri, with Western Kentucky and Tennessee, and he established his headquarters at Cairo, a point of the utmost military importance as a depot of supplies and a gunboat rendezvous. Kentucky had proclaimed a suspicious neutrality, and near Cairo, on the other side of the river, were the three termini of a railroad from the South. A Confederate force seized two of them, and Grant hastened to secure Paducah, the third. The enemy hurriedly retired as he landed his force, and Grant issued a temperate and judicious proclamation, for he was on the soil of the enemy. He had acted without orders from his superior, and returning to

Cairo after an absence of less than a day, he found Fremont's order, already executed, awaiting him. He also took possession of Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland River.

With a force of 3,100 men General Grant made an incursion into Missouri to break up a rebel camp at Belmont, where he fought his first battle in the Rebellion. He had accomplished his purpose, when the enemy was reinforced from Columbus, on the other side of the river, and though he brought off his command in safety he narrowly escaped capture himself. Fremont was superseded by Halleck, and for the next two months Grant was employed in organizing and drilling troops. Columbus, with 140 cannon and full of men and material, closed the Mississippi. The Confederate line of defence against the invasion of the South extended from this point across the country, including Fort Henry on the Tennessee and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, the latter mounting forty guns, with quarters for 20,000 soldiers.

Grant was studying this line of defence, devising a plan to break through it. By order of General Halleck he had sent out a reconnoissance in force, under General Smith, who reported to him that the capture of Fort Henry was practicable. Grant forwarded this report to the commander of the department, and asked for permission to attack it. This was refused in sharp and curt terms. A written application, earnestly seconded by Commodore Foote, who had brought the gunboat service up to a state of efficiency in the West, secured the desired order. With 17,000 men, in connection with 7 gunboats under the command of the commodore, Grant started upon his mission the day after he received the order. Fort Henry was captured, though the army was not engaged. The main body of the Confederate force escaped to Fort Donelson.

The capture of Fort Henry cheered the army and the people. Grant telegraphed the result of the attack to Halleck, and announced his intention to proceed against Fort Donelson. Leaving 2,500 men to garrison the fort, Grant marched with 15,000 from Fort Henry, while a considerable addition to his force came up the river. The fortification was invested, and after three days of persistent fighting in cold, snow, and hunger, the fort surrendered. The gunboats were severely handled by the water batteries of the enemy, and the commodore was badly wounded, so that most of the work fell upon the army.

It was a brilliant victory, and the loyal nation resounded with the praises of Grant. This was the pointer to the fame he afterward achieved. His reply to the rebel general, "I propose to move immediately on your works," was repeated all over the country, and the initials of his name came to mean "Unconditional Surrender," the terms he had demanded of the commander of the fort.

The strategetic line of the Confederates was broken, and new dispositions of their forces became necessary on account of this important victory; Columbus was abandoned, and its men and material sent to Island No. 10. The battle of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, as it is called in the South, followed under Grant's command. It was a bloody and hotly contested action, and not as decisive as that of Donelson. The ground was held, and the arrival of Buel with reinforce-

ments caused the Confederates to retire. Sherman had a command in this battle under Grant, and the strong friendship between these two great commanders, which subsisted to the end, had its origin about this time.

Not such were the relations between Halleck and Grant, for the latter was practically thrown into the shade by the former; but the hero of Fort Donelson continued to do his duty faithfully, making no issue with his superior. At this time he was in command of the Army of the Tennessee. While he remained in this position the Union army and navy had made decided progress in the West and the South; but no real advance was made in the direction of the rebel capital. Then McClellan was removed from his position of general-in-chief, and Halleck was appointed in his place. Grant seemed to be forgotten for the time, or his operations were overshadowed by those in the East. But he had driven the enemy out of West Tennessee, and was turning his attention toward Vicksburg.

When he had sufficiently informed himself in regard to the situation, he proposed to the general-in-chief a movement upon Vicksburg, which was really the Gibraltar of the Mississippi, and he was invested with full powers to carry out his own plans. Constantly and earnestly supported by Sherman, he battered against this strong fortress for six months. Various expedients were resorted to for the reduction of the place, without success. With the written protest of four of his ablest generals in his pocket, Grant moved his army to a point four miles below Grand Gulf, fought several battles on his way, and came to the rear of Vicksburg. The Confederate engineers were doubtless as skilful as any in the world, and seemed to be justified in regarding the fortress, with its surrounding batteries, fortifications, swamps, and tangled jungles, as impregnable.

Following up his regular siege operations, Grant exercised his indomitable will against those tremendous defences, and Vicksburg fell. The news of its surrender was spread all over the loyal nation with that of the great victory of Gettysburg. The Confederacy had been cut in two, and a decided turn in the struggle for the Union was clearly indicated. The name of the victorious general was again upon the lips of all the people. Grant himself seemed to be the only man who remained unmoved. President Lincoln sent him an autograph letter, acknowledging that Grant was right while he was wrong; and even Halleck was magnanimous enough to send him a very handsome letter of congratulation. The fortunate general had been made a major-general of volunteers after his victory at Donelson; and he was now promoted to the rank of major-general in the regular army.

A new department had been created for Major-General Grant, covering nearly all the territory south of the Ohio. He was worn out and sick after the severe exertions of the summer; but when informed that Rosecrans was shut up and closely besieged by Bragg, in Chattanooga, he set out for this point with only his personal staff. On the way he used the telegraph and the mails, and suggested or ordered such steps as would relieve the place, for the Army of the Cumberland, shut off from supplies, was in desperate straits, sick and famished.

Reinforcements were hurried, and the result of his preparations was the decided victory of the battle of Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge. In this battle General Sheridan came to his notice for the first time.

General Grant was thanked, and presented with a gold medal by Congress. He had become the idol of the loyal nation; but he bore his honors very meekly. The grade of lieutenant-general was revived, and conferred upon him. All the armies of the United States were now under his command. He was called to Washington, and it is not possible even to mention the honors that were showered upon him. In due time he took his place at the head of the Army of the Potomac, and fought some of the most terrible battles of the war. Richmond was his first objective point, and failing in the direct approach to the capital of the Confederacy, he moved upon it from the south. It was a long struggle, but in the end Richmond fell.

At Appomattox Court House Grant received the surrender of General Lee, granting the most magnanimous terms to the defeated army. The other armies of the Confederacy soon followed the example of the Army of Virginia, and the long and terrible conflict of over four years was ended in a victorious Union. As soon as the surrender was effected, General Grant, without any pomp or parade, proceeded to Washington, not even taking in Richmond on his way, and reported in person to President Lincoln. He advised the immediate reduction of the army, sustained at an enormous expense, and no longer needed.

The war was ended! Perhaps no man ever stood higher in the estimation of his country than Grant, and it was inevitable that he should become a candidate for the Presidency. He had been a Democrat in politics before the war; but he was elected to the first office in the nation by the people, though the candidate of the Republican party. He was hardly as successful in this office as he had been in the field; but he carried with him the respect and admiration of the people to the day of his death. He was re-elected to the Presidency; and the objections of the people to a third term more than anything else, prevented his third nomination.

After his return to private life he visited nearly every country in Europe, and was everywhere honored as no citizen of the Republic had ever been before. In the last years of his life he engaged in a financial and banking business, by which he lost all his property. About the same time an insidious disease was wearing away his life. He had been approached before to write a history of his military life, to which he would not listen. In his financial strait he accepted an offer, and wrote the work, in two octavo volumes, while suffering from the weakness and pain of his malady. He was doing it for his family, for his own days were numbered; and there is nothing on record more heroic than his struggle to finish this task.

Four days after he had finished his literary labor of love, he died of the disease which had been the burden of his last days. He passed away at Mount McGregor, N. Y., July 23, 1885. The loyal people mourned him as the saviour of the nation from disruption, and even those who had been his enemies in war were

his friends in death. The whole nation was present in spirit at his obsequies. His remains were interred at Riverside Park, New York, and only await the imposing monument which the metropolis of the nation he saved is to rear above his tomb.

His character can never be as prominent as the victories he won for his imperilled country; but his honesty, his unsullied honor, and his self-abnegation entitle him to another crown of glory.

William T. Adams

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN*

By Elbridge S. Brooks

(1820–1891)

Achievement wins applause. And when the steps toward achievement are tinged with mystery, romance, or daring, the applause is irresistible and continuous. So it has come to pass that by the side of Xenophon's masterly "retreat of the Ten Thousand," of Cortes's burning his ships at Vera Cruz, and of Marlborough's bold march through the heart of Germany to the victory at Blenheim, stands Sherman's March to the Sea and his "Christmas Gift" of captured Savannah. And yet this brilliant leader of men had never seen a hostile shot fired until he was forty-one, and his first battle was the defeat at Bull Run.

The March to the Sea, upon which Sherman's fame as a soldier so largely rests, was by no means the greatest or most significant of his many achievements. His record as a soldier is filled with examples of his courage, his shrewdness, and his tenacity, while his mingling of gentle ways and grim determination, of restlessness and calm, of forethought, fearlessness, and frankness, make him at once a unique and central figure in the decade of war and reconstruction that forms so important a chapter in the story of the United States of America.

William Tecumseh Sherman was born on February 8, 1820, in the town of

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Lancaster, the county-seat of that fair and fertile section known as Fairfield County, in the southern part of the State of Ohio—the busy commonwealth that furnished 300,000 men to the armies of the Union, and gave to the Civil War its three greatest generals; for Grant and Sherman were Ohio born, and Sheridan's boyhood was spent in the same State.

But Sherman's ancestors were of stout Puritan stock, dating back almost to the days of the Mayflower. His first American "forebear" was a Puritan minister, Rev. John Sherman, an emigrant to the Connecticut colony from Essex in England. Of one of the collateral branches was Roger Sherman, drafter and signer of the Declaration of Independence. The father of the soldier was Judge Sherman, of the Ohio Supreme Court; his mother was "a Hoyt of New England."

William Tecumseh Sherman was the sixth of eleven children, a younger brother being the lad who, later, became Senator John Sherman of Ohio. Judge Sherman, the father of the boys, died in 1829, and William was adopted into the family of Senator Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, a resident of Lancaster, and a notable figure in American history, for he was senator and cabinet minister for nearly forty years.

Sherman's training was that of a soldier from boyhood. At sixteen, he was entered as a cadet at the Military Academy at West Point, from which he graduated in 1840, standing sixth in a class of 42. Engineering was his favorite study, but devotion to his books seems not to have kept him out of mischief. He was not, he himself admitted later, "a Sunday-school cadet," his record for behavior being 124 in the Academy standard—not so very far from the foot. But Grant, it must be remembered, ranked even lower in his behavior record, standing at 149.

The twenty years that followed Sherman's graduation from West Point were variously spent. He was commissioned second lieutenant in the Third Artillery, July 1, 1840, and ordered to Florida to face the hostile Seminoles. He was promoted to be first lieutenant November 30, 1841, and in 1842 was ordered to Fort Morgan, in Alabama. From 1843 to 1846 he was stationed at Fort Moultrie, in Charleston Harbor (where the afterward famous Major Robert Anderson was his superior officer), at Bellefontaine, Alabama, and at Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, on recruiting service. When the war with Mexico was declared, Lieutenant Sherman was sent to California, then a debatable land. He reached Monterey Bay, by way of "the Horn," in January, 1847, and spent three years in California, returning east as bearer of despatches to the War Department in 1850. In May, 1850, he married Miss Ellen Ewing, daughter of Senator Ewing, then Secretary of the Interior under President Taylor, and in September following he was commissioned as captain and sent to St. Louis.

It was at this time, so Sherman notes in his "Memoirs," that he felt a great disappointment to think that the war with Mexico was fought to a finish without his having been "in it," and he adds, "of course, I thought it was the last and only chance in my day, and that my career as a soldier was at an end." It was

at an end for a time, for after garrison duty at St. Louis and New Orleans, he resigned from the army, and, in 1853, sought to make his fortune in business.

He first went to California as manager of the San Francisco branch of a St. Louis bank, but the ill success of the enterprise drove him east again in 1857, when he engaged in the banking business in New York City. To this enterprise, however, the famous panic of 1857 put an early end, and in 1858 he was embarked in the law, with an office at Leavenworth, Kan. This, too, failing to supply sufficient bread and butter, he tried farming in Ohio for a while, and then applied for a government position in Washington. Instead of this, however, he secured an appointment as Superintendent and Professor of Engineering in a new military college just started at Alexandria, in Louisiana. He entered upon the duties of his position on the 1st of January, 1860, when the mutterings of rebellion were already abroad; and just as he had put the academy into good working order the war-cloud became so black that Sherman, in a manly letter to Governor Moore, of Louisiana, declared his intention of maintaining his allegiance to "the old constitution as long as a fragment of it survives," resigned his office, and returned to Ohio. In April, 1861, he accepted the presidency of a St. Louis street railway company. Then Sumter was fired on, the war fever filled the land, troops were hurried to the front, and Sherman signified to the Secretary of War his desire to serve his country "in the capacity for which I was trained." On May 14, 1861, he was appointed colonel of the Thirteenth United States Infantry, and assigned to inspection duty in Washington under General Scott, the commander-in-chief; and then the real story of his life began.

At first fate seemed to be against him. He was too outspoken and hard-headed to suit the reckless and effusive boasters of those early days of the war, which he insisted would be long and bloody, unless the whole military power of the Republic was put into the field to crush the rebellion before it could grow into a revolution. He was as disgusted as Washington had been in revolutionary times, with short-service enlistments, and refused point-blank to go to Ohio to enlist "three-months men," saying, in his blunt way, "You might as well try to put out fire with a squirt gun as expect to put down this rebellion with three-months troops." He was assigned to the command of the Third Brigade of the First Division of McDowell's army, and had his "baptism of fire" upon the disastrous field of Bull Run, which he has characterized as "one of the best planned and worst fought battles of the war." That famous "skedaddle," as it was the fashion to call it, he frankly admitted, in his official report, began among the men of his brigade, and the "disorderly retreat" speedily became a humiliating rout, which only a few cool-headed officers, such as Colonel Sherman, could check or control.

The chagrin over the stampede at Bull Run was so great, that the more conscientious Union officers expected to be held responsible for it and duly court-martialed; but to Colonel Sherman's surprise, his superiors saw beyond the demoralization of the moment, and in August, 1861, he was made brigadier-general of volunteers and transferred to the Department of the Cumberland, with head-

quarters at Louisville, Ky. From thenceforth all his fighting and all his fame was associated with the armies of the West.

At once he saw the desperate condition of affairs in Kentucky—a border State, only to be held for the Union by prompt and decisive measures. He called for reinforcements frequently and emphatically, and when the Secretary of War visited him on a tour of inspection, and asked his views on the situation, Sherman paralyzed him by asserting that for the defence of Kentucky, 60,000 men were needed at once, and that 200,000 would be necessary there before the war in that State could be ended. This was so out of proportion to the Secretary's estimate that Sherman was declared crazy; he was deprived of his command at the front and relegated to a camp of instruction near St. Louis.

But so shrewd and correct an observer, so energetic a leader, and so determined a fighter, could not long be left in retirement, and in February, 1862, General Sherman was ordered to assume command of the forces at Paducah, Ky. Desperate fighting soon followed. The battle of Shiloh (sometimes called Pittsburg Landing) showed of what stuff the "crazy Sherman," as the newspapers had called him, was made, and from Shiloh's bloody field in 1862, to Johnston's surrender at Raleigh in 1865, Sherman's fame rose steadily, until it left him one of the three greatest generals of the Civil War, and one of the famous commanders of the century.

From Shiloh to Raleigh, Sherman stood, in a measure, as Grant's right hand, for, even when Grant was "hammering away" in Virginia, Sherman, by his strategy, shrewdness, and daring in the West was giving him material support and help. In the three years of fighting, from 1862 to 1865, these events stand prominently out in Sherman's military record—the tenacity with which he held the right of the line at Shiloh, the faithful service he rendered as commander of the left before Vicksburg, his rapid relief of Knoxville, his brilliant capture of Atlanta, his daring and famous march to the sea and the capture of Savannah, his equally daring march through the Carolinas to the help of Grant, and his final capture of Johnston's army, which was the real close of the war.

In all these events the peculiar traits of character that made Sherman so conspicuous a success stood out in bold relief—his coolness in danger, his bravery in action, his daring in devices, his readiness of invention, his electric surprises, his scientific strategy, his ruthlessness in destruction, his courtesy to the conquered, his devotion to his soldiers, his loyalty to his superior in command, his restlessness, his energy, his determination to succeed. These all contributed to the result that made "Sherman's army" famous the world over, and stamped him as the hero of a campaign that, according to military critics, "stands alone in the history of modern warfare."

His scientific fencing with General Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederate leader, was as masterly as it was effective. He forced his rival from the stand he had taken as warder of the gateways to the South's supply land, fighting him step by step from Dalton backward to Atlanta, and capturing that stronghold of the Confederacy by persistent and desperate fighting. Then, when Atlanta was

won, Sherman's ability to cut the Gordian knot, as no other man dared, was displayed with especial force. Instead of frittering away his precious time by simply holding Atlanta, or wasting strength unnecessarily by hunting up a baffled and elusive foe, or devoting all his energy to keeping open his long line of communication and supply, he determined to strike a disastrous blow at the Confederacy, swiftly and unexpectedly. Cutting loose from his connection with the West, he would live on the enemy and lay waste the storehouse of the Confederacy—or, as he expressed it in outlining his plans to General Grant, "move through Georgia, smashing things, to the sea."

The boldness of this desperate measure at first attracted, as it afterward alarmed, the authorities at Washington. Consent was given and then recalled, but, before the recall could reach him Sherman had acted quickly, fearing this same countermand. Upon receipt of the order consenting to his march, he cut the telegraph wires to the north, then he burned his bridges, tore up the railroad that connected him with the West, and, with his army reduced to its actual available fighting strength of 60,000 men, with banners streaming, gun-barrels glistening in the sun, bands playing, and the men singing lustily "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" Atlanta was left behind, and "Sherman's army" set its face eastward and commenced its memorable march to the sea.

In two parallel columns the army of invasion and destruction moved through the fertile land, cutting a swath of desolation forty miles wide, and crippling the Confederacy by dissipating its most cherished resources. For fully a month the army was practically lost, so far as communication with the North was concerned. Then it struck the sea at Savannah, captured that beautiful city, and, in the celebrated despatch which actually reached President Lincoln on Christmas Eve, General Sherman presented to the President and the country "the city of Savannah, as a Christmas gift."

Savannah taken, the more difficult march northward was determined upon, so as to make a junction with Grant before Richmond, and end the war by one final and tremendous stroke. The "Campaign of the Carolinas," as this northward march was called, was a really greater achievement than the march to the sea, for it was against more formidable natural odds, and was done in midwinter. The distance covered, from Savannah to Goldsboro, in North Carolina, was four hundred and twenty-five miles; five large rivers were crossed, three important cities were captured, and the Stars and Stripes were once more flung to the breeze above the ruins of Fort Sumter. And yet, in fifty days from the start, the army reached Goldsboro, "in superb order," and concluded what Sherman himself designates as "one of the longest and most important marches ever made by an organized army in a civilized country." It was a great achievement, but it was without the novelty, the mystery, and the dramatic qualities of the earlier cross-country campaign, and so it has come to pass that the first has been the most famous, and Sherman's march to the sea has gone into history as one of the romances and glories of the War of the Rebellion.

The campaign of the Carolinas fitly ended, as had the march to the sea, in

victory ; and the successes at Averysboro and Burtonville culminated on April 26, 1865, in the surrender, near Raleigh, of Johnston, and the last organized army of the Confederacy.

The war was over. Sherman's army marched northward to Washington, where, on May 24, 1865, on the second day of the famous Grand Review, General Sherman and his victorious army marched past the presidential reviewing stand—"sixty-five thousand men," says General Sherman, "in splendid physique, who had just completed a march of nearly two thousand miles in a hostile country." Then came the disbandment ; Sherman bade his "boys" good-by in a ringing farewell order ; the men departed to their waiting homes, and the splendid "Army of the West" was a thing of the past.

After the conclusion of the war General Sherman was, for four years, stationed at St. Louis, as Commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi. He was a notable public character, with a reputation for bravery that none dare assail, and a record as a soldier that made him one of the nation's heroes. He stood next to Grant in position, merit, and popularity ; and when, in 1869, General Grant was elected to the presidency, Sherman, who had been named lieutenant-general in 1866, was promoted to the vacant post as general of the army, with headquarters at Washington.

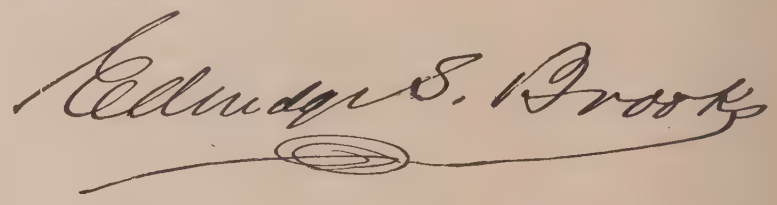
He visited Europe in 1871–72 and, both because of his own brilliant record, and his official position as head of the American army, he was everywhere received with honor and distinction. Returning home he wrote his "Memoirs;" they were published in 1875, and stamped him, in the opinion of critics, as "by far the ablest writer among America's military men."

On February 8, 1884, he was placed upon the retired list—"turned out to grass," as he expressed it, "and told I could spend the rest of my days in peace and retirement." As an especial mark of the nation's pride in his record, he was, as the order stated, "placed upon the retired list of the army, without reduction in his current pay and allowances," and the President in the same order publicly put on record the gratitude of the American people "for the services of incalculable value rendered by General Sherman in the War for the Union, which his great military genius and daring did so much to end." It was a fitting tribute to the man who had worn the uniform of his country for forty years, faithful to every trust and equal to every emergency, and who had risen through every grade from a cadetship and a lieutenancy, to the proud eminence of General of the Armies of the United States.

The twenty-six years that were his after the close of the great struggle in which he had been one of the central figures, were filled with a quiet enjoyment of life and a wide personal popularity. Wherever he went he was a living hero, welcomed and honored as such by the people who owed so much to his wise brain and his unsheathed sword. He could have been President of the United States, had he been willing to accept the nomination that was offered him ; instead, he declined with peremptory and characteristic bluntness, and he is, it is believed, the only man who ever did refuse that high office.

After his retirement he made his home, first in St. Louis and then in New York, where the last five years of his life were passed, and where he speedily became one of the great city's familiar, honored, and notable figures. Here, too, the final call came to him. On February 14, 1891, when he had just passed his seventy-first birthday, sounded the order "parade is dismissed," and Sherman died in his own home, in West Seventy-first Street, mourned by an entire nation. He was buried in St. Louis by the side of his wife, who had died in 1890.

William Tecumseh Sherman was, in the strictest sense of the word, a soldier. His bearing and presence told of camp and uniform. With a military education and military environments, he could not understand, and could not calmly brook, the cautious conservatism of the civilian, which would often temporize when swift, determined action seemed necessary, and which was often boastful at home, and timorous in the field. Able in action, fierce in assault, unerring in judgment, watchful in detail; with a sagacity and foresight that amounted almost to genius, and a memory that was marvellous, General Sherman was a great military leader, and one who, when the opportunity came, rode straight into fame and reputation. As determined as he was daring, as magnanimous as he was impulsive, as clear-headed as he was energetic, and as gentle-hearted in peace as he was ruthless in war, he was indeed a unique figure in America's history, and, as time goes on, his name will stand as that of one of the great Republic's most famous men and most cherished memories.



PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

(1831–1888)

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN, Commander-in-chief of the United States Army, and the last and most brilliant of the great generals of the North, was born at Somerset, O., March 6, 1831. He had few advantages of early education and training, but in 1848 he obtained a cadetship at West Point. Sheridan's hot blood and impulsive temperament were manifested even in his student days, and a quarrel with a comrade resulted in his suspension for a year. He was consequently unable to graduate in 1852, as he should have done, but in the following year he concluded his studies and was appointed a brevet second lieutenant of infantry. In 1854 he was assigned to the First Infantry in Texas, and the same year he received his com-

mission as second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry. With the latter regiment he served during the next six years in Washington Territory and Oregon. In the attack upon the Indians at the Cascades, Washington Territory, in April, 1856, the United States troops landed under fire, and routed and dispersed the enemy at every point. General Scott drew special attention to Sheridan's bravery on this occasion.

But it was the great Civil War which developed Sheridan's talents, as in the case of many other distinguished officers, and made promotion rapid. The resignation of commanders with Southern sympathies and the creation of new regiments secured Sheridan a first lieutenancy in the Fourth Infantry in March, 1861, and a captaincy in the Thirteenth Infantry in the following May. Yet that memorable year in the history of the United States "brought him little employment and no laurels." After various minor services he was commissioned as colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry on May 25, 1862. He at once engaged with the regiment in Elliot's raid against the railroad, which was destroyed at Booneville. During the month of June he commanded the Second Cavalry Brigade in several skirmishes, and on July 1st gained a brilliant victory at Booneville over a superior cavalry force. His appointment as brigadier-general of volunteers dated from this action. In the autumn of 1862 Sheridan received the command of the Eleventh Division of the Army of the Ohio, under General Buell. Moving out of Louisville with Buell, against Bragg, he took part, on October 8th, in the stoutly contested battle of Perryville, where he manœuvred his division with conspicuous skill and effect, holding the key of the Northern position, and using the point to its utmost advantage.

At the famous battle of Murfreesboro, which was one of the bloodiest and most prolonged of the campaign, Sheridan held the key-point for several hours in the first day's fighting, "displaying superb tactical skill and the greatest gallantry." After repulsing four desperate assaults his ammunition unfortunately gave out. He then ordered a bayonet charge and withdrew his lines from the field; but by his obstinate resistance invaluable time had been gained by his chief, General Rosecrans, to make new dispositions. Sheridan's commission as major-general followed upon these services. From this time little of interest occurred until September 19 and 20, 1863, when Sheridan again distinguished himself at the battle of Chickamauga, rescuing his division from a perilous position. General Thomas was transferred to the command of Rosecrans' besieged army at Chattanooga, and thither General Grant arrived with reinforcements from Vicksburg. Grant was determined to dislodge the Southern commander, Bragg, who was posted on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

Hooker carried Lookout Mountain and Thomas captured the Ridge on November 25th. In the latter operation Sheridan's division was the first to cross the crest, and it pressed the enemy's rear-guard until long after dark, seizing wagons and artillery. By his successful conduct in the West, Sheridan had now thoroughly established his military reputation.

Grant, who had now become lieutenant-general, established his headquarters in Virginia in March, 1864. He was very badly off for an energetic commander of cavalry there, and discussed the matter with General Halleck. The latter at once suggested Sheridan, remembering his splendid dash and bravery at Missionary Ridge. "The very man!" exclaimed the laconic Grant, and Sheridan accordingly became commander of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac. Sheridan's progress during the campaign of 1864 was like a whirlwind. His troops covered the front and flanks of the infantry through the battle of the "Wilderness" until May 8th, when the greater part of the force was withdrawn, and next morning Sheridan started on a raid against the enemy's points of communication with Richmond. Getting within the Confederate lines he dashed upon the outworks of Richmond itself, where he took one hundred prisoners, and thence moved to Haxall's Landing, from which point he returned to the Northern army, having destroyed many miles of railroad track, besides trains and a great quantity of rations, and liberated Union soldiers. This expedition included repulses of the enemy at Beaver Dam and Meadow Bridge, and the defeat of the enemy's cavalry at Yellow Tavern, where their best cavalry leader, J. E. B. Stuart, was killed. From May 27th to June 24th Sheridan was engaged in almost daily engagements and skirmishes, harassing the enemy, and, with that good fortune which sometimes attends the most daring soldiers, resisting all attempts to defeat or capture him.

The Middle Department and the Department of West Virginia, Washington, and Susquehanna were constituted the "Middle Military Division" in August, 1864, and General Grant put Sheridan in command of the same. He chafed for opportunities of further distinguishing himself and justifying his appointment; but the enemy, under General Early, had been reinforced, and for six weeks Sheridan was kept on the defensive near Harper's Ferry. At length, when Early's forces had been diminished, Sheridan expressed such confidence of success if he were allowed to attack, that Grant gave him permission in only two words of instruction, "Go in!" Sheridan went in, attacking Early with great vigor, on September 19th, at the crossing of the Opequan. After a severe battle the enemy was routed; Sheridan captured three thousand prisoners and five guns, and sent Early, as he expressed it, "whirling through Winchester." Next day President Lincoln, on Grant's recommendation, appointed the victorious soldier a brigadier-general in the regular army. Taking up the pursuit of Early in the Shenandoah Valley, Sheridan found him on the 20th strongly posted on Fisher's Hill, just beyond Strasburg. Quietly moving Crook's command through the wood, he turned the enemy's left on the 22d, and drove him from his stronghold, capturing sixteen guns.

The losses of Sheridan and those of Early in these two battles were almost precisely equal, being about fifty-four hundred men each; but the Northern general had captured many guns and small arms. Sheridan continued the pursuit up the valley, but finding it impracticable to proceed either to Lynchburg or Charlottesville, he returned through the valley, devastating it on his way and rendering it untenable for an enemy's army. By Sheridan's successes Grant obtained the unobstructed use of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, whereas his defeat would have exposed Maryland and Pennsylvania to invasion.

Sheridan's next operations, however, were the most important, as they have become the most renowned, in his career. Passing through Strasburg, he posted his troops on the further bank of Cedar Creek, while he himself, on October 16th, went to Washington, in response to a request from Secretary Stanton, for consultation. Before the sun rose on the morning of the 19th, Early, who had been reinforced, surprised, during a fog, the left of the Union army and uncovered the position also of the Nineteenth Corps, capturing twenty-four guns and about fourteen hundred prisoners. General Wright succeeded in retaining his grasp on the turnpike by moving the Sixth Corps to its western side and the cavalry to its eastern; but the whole army in the process had been driven back beyond Middletown.

Sheridan was at Winchester at this time, on his return from Washington. Hearing the noise of battle, he dashed up the turnpike with an escort of twenty men, rallying the fugitives on his way, and after a ride of a dozen miles reached the army, where he was received with indescribable enthusiasm. This famous incident gave rise to Buchanan Read's stirring poem of Sheridan's ride, now one of the most popular pieces in the repertories of public readers, both in England and the United States. After the lapse of a few hours, spent in preparing his forces, Sheridan ordered an advance, and literally swept the enemy from the field in one of the most overwhelming and decisive engagements of the war. All the lost Union guns were retaken, and twenty-four Confederate guns and many wagons and stores were captured. Congress passed a vote of thanks to Sheridan and his troops for the "brilliant series of victories in the valley," and especially the one at Cedar Creek. Sheridan was appointed by the President a major-general in the army "for the personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of your troops," as the order expressed it, "displayed by you on October 19th."

On February 27, 1865, Sheridan, with his cavalry, 10,000 strong, moved up the valley, destroying the Virginia Central Railroad, the James River Canal, and immense quantities of supplies, and defeating Early again at Waynesboro. He then made his way toward Grant's army and arrived at the White House on March 19th. In subsequent operations he acted immediately under General Grant. The final campaign of the war began, and on March 31st Sheridan was attacked by a heavy force of Lee's infantry, under Picket and Johnson; but on the following day, being reinforced by Warren, he entrapped and completely routed Picket and Johnson's forces at Five Forks, taking thousands of prisoners.

Sheridan displayed great tactical skill and generalship on this occasion, and the decisive battle of Five Forks compelled General Lee to evacuate Petersburg and Richmond. Lee was soon in flight, but Sheridan was speedily on his trail, and, far away in the Northern van, he constantly harassed the enemy. Overtaking the flying army at Sailor's Creek, he captured sixteen guns and four hundred wagons, and detained the enemy until the Sixth Corps could come up, when a combined attack resulted in the capture of more than six thousand prisoners.

On April 8th Sheridan again engaged the Confederates at Appomattox Station. Early on the morning of the 9th the enemy endeavored to break through, but abandoned the attempt when Sheridan, moving aside, disclosed the infantry behind. Sheridan mounted his men and was about to charge, when the white flag betokening surrender was displayed in his front. This brought the war in Virginia to a close, though in Alabama and other districts the conflict continued to a somewhat later period. The Confederate power, however, was broken by the surrender at Appomattox Court-house, which practically ended the Civil War.

Sheridan subsequently conducted an expedition into North Carolina. On June 3, 1865, he took command of the Military Division of the Southwest, at New Orleans, and was appointed to the Fifth Military District (Louisiana and Texas) in March, 1867. President Johnson, being dissatisfied with his administration, relieved him of his appointment during the reconstruction troubles in Louisiana, and transferred him to the Department of the Missouri. He continued in command until March 4, 1869, when he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, and assigned the command of the Division of the Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago.

During the Franco-German War of 1870–71 General Sheridan visited Europe, and was present as a spectator with the German forces at several celebrated engagements. He was held in high esteem by Prince Bismarck and Count Von Moltke. After the sanguinary battle of Gravelotte, which Sheridan witnessed, Bismarck returned with the King to Pont-à-Mousson, and on the evening of the next day the German Chancellor entertained at dinner General Sheridan and his American companions, "with whom he talked eagerly in good English, while champagne and porter circulated." At one point of the Franco-German War, when Bismarck was at Versailles, anxiously desiring a French government with which he could conclude a durable peace, "it almost seemed," says Mr. Lowe, in his "Life of Bismarck," "as if he had no other resource but to pursue the war on the principles laid down by General Sheridan." The American soldier had said to the Chancellor: "First deal as hard blows at the enemy's soldiers as possible, and then cause so much suffering to the inhabitants of the country that they will long for peace and press their government to make it. Nothing should be left to the people but eyes to see and lament the war."

In 1875, during the political disturbances in Louisiana, General Sheridan was sent to New Orleans, returning to Chicago on quiet being restored. On the retirement of General Sherman, in March, 1884, he was appointed Commander-

BY KIND PERMISSION OF MRS. U.S. GRANT

in-chief of the Army of the United States. He died August 5, 1888. General Sheridan was the most brilliant cavalry officer whom America has produced. In addition to conspicuous personal bravery, he had an eagle eye for piercing through the designs of an enemy and for detecting at a glance all their weak points. He possessed wonderful energy, remained undepressed in the presence of overwhelming odds, and had a superb confidence in moments of the greatest danger. His career was one of the most romantic and adventurous called forth by the great American civil struggle.

ROBERT EDMUND LEE

By General Viscount Wolseley

(1807–1870)

It is my wish to give a short outline of General Lee's life, and to describe him as I saw him in the autumn of 1862, when at the head of proud and victorious troops he smiled at the notion of defeat by any army that could be sent against him. I desire to make known to the reader not only the renowned soldier, whom I believe to have been the greatest of his age, but to give some insight into the character of one whom I have always considered the most perfect man I ever met.

As a looker-on, I feel that both parties in the war have so much to be proud of that both can afford to hear what impartial Englishmen, or foreigners, have to say about it. Inflated and bubble reputations were acquired during its progress, few of which will bear the test of time. The idol momentarily set up, often for political reasons, crumbles in time into the dust from which its limbs were perhaps originally moulded. To me, however, two figures stand out in that history, towering above all others, both cast in hard metal that will be forever proof against the belittling efforts of all future detractors: one, General Lee, the great soldier; the other, Mr. Lincoln, the far-seeing statesman of iron will, of unflinching determination. Each is a good representative of the genius that characterized his country. As I study the history of the secession war, these seem to me the two men who influenced it most, and who will be recognized as its greatest heroes when future generations of American historians record its stirring events with impartiality.

General Lee came from the class of landed gentry that has furnished England at all times with her most able and distinguished leaders. The first of his family who went to America was Richard Lee, who, in 1641, became Colonial Secretary to the Governor of Virginia. The family settled in Westmoreland, one of the most lovely counties in that historic State, and members of it from time to time held high positions in the government. Several of the family distinguished themselves during the War of Independence, among whom was Henry, the father of General Robert E. Lee. He raised a mounted corps known as "Lee's Legion," in command of which he obtained the reputation of being an able and gallant soldier. He was nicknamed by his comrades "Light-Horse Harry." He was three times Governor of his native State. To him is attributed the authorship of the eulogy on General Washington, in which occurs the so-often quoted sentence, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," praise that with equal truth might have been subsequently applied to his own distinguished son.

The subject of this slight sketch, Robert Edmund Lee, was born January 9, 1807, at the family place of Stratford, in the county of Westmoreland, State of Virginia. When only a few years old, his parents moved to the small town of Alexandria, which is on the right bank of the Potomac River, nearly opposite Washington, but a little below it.

He was but a boy of eleven when his father died, leaving his family in straitened circumstances. Like many other great commanders, he was in consequence brought up in comparative poverty, a condition which has been pronounced by the greatest of them as the best training for soldiers. During his early years he attended a day-school near his home in Alexandria. He was thus able in his leisure hours to help his invalid mother in all her household concerns, and to afford her that watchful care which, owing to her very delicate health, she so much needed. She was a clever, highly gifted woman, and by her fond care his character was formed and stamped with honest truthfulness. By her he was taught never to forget that he was well born, and that, as a gentleman, honor must be his guiding star through life. It was from her lips he learned his Bible, from her teaching he drank in the sincere belief in revealed religion which he never lost. It was she who imbued her great son with an ineradicable belief in the efficacy of prayer, and in the reality of God's interposition in the every-day affairs of the true believer. No son ever returned a mother's love with more heartfelt intensity. She was his idol, and he worshipped her with the deep-seated inborn love which is known only to the son in whom filial affection is strengthened by respect and personal admiration for the woman who bore him. He was her all in all, or, as she described it, he was both son and daughter to her. He watched over her in weary hours of pain, and served her with all that soft tenderness which was such a marked trait in the character of this great, stern leader of men.

He seems to have been throughout his boyhood and early youth perfect in disposition, in bearing, and in conduct—a model of all that was noble, honorable, and manly. Of the early life of very few great men can this be said. Many who

have left behind the greatest reputations for usefulness, in whom middle age was a model of virtue and perhaps of noble self-denial, began their career in a whirlwind of wild excess. Often, again, we find that, like Nero, the virtuous youth develops into the middle-aged fiend, who leaves behind him a name to be execrated for all time. It would be difficult to find in history a great man, be he soldier or statesman, with a character so irreproachable throughout his whole life as that which in boyhood, youth, manhood, and to his death, distinguished Robert Lee from all contemporaries.

He entered the Military Academy of West Point at the age of eighteen, where he worked hard, became adjutant of the cadet corps, and finally graduated at the head of his class. There he mastered the theory of war and studied the campaigns of the great masters in that most ancient of all sciences. Whatever he did, even as a boy, he did thoroughly, with order and method. Even at this early age he was the model Christian gentleman in thought, word, and deed; careful and exact in the obedience he rendered his superiors, but remarkable for that dignity of deportment which all through his career struck strangers with admiring respect.

He left West Point when twenty-two, having gained its highest honors, and at once obtained a commission in the engineers. Two years afterward he married the granddaughter and heiress of Mrs. Custis, whose second husband had been General Washington, but by whom she left no children. It was a great match for a poor subaltern officer, as his wife was heiress to a very extensive property and to a large number of slaves. She was clever, very well educated, and a general favorite; he was handsome, tall, well made, with a graceful figure, and a good rider; his manners were at once easy and captivating. These young people had long known one another, and each was the other's first love. She brought with her as part of her fortune General Washington's beautiful property of Arlington, situated on the picturesque wooded heights that overhang the Potomac River, opposite the capital to which the great Washington had given his name. In talking to me of the Northern troops, whose conduct in Virginia was then denounced by every local paper, no bitter expression passed his lips, but tears filled his eyes as he referred to the destruction of his place, that had been the cherished home of the father of the United States. He could forgive their cutting down his trees, their wanton conversion of his pleasure-grounds into a graveyard, but he could never forget their reckless plunder of all the camp equipment and other relics of General Washington that Arlington House had contained.

Robert Lee first saw active service during the American war with Mexico in 1846, where he was wounded, and evinced a remarkable talent for war that brought him prominently into notice. He was afterward engaged in operations against hostile Indians, and obtained the reputation in the army of being an able officer of great promise. General Scott, then the general of greatest repute in the United States, was especially attracted by the zeal and soldierly instinct of the young captain of engineers, and frequently employed him on distant expedi-

tions that required cool nerve, confidence, and plenty of common sense. It is a curious fact that throughout the Mexican War General Scott in his despatches and reports made frequent mention of three officers—Lee, Beauregard, and McClellan—whose names became household words in America afterward, during the great Southern struggle for independence. General Scott had the highest opinion of Lee's military genius, and did not hesitate to ascribe much of his success in Mexico as due to Lee's "skill, valor, and undaunted energy." Indeed, subsequently, when the day came that these two men should part, each to take a different side in the horrible contest before them, General Scott is said to have urged Mr. Lincoln's Government to secure Lee at any price, alleging he "would be worth fifty thousand men to them." His valuable services were duly recognized at Washington by more than one step of brevet promotion: he obtained the rank of colonel and was given command of a cavalry regiment shortly afterward.

I must now pass to the most important epoch of his life, when the Southern States left the Union and set up a government of their own. Mr. Lincoln was in 1860 elected President of the United States in the abolitionist interest. Both parties were so angry that thoughtful men soon began to see that war alone could end this bitter dispute. Shipwreck was before the vessel of state which General Washington had built and guided with so much care during his long and hard-fought contest. Civil war stared the American citizen in the face, and Lee's heart was wellnigh broken at the prospect. Early in 1861 the seven Cotton States passed acts declaring their withdrawal from the Union, and their establishment of an independent republic, under the title of "The Confederate States of America." This declaration of independence was in reality a revolution; war alone could ever bring all the States together.

Lee viewed this secession with horror. Until the month of April, when Virginia, his own dearly cherished State, joined the Confederacy, he clung fondly to the hope that the gulf which separated the North from the South might yet be bridged over. He believed the dissolution of the Union to be a dire calamity not only for his own country, but for civilization and all mankind. "Still," he said, "a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charm for me." In common with all Southerners he firmly believed that each of the old States had a legal and indisputable right, by its individual constitution, and by its act of union, to leave at will the great Union into which each had separately entered as a sovereign State. This was with him an article of faith of which he was as sure as of any divine truths he found in the Bible. This fact must be kept always in mind by those who would rightly understand his character, or the course he pursued in 1861. He loved the Union for which his father and family in the previous century had fought so hard and done so much. But he loved his own State still more. She was the sovereign to whom in the first place he owed allegiance, and whose orders, as expressed through her legally constituted government, he was, he felt, bound in law, in honor, and in

love to obey without doubt or hesitation. This belief was the main-spring that kept the Southern Confederacy going, as it was also the corner-stone of its constitution.

In April, 1861, at Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor, the first shot was fired in a war that was only ended in April, 1865, by the surrender of General Lee's army at Appomattox Court House, in Virginia. In duration it is the longest war waged since the great Napoleon's power was finally crushed at Waterloo. As the heroic struggle of a small population that was cut off from all outside help, against a great, populous, and very rich republic, with every market in the world open to it, and to whom all Europe was a recruiting ground, this secession war stands out prominently in the history of the world. When the vast numbers of men put into the field by the Northern States, and the scale upon which their operations were carried on, are duly considered, it must be regarded as a war fully equal in magnitude to the successful invasion of France by Germany in 1870. If the mind be allowed to speculate on the course that events will take in centuries to come, as they flow surely on with varying swiftness to the ocean of the unknown future, the influence which the result of this Confederate war is bound to exercise upon man's future history will seem very great. Think of what a power the re-United States will be in another century! Of what it will be in the twenty-first century of the Christian era! If, as many believe, China is destined to absorb all Asia and then to overrun Europe, may it not be in the possible future that Armageddon, the final contest between heathendom and Christianity, may be fought out between China and North America? Had secession been victorious, it is tolerably certain that the United States would have broken up still further, and instead of the present magnificent and English-speaking empire, we should now see in its place a number of small powers with separate interests.

Most certainly it was the existence of slavery in the South that gave rise to the bitter antagonism of feeling which led to secession. But it was not to secure emancipation that the North took up arms, although during the progress of the war Mr. Lincoln proclaimed it, for the purpose of striking his enemy a serious blow. Lee hated slavery, but, as he explained to me, he thought it wicked to give freedom suddenly to some millions of people who were incapable of using it with profit to themselves or the State. He assured me he had long intended to gradually give his slaves their liberty. He believed the institution to be a moral and political evil, and more hurtful to the white than to the black man. He had a strong affection for the negro; but he deprecated any sudden or violent interference on the part of the State between master and slave. Nothing would have induced him to fight for the continuance of slavery; indeed, he declared that had he owned every slave in the South he would willingly give them all up if by so doing he could preserve the Union. He was opposed to secession, and to prevent it he would willingly sacrifice everything except honor and duty, which forbade him to desert his State. When in April, 1861, she formally and by an act of her Legislature left the Union, he resigned his commission in the United

States army with the intention of retiring into private life. He endeavored to choose what was right. Every personal interest bade him throw in his lot with the Union. His property lay so close to Washington that it was certain to be destroyed and swept of every slave, as belonging to a rebel. But the die was cast; he forsook everything for principle and the stern duty it entailed. Then came that final temptation which opened out before him a vista of power and importance greater than that which any man since Washington had held in America. General Long's book proves beyond all further doubt that he was offered the post of commander-in-chief of the Federal army. General Scott, his great friend and leader, whom he loved and respected, then commanding that army, used all his influence to persuade him to throw in his lot with the North, but to no purpose. Nothing would induce him to have any part in the invasion of his own State, much as he abhorred the war into which he felt she was rushing. His love of country, his unselfish patriotism, caused him to relinquish home, fortune, a certain future, in fact, everything, for her sake.

He was not, however, to remain a spectator of the coming conflict; he was too well known to his countrymen in Virginia as the officer in whom the Federal army had most confidence. The State of Virginia appointed him major-general and commander-in-chief of all her military forces. In open and crowded convention he formally accepted this position, saying, with all that dignity and grace of manner which distinguished him, that he did so "trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens." The scene was most impressive. There were present all the leading men of Virginia, and representatives of all the first families in a State where great store was attached to gentle birth, and where society was very exclusive. General Lee's presence commanded respect, even from strangers, by a calm, self-possessed dignity the like of which I have never seen in other men. Naturally of strong passions, he kept them under perfect control by that iron and determined will, of which his expression and his face gave evidence. As this tall, handsome soldier stood before his countrymen, he was the picture of the ideal patriot, unconscious and self-possessed in his strength; he indulged in no theatrical display of feeling; there was in his face and about him that placid resolve which bespoke great confidence in self, and which in his case—one knows not how—quickly communicated its magnetic influence to others. He was then just fifty-four years old, the age of Marlborough when he destroyed the French army at Blenheim. In many ways and on many points these two great men much resembled each other. Both were of a dignified and commanding exterior; eminently handsome, with a figure tall, graceful, and erect, while a muscular, square-built frame bespoke great activity of body. The charm of manner which I have mentioned as very winning in Lee, was possessed in the highest degree by Marlborough. Both, at the outset of their great career of victory, were regarded as essentially national commanders. Both had married young, and were faithful husbands and devoted fathers. Both had in all their campaigns the same belief in an ever-watchful Providence, in whose help they trusted implicitly, and for whose interposition

they prayed at all times. They were gifted with the same military instinct, the same genius for war. The power of fascinating those with whom they were associated, the spell which they cast over their soldiers, who believed almost superstitiously in their certainty of victory, their contempt of danger, their daring courage, constitute a parallel that is difficult to equal between any other two great men of modern times.

From the first Lee anticipated a long and bloody struggle, although from the bombastic oratory of self-elected politicians and patriots the people were led to believe that the whole business would be settled in a few weeks. This folly led to a serious evil, namely, the enlistment of soldiers for only ninety days. Lee, who understood war, pleaded in favor of the engagement being for the term of war, but he pleaded in vain. To add to his military difficulties, the politicians insisted upon the officers being elected by their men. This was a point which, in describing to me the constitution of his army, Lee most deplored.

The formation of an army with the means alone at his disposal was a colossal task. Everything had to be created by this extraordinary man. The South was an agricultural, not a manufacturing, country, and the resources of foreign lands were denied it by the blockade of its ports maintained by the fleet of the United States. Lee was a thorough man of business, quick in decision, yet methodical in all he did. He knew what he wanted. He knew what an army should be, and how it should be organized, both in a purely military as well as an administrative sense. In about two months he had created a little army of fifty thousand men, animated by a lofty patriotism and courage that made them unconquerable by any similarly constituted army. In another month this army, at Bull Run, gained a complete victory over the Northern invaders, who were driven back across the Potomac like herds of frightened sheep.

The Confederates did not follow up their victory at Bull Run. A rapid and daring advance would have given them possession of Washington, their enemy's capital. Political considerations at Richmond were allowed to outweigh the very evident military expediency of reaping a solid advantage from this their first great success. Often afterward, when this attempt to allay the angry feelings of the North against the act of secession had entirely failed, was this action of their political rulers lamented by the Confederate commanders.

In this article, to attempt even a sketch of the subsequent military operations is not to be thought of. Both sides fought well, and both have such true reason to be proud of their achievements that they can now afford to hear the professional criticisms of their English friends in the same spirit that we Britishers have learned to read of the many defeats inflicted upon our arms by General Washington.

As a student of war I would fain linger over the interesting lessons to be learned from Lee's campaigns; of the same race as both belligerents, I could with the utmost pleasure dwell upon the many brilliant feats of arms on both sides; but I cannot do so here.

The end came at last, when the well-supplied North, rich enough to pay re-

cruits, no matter where they came from, a bounty of over five hundred dollars a head, triumphed over an exhausted South, hemmed in on all sides, and even cut off from all communication with the outside world. The desperate, though drawn battle of Gettysburg was the death-knell of Southern independence; and General Sherman's splendid but almost unopposed march to the sea showed the world that all further resistance on the part of the Confederate States could only be a profitless waste of blood. In the thirty-five days of fighting near Richmond which ended the war in 1865, General Grant's army numbered 190,000, that of Lee only 51,000 men. Every man lost by the former was easily replaced, but an exhausted South could find no more soldiers. "The right of self-government," which Washington won and for which Lee fought, was no longer to be a watchword to stir men's blood in the United States. The South was humbled and beaten by its own flesh and blood in the North, and it is difficult to know which to admire most, the good sense with which the result was accepted in the so-called Confederate States, or the wise magnanimity displayed by the victors. The wounds are now healed on both sides; Northerners and Southerners are now once more a united people, with a future before them to which no other nation can aspire. If the English-speaking people of the earth cannot all acknowledge the same sovereign, they can, and I am sure they will, at least combine to work in the interests of truth and of peace for the good of mankind. The wise men on both sides of the Atlantic will take care to chase away all passing clouds that may at any time throw even a shadow of dispute or discord between the two great families into which our race is divided.

Like all men, Lee had his faults; like all the greatest of generals, he sometimes made mistakes. His nature shrank with such horror from the dread of wounding the feelings of others, that upon occasions he left men in positions of responsibility to which their abilities were not equal. This softness of heart, amiable as that quality may be, amounts to a crime in the man intrusted with the direction of public affairs at critical moments. Lee's devotion to duty and great respect for obedience seem at times to have made him too subservient to those charged with the civil government of his country. He carried out too literally the orders of those whom the Confederate constitution made his superiors, although he must have known them to be entirely ignorant of the science of war. He appears to have forgotten that he was the great revolutionary chief engaged in a great revolutionary war, that he was no mere leader in a political struggle of parties carried on within the lines of an old, well-established form of government. It was very clear to many at the time, as it will be commonly acknowledged now, that the South could only hope to win under the rule of a military dictator. If General Washington had had a Mr. Davis over him, could he have accomplished what he did? It will, I am sure, be news to many that General Lee was given the command over all the Confederate armies a month or two only before the final collapse; and that the military policy of the South was all throughout the war dictated by Mr. Davis as President of the Confederate States. Lee had no power to reward soldiers or to promote officers. It was Mr. Davis who selected

the men to command divisions and armies. Is it to be supposed that Cromwell, King William the Third, Washington, or Napoleon could have succeeded in the revolutions with which their names are identified, had they submitted to the will and authority of a politician as Lee did to Mr. Davis?

Lee was opposed to the final defence of Richmond that was urged upon him for political, not military, reasons. It was a great strategic error. General Grant's large army of men was easily fed and its daily losses easily recruited from a near base; whereas if it had been drawn far into the interior after the little army with which Lee endeavored to protect Richmond, its fighting strength would have been largely reduced by the detachments required to guard a long line of communications through a hostile country. It is profitless, however, to speculate upon what might have been, and the military student must take these campaigns as they were carried out. No fair estimate of Lee as a general can be made by a simple comparison of what he achieved with that which Napoleon, Wellington, or Von Moltke accomplished, unless due allowance is made for the difference in the nature of the American armies, and of the armies commanded and encountered by those great leaders. They were at the head of perfectly organized, thoroughly trained, and well disciplined troops; while Lee's soldiers, though gallant and daring to a fault, lacked the military cohesion and efficiency, the trained company leaders, and the educated staff which are only to be found in a regular army of long standing. A trial heat between two jockeys mounted on untrained horses may be interesting, but no one would ever quote the performance as an instance of great racing speed.

Who shall ever fathom the depth of Lee's anguish when the bitter end came, and when, beaten down by sheer force of numbers, and by absolutely nothing else, he found himself obliged to surrender! The handful of starving men remaining with him laid down their arms, and the proud Confederacy ceased to be. Surely the crushing, maddening anguish of awful sorrow is only known to the leader who has so failed to accomplish some lofty, some noble aim for which he has long striven with might and main, with heart and soul, in the interests of king or of country. A smiling face, a cheerful mien, may conceal the sore place from the eyes, possibly even from the knowledge of his friends; but there is no healing for such a wound, which eats into the very heart of him who has once received it.

General Lee survived the destruction of the Confederacy for five years, when, at the age of sixty-three, and surrounded by his family, life ebbed slowly from him. Where else in history is a great man to be found whose whole life was one such blameless record of duty nobly done? It was consistent in all its parts, complete in all its relations. The most perfect gentleman of a State long celebrated for its chivalry, he was just, gentle, and generous, and childlike in the simplicity of his character. Never elated with success, he bore reverse, and at last, complete overthrow, with dignified resignation. Throughout this long and cruel struggle his was all the responsibility, but not the power that should have accompanied it. The fierce light which beats upon the throne is as that of a

rush-light in comparison with the electric glare which our newspapers now focus upon the public man in Lee's position. His character has been subjected to that ordeal, and who can point to any spot upon it? His clear, sound judgment, personal courage, untiring activity, genius for war, and absolute devotion to his State mark him out as a public man, as a patriot to be forever remembered by all Americans. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in pain or sorrow, his love for children, nice sense of personal honor, and genial courtesy endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet, winning smile, nor his clear, honest eyes, that seemed to look into your brain. I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould, and made of different and of finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way: a man with whom none I ever knew, and very few of whom I have read, are worthy to be classed. I have met but two men who realize my ideas of what a true hero should be: my friend Charles Gordon, was one, General Lee was the other.

The following beautiful letter was written by Lee to his son in 1860:*

"You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so, is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with anyone, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say, nothing to the injury of anyone. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor.

"In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that, nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as 'the dark day'—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Someone, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be

* Copied, with the kind permission of the publisher, G. W. Dillingham, from John Esten Cooke's Life of Lee.

found at his place doing his duty, and therefore, moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part."

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON*

By Marion Harland

(1826–1863)

In 1842 a young man from Lewis County, Va., "dropped" discouraged out of his class in West Point, after a few weeks' trial of drill and curriculum, and returned home.

The story of his defeat was canvassed freely in the neighborhood smithy, the headquarters of provincial gossip, and was under discussion one May day while Cummins Jackson, a planter and bachelor, waited to have a horse shod.

"There's a chance for Tom Jackson!" observed the blacksmith, with friendly officiousness.

The early life of Cummins Jackson's nephew was well known to speaker and bystanders. Left an orphan at seven years of age, he, with his brother, older than himself, and their little sister, were thrown upon the charity of uncles and aunts. "Tom" was accounted steady and industrious, yet there was a serious break in his record. The brothers had run away to seek their fortunes in company when Warren was fourteen, Tom but twelve years old, going down the Ohio to the Mississippi and maintaining themselves by cutting wood for passing steamboats until disabled by malarial fever. Thomas took the lead in the juvenile prodigals' return to relatives and respectability, and was kindly received by his bachelor uncle. Since then he had worked in Cummins Jackson's mill and upon his farm as diligently as he sought to "get an education" in the "old field school" nearest to his home.

His imagination took fire at his uncle's report of the blacksmith's suggestion. Armed with a letter of introduction signed by leading citizens of the county, to the Congressman from the district, he went in person to Washington and

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through the kindness of the representative obtained an interview with the Secretary of War.

"Gruff and heroic with the grit of Old Hickory himself" was the cabinet-officer's opinion of the country lad. He commended him to the West Point Board of Examiners in terms that secured him admission to the Military Academy in spite of certain grave deficiencies in his early education.

The story of the wrestle with these and other disabilities during the next four years is interesting and instructive. Three extracts from a list of rules for his personal conduct, set down at this time in a private note-book, sound the key-note of his subsequent career:

"*Sacrifice your life rather than your word.*

"*Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.*

"*You may be whatever you resolve to be.*"

He was respected by all his classmates, known and liked by a few. He was too reserved by nature, too busy in practice, to be a general favorite. His labors were unremitting, his recreations few and simple. With no prevision of the destinies awaiting them, Jackson, McClellan, A. T. Hill, Reno, Picket, Foster, and Maury, as beardless boys, studied and were drilled side by side for four terms and were graduated upon the same day. There were seventy in this remarkable class, and the name of Thomas Jonathan Jackson stood seventeenth upon the roll of merit.

"If we had to stay here one year more, old Jack would be at the head," the witnesses of the fierce ordeal of his West Point training used to say.

The class of '46 was ordered forthwith to the seat of war in Mexico. Jackson's first engagement was the siege of Vera Cruz; his next the battle of Cherubusco. The official report of this last mentions him favorably. As second lieutenant, he was called upon early in the action to take the place of the next in rank above him, the first lieutenant having fallen in the charge. After the battle Jackson was further promoted to the rank of brevet captain. His "devotion, industry, talent, and gallantry" were noted officially after Chapultepec, not only by his colonel, but by Generals Pillow and Worth, and by the Commander-in-chief, Winfield Scott.

What he afterward confessed as the "one wilful lie he ever told" is thus reported by a brother-officer:

"Lieutenant Jackson's section of Magruder's battery was subjected to a plunging fire from the Castle of Chapultepec. Horses were killed or disabled, and the men deserted the guns and sought shelter behind wall or embankment. Lieutenant Jackson remained at the guns, walking back and forth and kept saying, 'See, there is no danger; *I* am not hit!' While standing with his legs wide apart, a cannon-ball passed between them. . . . No other officer in the army in Mexico was promoted so often for meritorious conduct, or made so great a stride in rank."

After peace was declared in 1848, he was stationed for two years at Fort Hamilton, and six months at Fort Meade in Florida; in 1851 he was elected

Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Artillery Tactics in the Virginia Military Institute, situated in Lexington, Va. In the decade succeeding this event, he was to the casual eye the least striking figure in the group of professors who taught the art of war in the beautiful mountain-girt "West Point of the South."

"I should have said that he was the least likely of our family to make a noise in the world," said his sister-in-law in 1862, when the popular voice was ranking him with Bayard, Roland, Sidney, and Napoleon.

"I knew that what I willed to do, I could do," he had said of his recovery from physical weaknesses which made his acceptance of the Lexington professorship of doubtful expediency, in the judgment of friends.

He never willed to be eloquent in the lecture-room or brilliant in society. In his life as teacher, church official, and neighbor there was no evidence of the personal magnetism which was to make him the soul and genius of the Confederate army. While carrying into every detail of daily existence the military law of system and fidelity, he was aggressive in nothing. The grave, quiet gentleman who was never late in class, never negligent of the minutest professional duty, who was always punctual at religious services, and never missed a meeting of the Faculty of the V. M. I., or of the deacons of the Presbyterian Church, was reckoned a good Christian and upright citizen, exemplary in domestic and social relations—perhaps a trifle ultra-conscientious in some particulars. But for the prevalency of orthodoxy in "the Valley" he would have been considered eccentric in his religious views and practice. He established a Sunday-school for the negroes and superintended it in person; he gave a tenth of his substance to the church; he "weighed his lightest utterances in the balances of the sanctuary;" he would not pick up an apple in a neighbor's orchard unless he had permission to take it; he never wrote or read letters on Sunday, or mailed one that must travel on that day to reach its destination; used neither tobacco, tea, nor coffee, and during the war was "more afraid of a glass of wine than of Federal bullets." His reverence for women was deep and unfeigned; he was gentleness itself to little children; bowed down before the hoary head, and never sank the lover in the husband. All that he had and all he was, belonged first to God, then to his wife.

"His person was tall, erect, and muscular. . . . His bearing was peculiarly English, and in the somewhat free society of America was regarded as constrained. Every movement was quick and decisive; his articulation was rapid, but distinct and emphatic, and often made the impression of curtness. He practised a military exactness in all the courtesies of society. . . . His brow was fair and expansive; his eyes blue-gray, large, and expressive; his nose Roman and well-chiselled; his cheeks were ruddy and sunburned; his mouth, firm and full of meaning; his beard was brown"—is a pen-picture drawn by a brother officer.

On December 2, 1859, a corps of cadets was sent to Charlestown, Va., to secure law and order during the execution of John Brown. Major Jack-

son's graphic description of the scene in a letter to his wife contains this passage:

"I was much impressed with the thought that before me stood a man in the full vigor of health, who must in a few moments enter eternity. I sent up the petition that he might be saved."

An officer upon duty, he saw the terrible spectacle with Cromwellian composure, but the man behind the impassive mask was upon his knees in prayer for the human soul. Under date of January 21, 1860, he writes:

"Viewing things at Washington from human appearances we have great reason for alarm, but my trust is in God. I cannot think that He will permit the madness of men to interfere so materially with the Christian labors of this country at home and abroad."

She who, of all the world, knew him best records:

"He never was a secessionist and maintained that it was better for the South to fight for her rights in the Union than out of it. . . . At this time (March 16, 1861) he was strongly for the Union. At the same time, he was a firm State's rights man."

At dawn, April 21st, he received an order from the Governor of Virginia to report to him immediately at Richmond, bringing the corps of cadets with him. At 1 o'clock P.M. he bade a final farewell to home and Lexington.

On June 4th he writes incidentally to his "Little One" from Harper's Ferry:

"The troops here have been divided into brigades, and the Virginia forces under General Johnston constitute the First Brigade, of which I am in command."

This brigade was to share with the commanding officers the *sobriquet* by which he is known better than under his real name. In the battery attached to it were forty-nine graduates of colleges, besides nineteen divinity students.

From the first victory of Manassas (June 21, 1861), when General Bee turned the tide of battle by shouting to the wavering lines, "Look at Jackson, standing like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!" to the fatal blunder of May 2, 1863, "Stonewall" Jackson was the flashing star that guided the Confederate armies to glorious success. His faith in the God of armies was so blended with the conviction that he was a chosen instrument in the Omnipotent hand to repel invasion and secure an honorable peace for his beloved State, that his sublime confidence infused officers and men.

A fragment of a camp ballad, popular in 1862, will give a faint idea of the enthusiasm excited by the "praying fighter:"

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue-light's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! 'tis his way!
Appealing from his native sod
In *forma pauperis* to God;
"Lay bare Thine arm—stretch forth Thy rod!
Amen!" *That's* Stonewall's way.

Love-letters to his "only sweetheart," written in camp, in the saddle, from smoking battle-fields, red with the blood of the slain, reveal a heart as tender as it was stout, faith that never failed, the courage of a lion, the unspoiled simplicity of a child.

Our last extract from war papers is significant of what might have been but for the fall of the South's greatest chieftain at the most critical period of the struggle:

"Jackson alone stands forth the one advocate of 'ceaseless invasion' as our 'safest hope,' the first conviction of his mind and a policy in accord with Southern feeling."

Mrs. Jackson joined her husband at his quarters near Fredericksburg, bringing with her the baby-girl he had never seen until then, on April 20, 1863. On the 23d the little one, held in the proud father's arms, was baptized by the regimental chaplain. Nine golden days followed the reunion of the loving family before Hooker crossed the Rappahannock in force. Wife and baby were hurried off to Richmond after "a hasty, tender adieu," and the battle of Chancellorsville began.

"From the opening of this campaign," says Jackson's biographer, "it was observed that a wondrous change came over him. From the quiet, patient, but arduous laborer over his daily tasks, he seemed transformed into a thunderbolt of war."

During the three awful days of Chancellorsville "the thunderbolt" seemed omnipresent to the Confederate soldiers, oftenest in the hottest of the fight, always where he was most sorely needed.

On the afternoon of May 2d, in making his way from one part of the field to another with his staff and couriers, they were mistaken for Federal cavalry, and a volley of musketry was poured in upon them, wounding General Jackson mortally.

On the way to the rear a second disaster overtook the doomed band: A Federal battery opened a fire across the road, and the devoted attendants, laying the wounded chief in a shallow ditch, covered him with their own bodies while the tempest of shot tore up the earth on all sides of them. The danger was averted by a change in the range of the guns, and the mournful march was resumed. Meeting a North Carolina general who "feared," in reply to Jackson's eager questions, "that his troops could not maintain their position," the hero spoke out, in the accustomed tone of command:

"You *must* hold your ground, General Pender! you must hold your ground, sir!"

It was his last military order. Some hours later he lay in his tent, weak from pain and loss of blood, one arm gone, and his other wounds dressed, when a messenger arrived in haste from General J. E. B. Stuart, relating that he was contending against fearful odds in the field, and asking for counsel from the friend who would never more ride forth at his side. At the tidings of Stuart's extremity, General Jackson aroused himself to interrogate the bearer of the message,

query succeeding query with characteristic impetuosity. Suddenly the martial fire faded ashily, his eyes dulled into mournfulness.

"I don't know. I can't tell—" as if groping for thought or words. "Tell General Stuart to do what *he* thinks best."

The "resolve" he and others had thought invincible, the iron nerve that had not quivered in the shock of fifty engagements, failed him. Yet he rallied as the cannonading jarred his bed and insisted upon receiving reports from hour to hour.

"Good! good!" he ejaculated, when told how his own brigade was behaving. "The men will some day be proud to say to their children, 'I was one of the Stonewall brigade.' The name belongs to them, not to me. It was their steadfast heroism at First Manassas that earned it. They are a noble body of men."

His wife and child were recalled in season to be with him for two days immediately preceding his death. Although confident up to the dawn of his last day on earth, that GOD still had work for him to do, and would raise him up to do it, he received the news of his approaching dissolution with perfect calmness.

"He preferred the will of GOD to his own;" he "would be infinitely the gainer by the translation from earth to heaven." He gave his wife instructions as to his burial and her future home; smiled radiantly, in murmuring "Little darling! sweet one!" as the baby he had named for his mother was lifted for the father's last kiss.

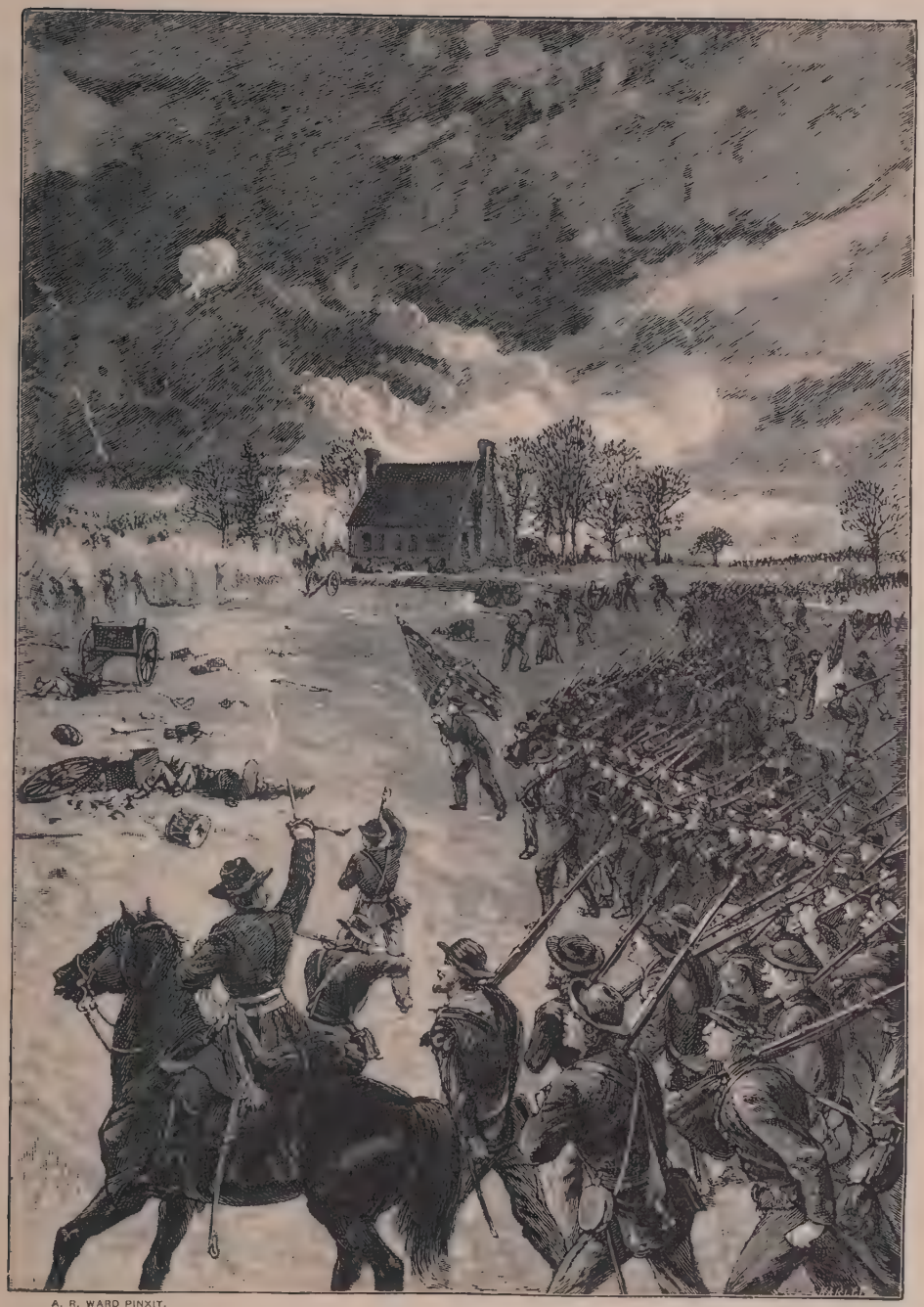
"Jackson must recover," General Lee had exclaimed upon hearing of his condition. "God will not take him from us now that we need him so much. Say to him that he has lost his left arm, *I my right!*"

Men who had not blenched when brought face to face with death that menaced themselves, bowed to the earth, weeping like women, as mortal weakness stole upon the strong right arm of the Confederacy. Without the tent "the whole army was praying for him," while incoherent sentences of command and inarticulate murmurings fell from his lips—fainter with each utterance. The watchers thought speech and consciousness gone forever, when the voice that had pealed like the blast of Roland in charge and rally, sounded through the hushed chamber, sweet, distinct, and full of cheer, but in dreamy inflections:

"*Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees!*"

Forced march, and midnight raid, and mad rush of battle were over. Victorious Greatheart slept upon the field.

Mary Virginia Terhune



A. R. WARD PINXIT.

JACKSON AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

DAVID GLASCOE FARRAGUT

By L. P. Brockett, A.M.

(1801–1870)

Heroes have not been wanting in the history of maritime warfare, at any time in these last three hundred years. Holland points with pride to her gallant DeRuyter and Van Tromp, who made the little republic among the marshes and canals that yield tribute to the Zuyder Zee, famous the world over. England glories in her Blake, her Collingwood, and most of all, in her Nelson, the model naval hero of all her history; and we cannot suppress our admiration of the daring of the reckless John Paul Jones, the matchless patriotism of Lawrence, and the gallant bearing and extraordinary success of Perry, Bainbridge, Decatur, and the elder Porter; while in the War of the Rebellion the heroic Foote, Dupont, Winslow, D. D. Porter, and Rogers, covered their names with glory.

But among all these illustrious names there is none which so thoroughly awakens our enthusiasm, or so readily calls forth our applause, as that of Farragut. With all of Nelson's courage and daring, he had more than his executive ability and fertility of resource, a wider and more generous intellectual culture, and a more unblemished, *naïve*, frank, and gentle character.

He bore in his veins some traces of the best blood of Spain, his father, George Farragut, having been a native of Citadella, the capital of the island of Minorca, and a descendant of an ancient and honorable Catalonian family. The father came to this country in 1776, and united most heartily in our struggle for independence, attaining during the war the rank of major. After the conclusion of the war, Major Farragut married Miss Elizabeth Shine, of North Carolina, a descendant of the old Scotch family of McIven, and settled as a farmer at Campbell's Station, near Knoxville, Tenn. Here, on July 5, 1801, his illustrious son was born. The father seems to have been not altogether contented with a farmer's life in that mountainous region, for not long after we hear of him as a sailing-master in the navy, and an intimate friend of the father of Commodore David D. Porter, who then held a similar rank. Young Farragut inherited his father's love for the sea, and though brought up so far inland, among the Cumberland Mountains, he had hardly reached the age of nine and a half years, when

the longing for a sailor's life possessed him so strongly, that his father consented; and after some little delay, a midshipman's warrant was procured for him.

His first cruise was under the command of Captain (then master-commandant) Porter, who, in July, 1812, was promoted to the rank of captain, and soon after sailed in the Essex for the South American coast and the Pacific. To this famous frigate the young midshipman was ordered before her departure, and he remained on her through the eventful two years that followed, when she drove the British commerce out of the Pacific. When on March 28, 1814, the British frigate Phœbe, thirty-six guns, and sloop-of-war Cherub, twenty-eight guns, without scruple attacked the Essex in the harbor of Valparaiso, in violation of the rights of a neutral nation, there ensued one of the fiercest naval battles on record. Though fighting against hopeless odds, the two British vessels having twice the number of guns and men of the Essex, Commodore Porter, with the reckless daring which was so marked a trait of his character, refused to strike his colors till his ship had been three or four times on fire, and was in a sinking condition, with her rigging shot away, the flames threatening her magazine, and 152, out of her crew of 255, killed, wounded, or missing. The battle had lasted two and a half hours. On his surrender, the Essex Junior, a whaling-ship which he had converted into a sloop-of-war, but which had been unable to take any part in the battle, was sent home with the prisoners on parole. The young midshipman, then a boy under thirteen, was in the hottest of the fight, and was slightly wounded during the action. Before the loss of the Essex, he had served as acting-lieutenant on board the Atlantic, an armed prize.

On his return to the United States, Commodore Porter placed him at school at Chester, Pa., where he was taught, among other studies, the elements of military and naval tactics; but in 1816 he was again afloat and on board the flag-ship of the Mediterranean squadron, where he had the good fortune to meet in the chaplain, Rev. Charles Folsom, an instructor to whom he became ardently attached, and to whose teachings he attributed much of his subsequent usefulness and success.

This pleasant period of instruction passed all too quickly, and the boy, now grown to man's estate, after some further service in the Mediterranean, was, on January 1, 1821, at the age of nineteen and a half years, promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and ordered to duty on the West India station. In 1824 he was assigned to duty at the Norfolk navy-yard; and with the exception of a two years' cruise in the Vandalia, on the Brazil station, remained at Norfolk till 1833. Here he married a lady of highly respectable family, and during the long years of suffering through which she was called to pass, from a hopeless physical malady, he proved one of the most tender and affectionate of husbands, never wearying of administering all the relief and comfort to the sufferer in his power. When death at last terminated her protracted distress, he mourned her tenderly and long. He subsequently married another lady of Norfolk, Miss Virginia Loyall, the daughter of one of the most eminent citizens of that city.

In 1860 he had spent nearly nineteen years afloat—eighteen years and four

months on shore duty, and ten years and ten months either waiting orders or on leave of absence. Forty-eight of his fifty-eight years had been spent in the naval service.

In April, 1861, came the rebellion. Captain Farragut was at his home in Norfolk, surrounded by those who were sympathizers with the rebellion, and who were already maturing plans for the seizure of the Government property and its conversion to rebel uses. No more loyal heart ever beat than his, and in frank and manly terms he denounced the whole proceedings of the traitors, and gave expression to his abhorrence of them. This roused all the hatred of the plotters of treason, and they told him at once, in tones of menace, that he could not be permitted to live there if he held such sentiments. "Very well," was his prompt reply, "then I will go where I can live and hold such sentiments." Returning to his home, he informed his family that they must leave Norfolk for New York in a few hours. They immediately made their preparations, and the next morning, April 18, 1861, bid adieu to Norfolk. The Navy Department was, however, anxious to give him employment, and in default of anything else he served for a time as a member of the Naval Retiring Board, which shelved the incompetent officers of the navy, and promoted the active, loyal, and deserving.

Meantime, the Government had resolved on the capture of New Orleans, and entered with zeal upon the work of fitting out a squadron, as well as an army, for its reduction. The squadron was to consist of a fleet of armed steamers, and twenty bomb-schooners, each carrying gigantic mortars, fifteen-inch shells.

The bomb-fleet was to be under the command of Commander David D. Porter, but he was to report to Flag-officer Farragut, who was to have charge of the entire squadron. Selecting the Hartford as his flag-ship, and having made all possible preparations for his expedition, Flag-officer Farragut received his orders on January 20, 1862, and on February 3d sailed from Hampton Roads. Arriving at Ship Island on February 20th, he organized the West Gulf Blockading Squadron, and in spite of difficulties of all sorts—the delay in forwarding coal, naval stores, hospital stores, ammunition, etc., the labor of getting vessels drawing twenty-two feet over the bars at Pass L'Outre and Southwest Pass, where the depth was but twelve and fifteen feet, the ignorance and stupidity of some of the officers, and every other obstacle he had to encounter—made steady progress. The difficulties were not all surmounted until April 18th, when the bombardment of Fort Jackson, the lowermost of the two forts defending the passage of the Mississippi, was commenced. These forts were seventy-five miles below New Orleans and possessed great strength. A continuous bombardment was maintained for six days, by which the forts were considerably damaged, but they still held out stoutly. A heavy iron chain had been stretched across the river, supported by large logs, to obstruct the passage of vessels, and was placed at a point where the fire of the two forts could be most effectively concentrated. Above this chain lay the rebel fleet of sixteen gunboats and two iron-clad rams. Along the banks of the river were land batteries, mounting several guns each.

Finding that the forts were not likely to yield to the bombardment, Flag-

officer Farragut called a council of war, and after hearing their opinions, which were somewhat discordant, issued his general order of April 20th, in which the spirit of the hero gleams out. This was his language: "The flag-officer having heard all the opinions expressed by the different commanders, is of the opinion *that whatever is to be done will have to be done quickly.* When, in the opinion of the flag-officer, the propitious time has arrived, the signal will be made to weigh, and advance to the conflict. . . . He will make the signal for close action, *and abide the result—conquer or be conquered.*"

After further and severe bombardment of the forts, the flag-officer gave notice to the steam-vessels of the squadron, of his determination to break the chain and run past the forts, engage the rebel fleet, and having defeated it, ascend the river to New Orleans, and capture that city. It was a most daring movement. The chain had previously been broken, and the mortar-vessels moved up and anchored ready to pour in their fire as soon as the forts should open. The steam-fleet moved up in two columns, one led by Flag-officer Farragut in person, in the Hartford, the other by Captain Theodorus Bailey, as second in command, in the Cayuga. The left column (Farragut's) was composed of the Hartford, Brooklyn, Richmond, Sciota, Iroquois, Kennebec, Pinola, Itasca, and Winona; the right (Bailey's), of the Cayuga, Pensacola, Mississippi, Oneida, Varuna, Katahdin, Kineo, and Wissahickon. The right column was to engage Fort St. Philip; the left, Fort Jackson. The fleet were fairly abreast of the forts before they were discovered, and fire opened upon them; but from that moment the firing was terrible, and the smoke, settling down like a pall upon the river, produced intense darkness, and the ships could only aim at the flash from the forts, the forts at the flash from the ships. A fire-raft, pushed by the ram Manassas against the flag-ship (the Hartford), set it on fire, and at the same instant it ran aground; but by the prompt and disciplined exertions of the men the flame was extinguished in a few minutes and the ship got afloat, never ceasing its fire upon the enemy. At times the gunboats passed so near the forts as to be able to throw their broadsides of shrapnel, grape, and canister with most destructive force into their interior; and the forts, in the endeavor to depress their guns sufficiently to strike the vessels, lost their shot, which rolled into the ditches. They were nearly past the forts when the rebel fleet came down upon them, the iron-clad ram Manassas among them. Several of these gunboats were iron-clad about the bow, and had iron beaks or spurs. The Cayuga, Captain Bailey's flagship, was the first to encounter these; and soon after the Varuna, commanded by Captain Boggs, found itself in a nest of rebel steamers, and moved forward, delivering its broadsides, port and starboard, with fearful precision, into its antagonists, four of which were speedily disabled and sunk by its fire. The Varuna was finally attacked by the Morgan and another rebel gunboat, both iron-clad at the bow, which crushed in her sides; but crowding her steam, she drew them on, while still fast, and poured broadsides into both, which drove them ashore crippled and in flames. Running his own steamer on shore as speedily as possible, the gallant Boggs fought her as long as his guns were out of water, and then brought off his

men, who were taken on board the Oneida and other gunboats of the fleet. Several of the gunboats were considerably injured, but none of them lost except the Varuna. The Itasca, Winona, and Kennebec were disabled and obliged to fall back. Thirteen of the seventeen vessels composing Flag-officer Farragut's squadron were able to pass in safety these forts, and had defeated a rebel fleet, destroying thirteen of their gunboats and rams, and the ironclad Manassas, and compelling the remainder to shelter themselves under the guns of the forts. The entire loss of the Union squadron was but 36 killed and 135 wounded.

The gallant flag-officer now ascended the river, encountering slight opposition from the Chalmette batteries, about three miles below New Orleans; but they were silenced in twenty minutes, and at noon of April 25th, he lay in front of the city, and demanded its surrender. Four days later the forts were surrendered to Captain Porter, and General Butler came up the river to arrange for landing his troops, and taking possession of the conquered city. Meantime, Farragut had ascended the river above the city to Carrolton, where had been erected some strong works to oppose the progress of Flag-officer Foote, should he descend the river. These, on the approach of the gunboats, were abandoned, and their guns spiked. They were destroyed.

New Orleans being safely in the possession of the Union forces, Flag-officer Farragut ascended the Mississippi, and on June 27th ran his vessels safely past the rebel batteries at Vicksburg, and communicated with Flag-officer Davis, then commanding the Mississippi squadron, and arranged for a joint attack upon Vicksburg. The attack failed, because the bluffs at Vicksburg were too high to be effectively bombarded by the gunboats, and the capture of the city required the co-operation of a land force. He therefore repassed the batteries in safety on July 15th, and descending the river, made Pensacola the headquarters of his squadron. On July 11th, the rank of rear-admiral, having been created in accordance with the recommendation of a committee of Congress, Captain Farragut was advanced to that rank, and placed first on the list for his meritorious conduct in the capture of New Orleans. He also received the thanks of both houses of Congress. In the autumn of 1862 he directed the naval attacks on Corpus Christi, Sabine Pass, and Galveston, which resulted in the capture of those points. In his duties as the commander of a blockading and guarding squadron, there was much of detail: attacks of guerillas along the river shores, to be parried and punished; surprises of the weaker vessels of the squadron to be chastised and revenged; expeditions against rebel towns on or near the coast, to be aided and sustained; and careful lookout to be kept for blockade-runners, who sought their opportunities to slip into the ports of Mobile, Galveston, and Aransas. These occupied much of his time during the autumn and winter of 1862–63.

The admiral had long desired to attack the defences of Mobile, and thus effectually check the blockade-running, which it was impossible wholly to prevent while that port was left unmolested. But it was not until August 5, 1864, that the assault was finally made.

The fleet which was to take part in the attack consisted of fourteen sloops-of-war and gunboats, and four ironclad monitors. The admiral arranged them for the attack as follows: the Brooklyn and Octorara were lashed together, the Brooklyn being on the starboard side, nearest Fort Morgan—the Brooklyn being, much against the admiral's wishes, allowed the lead; next the Hartford and Metacomet, followed by the Richmond and Port Royal, the Lackawanna and Seminole, the Monongahela and Kennebec, the Ossipee and Itasca, and the Oneida and Galena. The four monitors were arranged in the following order, to the right or starboard of the gunboats: the Tecumseh, Commander T. R. M. Craven, taking the lead, and followed by the Manhattan, Commander Nicholson; the Winnebago, Commander Stevens; and the Chickasaw, Lieutenant-commander Perkins.

The rebels, in addition to three forts all manned with large garrisons, had a squadron consisting of the ironclad ram Tennessee, regarded by them as the most formidable armed vessel ever constructed, and three powerful gunboats, the Selma, Morgan, and Gaines.

The fleet steamed steadily up the channel, the Tecumseh firing the first shot at 6.47 A.M. The rebels opened upon them from Fort Morgan at six minutes past seven, and the Brooklyn replied, after which the action became general. The Brooklyn now paused, and for good reason—the Tecumseh, near her, careened suddenly and sank almost instantly, having struck and exploded a torpedo; and her gallant commander and nearly all her crew sank with her.

Directing the commander of the Metacomet to send a boat instantly to rescue her crew, Admiral Farragut determined to take the lead in his own flag-ship, the Hartford, and putting on all steam, led off through a track which had been lined with torpedoes by the rebels; but he says, "Believing that, from their having been some time in the water, they were probably innocuous, I determined to take the chance of their explosion."

Turning to the northwestward to clear the middle ground, the fleet were enabled to keep such a broadside fire on the batteries of Fort Morgan as to prevent them from doing much injury. After they had passed the fort, about ten minutes before eight o'clock, the ram Tennessee dashed out at the Hartford; but the admiral took no further notice of her than to return her fire. The rebel gunboats were ahead, and annoyed the fleet by a raking fire, and the admiral detached his consort, the Metacomet, ordering her commander, Lieutenant-commander Jouett, to go in pursuit of the Selma, and the Octorara was detached to pursue one of the others. Lieutenant-commander Jouett captured the Selma, but the other two escaped under the protection of the guns of Fort Morgan, though the Gaines was so much injured that she was run ashore and destroyed. The combat which followed between the Tennessee and the Union fleet, and resulted in the surrender of that formidable ironclad vessel, is best described in the admiral's own words:

"Having passed the forts and dispersed the enemy's gunboats, I had ordered most of the vessels to anchor, when I perceived the ram Tennessee standing up

for this ship. This was at forty-five minutes past eight. I was not long in comprehending his intentions to be the destruction of the flag-ship. The monitors and such of the wooden vessels as I thought best adapted for the purpose, were immediately ordered to attack the ram, not only with their guns, but bows on at full speed; and then began one of the fiercest naval combats on record.

"The Monongahela, Commander Strong, was the first vessel that struck her, and in doing so carried away her own iron prow, together with the cutwater, without apparently doing her adversary much injury. The Lackawanna, Captain Marchand, was the next vessel to strike her, which she did at full speed; but though her stem was cut and crushed to the plank-ends for the distance of three feet above the water's edge to five feet below, the only perceptible effect on the ram was to give her a heavy list.

"The Hartford was the third vessel that struck her; but, as the Tennessee quickly shifted her helm, the blow was a glancing one, and, as she rasped along our side, we poured our whole port broadside of nine-inch solid shot within ten feet of her casement.

"The monitors worked slowly, but delivered their fire as opportunity offered. The Chickasaw succeeded in getting under her stern, and a fifteen-inch shot from the Manhattan broke through her iron plating and heavy wooden backing, though the missile itself did not enter the vessel.

"Immediately after the collision with the flag-ship, I directed Captain Drayton to bear down for the ram again. He was doing so at full speed, when, unfortunately, the Lackawanna ran into the Hartford just forward of the mizzen-mast, cutting her down to within two feet of the water's edge. We soon got clear again, however, and were fast approaching our adversary, when she struck her colors and ran up the white flag.

"She was at this time sore beset; the Chickasaw was pounding away at her stern, the Ossipee was approaching her at full speed, and the Monongahela, Lackawanna, and this ship were bearing down upon her, determined upon her destruction. Her smoke-stack had been shot away, her steering-chains were gone, compelling a resort to her relieving-tackles, and several of her port shutters were jammed. Indeed, from the time the Hartford struck her, until her surrender, she never fired a gun. As the Ossipee, Commander Le Roy, was about to strike her, she hoisted the white flag, and that vessel immediately stopped her engine, though not in time to avoid a glancing blow.

"During this contest with the rebel gunboats and the ram Tennessee, which terminated by her surrender at ten o'clock, we lost many more men than from the fire of the batteries of Fort Morgan."

The rebel Admiral Buchanan was severely wounded, and subsequently lost a leg by amputation. Admiral Farragut, as humane in his feelings toward a wounded foe as he was gallant and daring in action, immediately addressed a note to Brigadier-General Page, the commander of Fort Morgan, asking permission to send the rebel admiral and the other wounded rebel officers by ship, under flag of truce, to the Union hospitals at Pensacola, where they could be

tenderly cared for. This request was granted, and the Metacomet despatched with them.

The admiral had stationed himself "in an elevated position in the main rigging, near the top," a place of great peril, but one which enabled him to see much better than if he had been on deck, the progress of the battle; and from thence he witnessed, and testified with great gratification to the admirable conduct of the men at their guns, throughout the fleet; and, in this connection, gives utterance to a sentiment which shows most conclusively his sympathy and tenderness: "Although," he says, "no doubt their hearts sickened, as mine did, when their shipmates were struck down beside them, yet there was not a moment's hesitation to lay their comrades aside and spring again to their deadly work."

It is said that at the moment of the collision between the Hartford and Lackawanna, when the men called to each other to save the admiral, Farragut, finding the ship would float at least long enough to serve his purpose, and thinking of that only, called out to his fleet-captain, "Go on with speed! Ram her again!"

The results of this victory were the destruction of the rebel fleet; the capture of the armored ship Tennessee, and of 230 rebel officers and men; the abandonment on the next day of Fort Powell, with 18 guns; the surrender on the 8th of Fort Gaines, with 56 officers, 818 men, and 26 guns; and on August 23d, after a further bombardment of twenty-four hours, of Fort Morgan, with 60 guns and 600 prisoners. By these captures the port of Mobile was hermetically sealed against blockade-runners, and a serious blow given to the rebel cause.

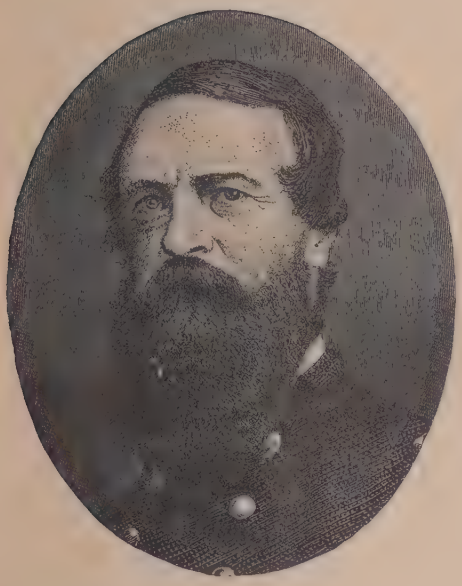
Rear-admiral Farragut remained in command of the West Gulf squadron till November, 1864, when he requested leave of absence, and was called to Washington for consultation in regard to future naval operations. Soon after the opening of Congress, a resolution of thanks to him for his brilliant victory at Mobile was passed, and the rank of vice-admiral, corresponding to that of lieutenant-general in the army, was created, and on January 1, 1865, David Glascoe Farragut promoted to it. This appointment made him the virtual chief commander of the naval forces of the United States.

The West Gulf blockading squadron, during all the time Admiral Farragut was in command of it, had had more fighting and less prizes than any other blockading squadron on the coast; and while Admirals Dupont, Lee, Porter, and Dahlgren had accumulated immense fortunes by their shares of prize-money, Admiral Farragut had received little beyond his regular pay. The merchants of New York, understanding this, and recognizing the great services he had rendered to commerce and to the nation, subscribed the sum of fifty thousand dollars, which was presented to him in United States 7.30 Treasury notes, in January, 1865, in testimony of their appreciation of his ability and success as a naval commander. Until 1866 the rank of vice-admiral was the highest known in the navy. In July of that year the office of admiral was specially created and bestowed on Farragut. He saw no further important service, but died quietly at Portsmouth, N. H., August 14, 1870.

Even the English *Army and Navy Gazette* speaks of Admiral Farragut as "the doughty admiral whose feats of arms place him at the head of his profession, and certainly constitute him the first naval officer of the day, as far as actual reputation won by skill, courage, and hard fighting goes."

DAVID DIXON PORTER

(1814–1891)



AMONG the coincidences of naval and military command in the war for the Union, the association of the names of Farragut and Porter, in the important series of operations on the Mississippi, has not escaped attention.

The former, as the reader has seen in the previous sketch, was introduced to the service in his childhood, under the care and protection of Commodore David Porter, and boy as he was, fully shared the adventures and perils of his famous cruise in the Pacific. Nearly fifty years after that event, Captain Farragut, in command of the Department of the Gulf, entered the Mississippi in concert with the son of his old commander of the Essex, to vindicate the national honor by the restoration of New Orleans to the Union—a service which was to prove the ability of both officers, and lead them to the highest rank known to the naval service of the United States. Looking into the future, Commodore Porter, the hero of the War of 1812, would hardly have dreamt that the "boy midshipman, who had been introduced to him at New Orleans, would, with two of his own sons, at the end of half a century, receive the highest honors of their country, the reward of the most arduous and perilous services against a domestic foe on the Mississippi."

Of these sons of Commodore Porter, thus distinguished in this field of duty, William D. Porter, the elder, on more than one occasion, in command of the gunboat Essex, recalled not merely the name of his father's vessel, but the courage and patriotism, the spirit and success which had given the old ship her reputation. The younger, David D. Porter, the subject of this notice, born in Philadelphia, entered the navy as midshipman in the year 1829. His first cruise was in the Mediterranean, under Commodore Biddle, till 1831. After a year's leave

of absence, he returned to that station, which has ever proved, in its liberal intercourse with the men of other nations, and its undying associations of nature and art, a most important school in the education of the young naval officers of the United States. Having passed his examination in 1835, young Porter was attached to the coast survey service from 1836 to 1841, when he was promoted to a lieutenancy and was ordered to the frigate Congress, in which he sailed for four years on the Mediterranean and South American stations. In 1845, we find him attached to the National Observatory at Washington in special service. During the Mexican war which succeeded, he was in charge of the naval rendezvous at New Orleans, was subsequently again employed on the coast survey, and from 1849 to 1853, was, by permission of the department, in command of the California mail steamers Panama and Georgia, running from New York to Aspinwall, a rising commercial service of national importance, to which his experience and personal character were of great value. After this he was in various home services, till 1861, when he was promoted to the rank of commander, and placed in command of the steam-sloop Powhatan, in which he joined the Gulf Blockading squadron off Pensacola. He had thus, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, been thirty-two years in the service, over nineteen of which had been spent at sea and nine on shore duty.

A special service of great importance was presently intrusted to him. When in the beginning of 1862, an expedition was set on foot to open the Mississippi River to New Orleans, he was assigned to the command of a fleet of bomb-vessels to co-operate with the squadron of Captain Farragut in that enterprise—a service which he carried out with distinguished ability. In the movement on Forts Jackson and St. Philip his mortar flotilla led the way in the attack, on April 18th. His dispositions were most skilfully made, his vessels, ranged in three divisions, being placed under the lee of a thick wood closely interwoven with vines, almost impervious to shot, while their masts, dressed off with bushes, seemed part of the forest, and thus escaped being a mark from the forts. The fire of the mortars was well directed, and by evening the citadel of Fort Jackson was in flames. The second day the fire was resumed with destructive effect, and was continued, in the face of the most serious opposition, with various resources, till the twenty-fourth, when the final passage of the forts was made by the fleet of Captain Farragut. The details of these six days of mortar practice, as related in the reports of Commander Porter, are of the highest interest. From the wet and soft nature of the soil at the fort, the bombs descended into the ground to the depth of twenty feet before exploding, which in a measure destroyed their effect. The firing was performed with great regularity, the divisions being arranged in three watches of four hours each, firing during the twenty-four hours fifteen hundred shells. "This I found," says Commander Porter, "rested the crews and produced more accurate firing. Overcome with fatigue, I have seen the commanders and crews lying fast asleep on deck with a mortar on board the vessel next to them thundering away, and shaking everything around them like an earthquake. The windows were broken at the Balise, thirty miles distant."

During the advance of the fleet through the terrible scene of carnage, when,

as the ships were seen, in the words of Commander Porter, "passing through the flames, which seemed to be literally eating them up," the mortar fleet kept up a destructive enfilading fire. To this division of the expedition was left the final disposition of the forts, which, though seriously injured, were not without the means of continuing the struggle, having, besides their own resources, several steamers and a powerful steam-battery at hand. Commander Porter, immediately on the passage of the ships, demanded the surrender of the forts, which was refused. He consequently prepared to renew the bombardment, and fired a few shots, which were unanswered. "The fight," says he, "had all been taken out of them." He then proceeded to blockade the bayous, and cut off the garrison from escape. A second demand for surrender was better received, and on the 28th the capitulation was signed by Captain Porter and the Confederate commanders, General Duncan and Lieutenant-colonel Higgins, on board the Harriet Lane. While this was being arranged in the cabin, the steam-battery Louisiana, and the rebel steamers alongside of her, were treacherously set on fire, and it became necessary to protect the Harriet Lane from the burning battery, a vessel of four thousand tons, mounting sixteen heavy guns, which was drifting down, threatening, besides the conflagration, a fearful explosion. The conference still went on in the midst of this terrific scene. Commander Porter inquired of the commanders of the forts who were negotiating with him, and who threw the responsibility of the burning upon the rebel naval officer, if they knew if the guns of the battery were loaded, or if she had much powder on board. The answer was, "I presume so, but we know nothing about the naval matters here." "At this moment," continues Porter, in his report, "the guns, being heated, commenced going off, with a probability of throwing shot and shell amidst friend and foe. I did not deign to notice it, further than to say to the military officers: 'If you don't mind the effects of the explosion which is soon to come, we can stand it.' The conference was carried on calmly to its end, the burning mass meanwhile floating on in the direction of Fort St. Philip, abreast of which it blew up with a fearful explosion, scattering its fragments in all directions, and killing one of the garrison in the fort. When the smoke cleared off, the battery was nowhere to be seen, having sunk immediately in the deep water of the Mississippi."

After the capture of New Orleans, Commander Porter continued to co-operate with Captain Farragut on the Mississippi, being engaged in the movement upon Vicksburg in May. He was afterward ordered, in July, when operations in this quarter had been suspended for the season, with a portion of his flotilla, to the James River. In the following October he was placed in command of the Mississippi squadron, with the rank of acting rear-admiral. He was now entirely employed in co-operation with Admiral Farragut, and when, in the ensuing year, operations were actively resumed for the capture of Vicksburg, his squadron, in concert with the victorious army of General Grant, was constantly employed in the most hazardous and honorable service. His daring and successful attack on April 29th, upon the Confederate batteries at Grand Gulf, prepared the way for Grant's decisive movement from below upon Vicksburg. "We had

a hard fight for these forts," wrote Porter to the Secretary of the Navy, "and it is with great pleasure that I report that the navy holds the door to Vicksburg. Grand Gulf is the strongest place on the Mississippi." The door being opened, Grant's forces advanced from victory to victory, to the final conquest, steadily assisted by Admiral Porter. For forty-two days preceding the surrender of Vicksburg, the mortar-boats were at work throwing shell into the city; a powerful battery, placed on scows, at the same time bombarded the water-works. Other guns were mounted to assist the army operations in the rear of the town, while the smaller gunboats were employed in guarding the transportation of supplies by the river. In these operations eleven thousand five hundred shells were fired by the mortar-vessels and gunboats, and four thousand five hundred shots from the naval guns on shore.

When the final hour of deliverance came, on the anniversary of the national independence, it fell to the lot of Admiral Porter, in a despatch dated on board his flag-ship, Blackhawk, to forward to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington, this brief and authoritative announcement: "Sir, I have the honor to inform you that Vicksburg surrendered to the United States forces on July 4th." This was the first bulletin to the country and to the world of this memorable event. Simultaneously with the victory of General Meade over Lee at Gettysburg, it was hailed as the crowning disaster to the Rebellion. When the tidings were received in Washington and read to the President, flags were displayed from the departments, and a salute of a hundred guns ordered by the Secretary of War. In the evening the people thronged to the White House and to the office of the War Department, and congratulatory speeches were delivered by President Lincoln, Secretaries Stanton, Seward, and others. As a reward for his services on the Mississippi, Porter was promoted to the full rank of rear-admiral.

In December, 1864, he commanded the fleet which bombarded Fort Fisher. After a terrific assault the fort was captured January 13, 1865, and Wilmington, the last Confederate port, was closed. Porter received another, his fourth, vote of thanks from Congress, and in 1866 was made vice-admiral. On Farragut's death, in 1870, he was immediately appointed to succeed him as admiral, and held the rank until his death, on February 13, 1891.

THULSTRUP FECIT.

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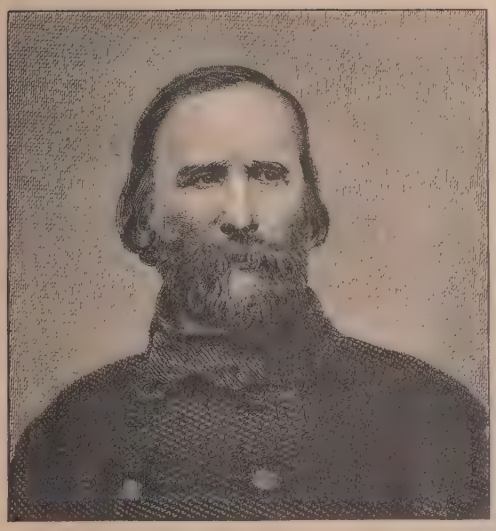
ADMIRAL PORTER IN '65.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

(1807–1882)



GARIBALDI has not left the world without some account of his birth, parentage, and early life. Not a little of his great, naïve, and enthusiastic character may be studied in those Memoirs, of which his eccentric friend, Alexander Dumas, published a free translation. He was born July 22, 1807. He was a native of Nice, a city inhabited by a mongrel race, but himself sprung from a purely Italian family. The name of Garibaldi, common enough throughout North Italy, betokens old Lombard descent. He first saw light, as he states, in the very house and room where, forty-nine years before, Massena was born. His father, Domenico, had come from Chiavari, in the Riviera di Levante; he gives his mother's name, Rosa Raguindo. Garibaldi's father and grandfather were seamen, and he took to the sea as his native element, developing great strength and skill as a swimmer, an accomplishment which enabled him to save drowning men on several memorable occasions. For what book learning he had he seems to have been indebted to the desultory lessons of priestly schoolmasters under the direction of his mother. Of this latter he always spoke with great tenderness, acknowledging that "to her inspiration he owed his patriotic feelings," and stating that "in his greatest dangers by land and sea his imagination always conjured up the picture of the pious woman prostrated at the feet of the Most High interceding for the safety of her beloved."

In early life he embarked in his father's merchant vessel, a brig, and in that and other craft he made frequent voyages to Odessa, Rome, and Constantinople. Soon after the revolutionary movements of 1831 he was at Marseilles, where he fell in with Mazzini, busy at that time with the organization of "Young Italy" and with the preparations for an invasion of Italy by sea, which, upon Mazzini's expulsion from Marseilles, was attempted at Geneva, and directed against the Savoy frontier. The Savoy expedition turned out an egregious failure, the blame of which Garibaldi, on Mazzini's statement, throws on the Polish General Ramorino's treachery. Garibaldi himself, who had embarked on board the royal frigate Eurydice to gain possession of that vessel by a mutiny of the crew, being off Genoa, and hearing of a plot to storm the barracks of the Carabinieri, landed in

the town to join it; but the attack upon the barracks miscarried, and he, not daring to go back to his ship, saw himself irreparably compromised, fled to Nice, and thence crossed the Var and found himself an exile at Marseilles. Here he betook himself again to his sea life, sailed for the Black Sea and for Tunis, and at last on board the Nageur, of Nantes, for Rio de Janeiro.

In the commentaries before alluded to Garibaldi gives the fullest particulars of the exploits by which he rose to distinction beyond the Atlantic during the twelve years elapsing from his leaving Europe in 1836 to his return to Italy in 1848. It is the romance of his career, and will some day be wrought into an epic blending the charms of the Odyssey with those of the Iliad—a battle and a march being the theme of the eventful tale almost from beginning to end.

Garibaldi took service with the Republic of Rio Grande do Sul, a vast territory belonging to Brazil, then in open rebellion and war against that empire. He took the command of a privateer's boat with a crew of twelve men, to which he gave the name of Mazzini, and by the aid of which he soon helped himself to a larger and better-armed vessel, a prize taken from the enemy. In his many encounters with the Imperial or Brazilian party the hero bought experience both of wonderfully propitious and terribly adverse fortune, and had every imaginable variety of romantic adventure and hair-breadth escapes. He was severely wounded, taken prisoner, and in one instance at Gualeguay, in the Argentine territory, he found himself in the power of one Leonardo Millan, a type of Spanish South American brutality, by whom he was savagely struck in the face with a horse-whip, submitted to several hours' rack and torture, and thrown into a dungeon in which his sufferings were soothed by the ministration of that "angel of charity," a woman, by name Madame Alleman.

Escaping from his tormentor by the intervention of the Governor of Gualeguay, Paolo Echague, Garibaldi crossed from the territories of the Plate into those of the Rio Grande, and faithful to the cause of that republic, he fought with better success, winning battles, storming fortresses, standing his ground with a handful of men, or even single-handed, against incredible odds, beating strong squadrons with a few small vessels, giving through all proofs of the rarest disinterestedness, humanity, and generosity, disobeying orders to sack and ravage vanquished cities, and exercising that mixture of authority and glamour over his followers which almost enabled him to dispense with the ties of stern rule and discipline. At last, after losing a flotilla in a hurricane on the coast of Santa Caterina, where he landed wrecked and forlorn, having seen his bravest and most cherished Italian friends shot down or drowned, he fell in with his Anita—not, apparently, the first fair one for whom he had a passing fancy—with whom he united his destinies, for better for worse, in life and till death, in some off-hand manner, about which he is reticent and mysterious. Anita turned out almost as great and daring and long-enduring a being as her heroic mate, and was by his side in all fights by land and sea, till the fortunes of the Republic of Rio Grande declined, when, after giving birth to her first-born, Menotti Garibaldi, September 16, 1840, she went with that infant and his father through unheard of hard-

ships and dangers in the disastrous retreat of Las Antas; when at last, Garibaldi, beginning to feel the responsibilities of a growing family, and despairing of the issues of an ill-conducted war, took leave of his Republican friends at Rio Grande and went for a short respite in his adventurous career to Montevideo.

After trying on the journey to find employment as a cattle-driver, Garibaldi settled at Montevideo in the capacity of a general broker and teacher of mathematics; but war having broken out between the Republic of the Uruguay and Buenos Ayres, the Condottiere was solicited to draw his sword for the former state which afforded him hospitality, and was trusted with the command of a little squadron destined to operate on the Parana River against a largely superior Argentine force. This expedition was contrived by enemies high in power in the Montevidean Government, who, jealous of the reputation won by Garibaldi at Rio Grande, vainly plotted to have him assassinated with his friend Anzani, and hoped to rid themselves of him by exposing him to dangers from which it seemed impossible that he could extricate himself. Garibaldi, however, made the best of his desperate position, and escaped, not only with his life, but also with "honor—the only thing that was not lost."

Presently, danger pressing sorely on the republic, he organized his Italian Legion, which behaved well through a new series of land and sea combats, its band of only 400 combatants often beating the enemy's corps 600 men strong, at the close of which exploits its soldiers refused grants of land offered to them by a grateful state, "the stimulus of their exertions," as their commander said, "being only the triumph of the Republican cause." The legion was afterward, as a mark of honor, allowed precedence over all the other troops of the republic. The war continued, and under the auspices of their commander the soldiers of the Italian Legion rose to such distinction that at the affairs of the Boyada and of Salto Sant' Antonio, February, 1846, Garibaldi was empowered to write to the government of the republic that the brilliant successes of those deeds of arms were entirely due to their gallantry.

Meanwhile, however, news from Europe came to turn the attention of Italian patriots to the momentous events which were rapidly changing the conditions of the peninsula. Years had passed. Pius IX. was Pope; Sicily had risen in open and successful revolt; a republic had been proclaimed in France; Constitutions were being wrested from the reluctant hands of most European despots. Austria was convulsed with insurrectionary attempts; the Milanese drove Radetsky from their city after five days' fighting, and Charles Albert unfurled the national standard and crossed the Ticino.

The theatre of the exploits of the hero of Montevideo was soon changed. All who had a heart and soul in Italy were up and doing, and could Italy's greatest heart and soul remain beyond the seas? Garibaldi, on the first reports of the Pope's liberal leanings, wrote to the Nuncio Bedini at Montevideo, October 17, 1847, offering the services of the Italian Legion to his Holiness, who was now almost on the eve of a war with Austria, "although," the letter said, "the writer was well aware that St. Peter's throne rests on a solid basis, proof against all hu-

man attacks and needing no mortal defenders." The Nuncio returned thanks and praises and referred Garibaldi's tender to the Pontifical Government at Rome. But Garibaldi, never well disposed to losing time, after vainly waiting for further communication from Pope or Nuncio, brooked no longer delay. With incredible difficulty he scraped together money and means, and embarked with his brave friend, Anzani (who died at Genoa soon after landing), having with him only 85 men and two cannon, and leaving the remainder of his legion to follow when and how it could.

He crossed the ocean, landed at Nice, proceeded to Genoa and Milan, and when Charles Albert, defeated at Custozza, withdrew from the Lombard city and accepted an armistice, which saved Piedmont from invasion, August, 1848, Garibaldi passed over to Mazzini, and at the head of a volunteer force, of which Mazzini was the standard-bearer, issued a manifesto in which he proclaimed the Sardinian king a traitor, and declared that "the royal war was at an end, and that of the people was now to begin." That proclamation was, however, only an idle bravado. Mazzini, even if he had the spirit, lacked the physical strength of a fighting man. The Garibaldians, on hearing the news of the fall of Milan, lost heart, and many crossed over the frontier to Switzerland. With thinned and dispirited bands, Garibaldi, aided by his friend Medici, ventured on a few desultory fights near Luino, on Lake Maggiore, but soon fell back and withdrew to Lugano in the Canton Ticino, his health, it is said, breaking down, and his immediate followers being reduced to some three hundred.

A few months later Pius IX., fallen from his popularity and pressed hard by his disaffected subjects, who murdered his minister and almost stormed him in his palace at the Quirinal, ran away to Gaëta, and a Roman Republic was proclaimed, of which Mazzini, in a triumvirate with two others, mere men of straw, became the head. Attacked by the French in flagrant violation of all rights of nations, Rome undertook to defend itself, and whatever Italy could boast of generous hearts, regardless of party differences, rallied round Garibaldi, who drove back the French from Porta Pancrazia, April 29 and 30, 1849, defeated the Neapolitans in that campaign of Velletri, which was like the farce contrasting with the tragic drama soon to be acted at Rome, and withstood a three months' siege, in which many of the noblest champions of the Italian cause lavished their lives in a hopeless, yet, as it proved, not a fruitless struggle.

The French having gained possession of the city July 13, 1849, Garibaldi left it with a band of devoted volunteers, retired via Terni and Orvieto, gathering together about 2,000 men in his progress, crossed the Apennines, and pressed by the Austrians with overwhelming forces, sought a refuge at San Marino, gave the enemy the slip in the night, embarked at Cesenatico for Venice, which was still withstanding the Austrian siege, was met by four Austrian men-of-war, which compelled him to put back and land on the coast near Ravenna, and wandered ashore in the woods, where Anita, his inseparable companion in this disastrous march, succumbed to the fatigues of the journey, and expired in the hero's arms. Garibaldi's devoted friends Ugo Bassi and Ciceruacchio, falling into the hands of

the Austrians, were shot by them without any forms of trial and by an act of barbarism which no human or divine law could justify. The heart-broken hero, with a few trusty men, made his way from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean, was arrested by the Sardinian Carabinieri at Chiaveri, conveyed to Genoa, where La Marmora was in command, and there embarked for Tunis; hence, finding nowhere a refuge, he proceeded to the Island of La Maddalena, off the shore of Sardinia, and hence again to Gibraltar and Tangier.

La Marmora received the heart-broken fugitive as a brother, supplied him with ample means for his journey to Tunis, and obtained for him from the Turin Government the assignment of an honorable pension, which Garibaldi did not in his straits disdain to accept. But, in his opinion, all seemed now over for Italy; Charles Albert's son, Victor Emmanuel, after the defeat of Navara, had made his peace with Austria in March, 1849. Venice had succumbed after heroic sufferings in August, and Garibaldi, again crossing the ocean, settled at New York as a tallow chandler, and only came back to Europe in 1855.

When Garibaldi returned from America he did not look out for Mazzini or his Republicans in England or Switzerland, but sought a home in Piedmont, a Constitutional State, which allowed him an obscure but peaceful retreat in his hermitage at Caprera, an island rock on the Sardinian coast near the Maddalena, and conveyed to him a hint that the time might soon come in which his country's cause would summon him from retirement. And, truly, four years later (1859) the destinies of Italy were nearing their fulfilment. France and Piedmont took the field against Austria. Garibaldi, leaving his island home, was met and highly welcomed by Victor Emmanuel, to whom he swore fealty as the only hope of Italy. He now took the command of the Chasseurs des Alpes, aided the royal army in its defence of the territory previous to the arrival of its great French auxiliary, and, following in the upper region a line parallel to that kept in the plain by the conquest of Palestro, Magenta, and Solferino, beat the Austrians at Varese and San Fermo, bewildered his adversary Urban, by the rashness of his movements on the mountains above Como, advanced upon Bergamo and Brescia, and pushed on to the Valtellina up to the very summit of the Stelvia Pass. Here the peace of Villafranca put an end to the struggle, and Garibaldi, afflicted by the arthritic pains to which he was a martyr all his life, travelled for a few days' rest to Tuscany and Genoa.

At Genoa, during the autumn and winter, Garibaldi, hospitably entertained by his friend Augusto Vecchi outside the city, busied himself with that expedition of "the Thousand" which made one state of the south and north of Italy. He embarked on May 11, 1860, at Genoa, landed in Sicily, at Marsala, beat the Neapolitans at Calatafimi, followed up his success to Palermo, and, aided by the insurgent city, compelled the garrison to surrender. He again routed the Bourbon troops at Milazzo, and had soon the whole island at his discretion with the exception of the citadel of Messina. He then crossed over into Calabria, and, almost without firing a shot, drove the Neapolitan king's troops before him all over the mainland, compelled the king to abandon the strong pass of La Cava

and to withdraw his forces from his capital, where Garibaldi, with only a few of his staff, made his triumphal entry on September 7, 1860.

After a few days' rest Garibaldi followed the disheartened king to Capua, obtained new signal successes on the Volturno, at Santa Maria, and Caserta; but would probably have been unable to accomplish the enterprise had not the Piedmontese, whose government had aided Garibaldi's expedition while pretending to oppose it, overrun the Marches, beaten Lamoricière and the Papal forces at Castel Fidardo, and, crossing the frontier and the Apennines, besieged and reduced the strong places of Capua and Gaëta. Garibaldi, who, as a dictator, had with doubtful success endeavored to establish something like rule in the Two Sicilies, aware of the arduousness of a task which would have exceeded many wiser men's powers, met Victor Emmanuel at Naples, delivered the two kingdoms into his hands, and, declining all the proffered honors and emoluments for himself, took leave of his sovereign and embarked for the solitude of his rock-farm at Caprera.

Rome alone now remained outside of the United Italian Kingdom, and Garibaldi, raising bands of adventurers, made two or three attempts to capture it, but was repulsed by its French garrison, and it was not until 1870 that, the French troops being recalled to their own sorely distressed country, the union of Italy under Victor Emmanuel became an accomplished fact, though in the great liberator's absence. Garibaldi once more was seen in Rome, April, 1879. He was supposed to be proposing great purchases of arms, to be enlisting hosts of volunteers, to be planning thorough reforms and preparing formidable expeditions against Austria. But Garibaldi, away from Caprera, could not fail to have his good as well as his evil angels about him. He saw the king; he listened to General Medici, his own right arm in so many campaigns, and now first aide-de-camp to King Humbert, as he had before been to King Victor Emmanuel. He listened, while they showed him the folly of further war, and, though not convinced, he was silenced. Although too proud to acknowledge the absurdity of his schemes in words, he was too wise not to give them up in deeds. He withdrew from the vain popular acclamation; shut his door against the crowd of his visitors, and although he announced his intention to take up his domicile in Rome, he pleaded indisposition as an excuse for inaction and retirement. Unfortunately there was only too much ground in the plea. The arthritic pains, of which symptoms had manifested themselves as early as during the Lombard campaign of 1849, had been seriously aggravated by his toils, and the sight of his helplessness in Rome as he hobbled up the steps of Montecitorio in 1874, was saddening to all beholders, and prepared his friends for that end which, however, was to be put off for several years. The fatigue of the voyage from Caprera in 1879, and still more the excitement of incessant calls, objectless conferences, and endless exhibitions soon entirely prostrated the hero, and before the backward spring had fully set in it became evident that Garibaldi's life could only be a lingering agony.

His life, if life it may be called, and at all events his sufferings, were prolonged yet a few years. He left home in the spring of 1881 on a mad scheme

ADEMOLLO PINXIT.

MEETING OF VICTOR EMMANUEL AND GARIBALDI.

of liberating, "by force if necessary," his son-in-law, Canzio, who had been arrested as a plotter for the republic. But having obtained the man's release from the king's government as a favor, he went to Milan, and there, as everywhere else, he met with the usual enthusiastic reception. But, weary, as always happened, of all vain clamor, he once more sought the peace of his hermitage where he died, June 2, 1882.

Garibaldi is dead. The spell attached to his name has partly been broken by the prolongation of his life beyond its sphere of possible usefulness; but the worth of his character will bear inspection, even when sober criticism has done its utmost to strip it of all the glitter with which popular enthusiasm had invested it.

In the first place, this hero of a hundred fights has been made almost too much of as a warrior, but justice has hardly, perhaps, been done to his abilities as a leader. Garibaldi was no strategist. He knew little and cared less about organization, equipment, or discipline; never looked to means of transport or commissariat, but simply marched at the head of a few officers, hardly turning to see how the troops would follow. He never had a competent head of the staff. He thought he had found one in his friend Anzani, at Montevideo, a man of whose abilities and actual genius Garibaldi had the most transcendent ideas; who had often brought order in the Legion, where, before his arrival, all was confusion, and of whom Garibaldi said that "had such a genius as Anzani's conducted the Lombard campaign of 1848, or commanded at the battle of Novara or the siege of Rome, the stranger would from that moment have ceased to tread with impunity the bones of Italy's bravest combatants." But Anzani died, as we have seen, on his landing at Genoa in 1848, and Garibaldi was left only with valiant and heroic, but inexperienced and incapable men. The army which conquered Naples in 1860, trailed up a long straggling line from Reggio to Salerno, picking up the arms with which the fugitive Neapolitans strewed the fields, living as they could on the grapes and fruits providentially at that season ripening everywhere on the roadside. At Varese and Como, in the previous year, the Italian guerrillero astonished Urban by appearing before him where the Austrian was sure Garibaldi could not be, and where, indeed, the volunteer chief was almost alone; "his 2,000 volunteers," as he said, "straggling behind, while his adversary had 14,000 men at hand." What was mere rash confidence of the Italian struck the Austrian as deep stratagem, and he was put to flight by a mere trick of audacity, analogous to that which had served the purposes of Bonaparte and compelled the Austrian commanders of his own time to surrender, sixty-two years before, in those same north Italian districts and only a little more to the east.

Garibaldi, however, was a tactician, and would have creditably handled an army had a ready-made one, well armed and trained and led, been placed under his orders on the eve of battle. He had the sure glance, the quick recognition, the prompt resource of his townsman, Massena. As the Lombard volunteer, Emilio Dandolo, quoted by Dumas, graphically paints his chief: "On the approach of a foe, Garibaldi would ride up to a culminating point in the landscape,

survey the ground for hours with his spy-glass in brooding silence, and come down with a swoop on the enemy, acting upon some well-contrived combination of movements, by which advantage had been taken of all circumstances in his favor."

And he possessed, besides, in a supreme degree, that glamour which enslaved his volunteers' minds and hearts to his will. Though there was no order or discipline in his army, there was always the most blind and passive obedience wherever he was. Even with his crew on board his privateer sloop at Rio Grande he tells us he had ordered the life, honor, and property of the passengers of a vessel he had captured to be respected—"I was almost saying under penalty of death," he adds, "but it would have been wrong to say that, for nobody ever disputed my orders. There never was anybody to be punished." A great craven must he be who would not fire up at sight of that calm and secure lion face. Garibaldi had faith in himself. He looked upon that handful of "the Thousand," who had been a match for 60,000 Neapolitans, as equally fit to cope with all the hosts of France and Austria, singly or conjointly. To make anything possible, he had only to will it, to order it, and he never failed to find men ready and willing to attempt it. He called out, in one instance, in Rome for "forty volunteers wanted for an operation in which half of them would be sure to be killed, and the other half mortally wounded." "The whole battalion," he adds, "rushed forward to offer themselves, and we had to draw lots." On another occasion, also at Rome, he "called all well disposed men to follow him." Officers and soldiers instantly sprang up as if the ground had brought them forth. At the close of the siege, when, upon the surrender being voted by the Assembly, he had made up his mind to depart, he put forth this singular order of the day: "Whoever chooses to follow me will be received among my own men. All I ask of them is a heart full of love for our country. They will have no pay, no rest, they will get bread and water when chance may supply them. Whoever likes not this may remain behind. Once out of the gates of Rome, every step will be one step nearer to death." Four thousand infantry and five hundred horsemen, two-thirds of what was left of the defenders of Rome, accepted these conditions.

As an earnest patriot—as all Italians were while a country was denied to them—Garibaldi never went wrong, or his error was repaired and atoned for before he had to rue its worst consequences. Let even his worst enemy write Garibaldi's biography and he will always appear the most single-minded and disinterested, the least self-conscious of all men. Not only did he for many years with unshaken consistency refuse all rewards and distinctions, but he shunned and dreaded popular clamor, and was worried and revolted, as well as confused and dismayed, at the abject worship paid to him by high and low wherever he appeared. He stood or sat stern and sullen as women, men, and even priests in Calabria hailed him as "Our Messiah! our Redeemer!" as in Lombardy mothers held up their new-born infants to be christened by him, "no other hand being so sure to bring God's blessing with it;" or as in London, where, in 1864, he fairly ran

away from the fine ladies who seemed at a loss to know how a true lion should be lionized.

Garibaldi had the ideal lion nature in him, all the dignity and gentleness, the sudden flash of anger, the forgiveness, the absence of all rancor, malice, or uncharitableness. Even the brute, Leonardo Millan, who had struck, racked, and imprisoned him without reason, when he fell into his power and trembled for his life, was suffered to go unscathed, the only vengeance of Garibaldi being limited to fixing his look into his face so as to give him to understand that he was recognized but deemed utterly beneath a man's resentment. He was the most loving, the least hating of men. Whatever follies or even crimes may have been committed in his name, one may freely defy the world to trace an act of meanness or a deed of cruelty, or even a deliberately unkind word, to the man himself. However madly he dabbled in Republicanism, his devotion to Victor Emmanuel was proof against all slight or ill-treatment on the part of the king's government. Whatever progress he made in the modern school of philosophers, his faith in God was unshaken.

The photographs of Garibaldi have reached so far and have been so long before the world that a description of his personal appearance may be deemed superfluous. Indeed, neither words nor mere lights and shadows could give a satisfactory idea of that stately and commanding figure as it was before years and intense arthritic sufferings had contracted and, as it were, doubled it up. Garibaldi was a middle-sized man and not of an athletic build, though gifted with uncommon strength and surprising agility. He looked to the greatest advantage on horseback, for he sat in the saddle with such perfect ease and yet with such calm serenity, as if he were grown to it, having had, though originally a sailor, the benefit of a long experience in taming the wild mustangs of the Pampas. But his chief beauty was the head and the unique dignity with which it rose on the shoulders. The features were cast in the old classic mould, the forehead was high and broad, a perpendicular line from the roots of the hair to the eyebrows. His mass of tawny hair and full red beard gave the countenance its peculiar lion-like character. The brow was open, genial, sunny; the eyes dark gray, deep, shining with a steady reddish light; the nose, mouth, and chin exquisitely chiselled, the countenance habitually at rest, but at sight of those dear to him beaming with a "caressing smile, revealing all the innate strength and grace of his loving nature."

There was nothing more providential in the combination of favorable circumstances to which the triumph of the Italian cause was owing than the opportune production of this singular, this "mysterious conqueror," as he was called, and the almost mythical prestige he threw on deeds of arms so amazing in their success as to disarm criticism and to present them to the startled world in the light of superhuman achievements. When even the steady valor of the Piedmontese army, owing to bad generalship, was succumbing to the Austrian invader at Custozza and Novara, in 1848–49, it was something to say that mere citizens, under Garibaldi, were gloriously giving the lie to the old taunt that "Italians don't

fight," by not only standing their ground behind stone walls at Venice and Rome, but also crossing bayonets with the best troops of the French Republic outside the gates of the latter-named city, and giving their lives with a lavishness worthy of the ancient warlike race whose dust lay beneath their feet. Garibaldi and Rome were all that survived as a hallowed memory out of the wreck of Italian hopes at that gloomy period; and Garibaldi and what remained of the heroes of Rome were what stood foremost in that more auspicious trial of 1859–60, in which the old errors were retrieved and the former disasters repaired. With the final emancipation of the country the three names of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi will be forever associated; but if the characters of the first and second of that triumvirate are sure to be deeply studied, thoroughly weighed, and rated at their just value as realities, the last-named will appeal to the imagination as something unauthenticated, like William Tell—a mere undemonstrable episode—a legend.

We shall conclude with Garibaldi's own account of his share in the last fight at Villa Spada, on the walls of Rome, June 30th.

"The night of the 29th settled on Rome like a winding-sheet. To prevent the repairs in our breaches the French artillery thundered all night. It was a terrible night. The storm of heaven blended with that of the earth. The thunder growled, the lightning met the shell in mid-air, the thunderbolt fell in two or three places as if to hallow the doomed city. In spite of St. Peter's Day the two armies continued their mortal duel. At nightfall, as an attack in the dark was expected, the whole town was lighted up; all, even the dome of St. Peters. Such illumination, in fact, is the custom in Rome on St. Peter's eve. Any man throwing, on that evening, a glance on the Eternal City, would have seen one of those sights which can be viewed but once in the lapse of centuries. At his feet he would have seen a grand valley of churches and palaces, cut in twain by the winding Tiber, dark at that moment as Phlegethon. On the left a mound, the Capitol, upon the tower of which waved the standard of the Republic. On the right, the dark outline of Monte Mario, where flaunted, in antagonism to ours, the French and Papal flags. Below it the dome of Michael Angelo, rearing itself to the clouds, a blaze of light, and finally, as a frame to the picture, the Janiculum and all the line of San Pancrazio, also lighted up, but by the flashes of the artillery and musketry fire. . . .

"At midnight the sky cleared, the thunder and the cannon were hushed, silence followed upon all that infernal roar, and the French profited by it to draw nearer and nearer to the walls and to take possession of the breach opened into bastion No. 8. At two in the morning we heard three cannon-shots fired at equal intervals. The sentries called to arms, the trumpets sounded. The Bersaglieri, always ready, always unweary, sallied from the Villa Spada and ran to the San Pancrazio gate, leaving two companies as a reserve in defence of the villa. They sank to their knees in the soaked earth. I placed myself at their head, with my sword drawn, intoning the Italian popular hymn. At this moment I confess I had only one desire—to get myself killed. I threw myself with

my men upon the French. What happened then? I know nothing about it. For two hours I struck without intermission. When the day dawned I was all covered with blood. I had not a single scratch. It was a miracle."

FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON MOLTKE

(1800–1891)

SUDDENLY, but quietly and painlessly, on the evening of April 24, 1891, passed away one of the most remarkable men of the present century. Hellmuth Karl Bernhard von Moltke was born, October 26, 1800, at Parshim, in Mecklenburg, where his father, previously a captain in the Prussian army, had retired, impoverished in circumstances, to an estate which he inherited. When little Hellmuth was three years old, his father, Baron Moltke, settled at the free town of Lübeck, the once famous head of the Hanseatic League. Here, in 1806, on the retreat from the disastrous battle of Jena, Marshal Blücher, who like Von Moltke was of Mecklenburg origin, sought refuge with his shattered troops; and little Moltke was a witness of the sack and plunder of the town by the troops of Napoleon, his father's house being one of those that suffered most severely. It is said that the incidents of this event made a lasting impression upon the mind of the boy. At the age of nine, with his elder brother Fritz, young Hellmuth was placed under the care of Pastor Knickbein, at Hohenfelde, near Horst, a scholarly man of a kindly and genial disposition, for whom he always retained a deep regard. His sense of indebtedness appears in the inscription which he wrote on the title-page when forwarding to him a copy of his first work, his "Letters from Turkey;" "To my dear teacher and fatherly friend to whom I owe so much, I send this, my first work, as a slight testimony of respect."

The favorite recreation of the two brothers while here at school was playing at war, as perhaps was natural at such a period. They were accustomed to collect the peasant boys of the village and divide them into two rival armies, Fritz commanding the one, and Hellmuth the other. Once, when the mimic warfare was at its height, the weaker force of Hellmuth was routed, and some were taken prisoners. Called upon to surrender, Hellmuth cried out, "All is not lost!" and hastily rallying his men he marched them straight to a pond in Pastor Knickbein's garden, and hurried them to a little island which the boy himself had constructed with great labor, and accessible only by a single plank. Facing the enemy with

a few of his strongest men, he kept them at bay until all his troops had passed into the fortress, he himself being the last to enter. Then the drawbridge was raised and the victory won. The island, preserved by the good pastor, long since gone to his rest, still exists, and is pointed out with great pride by the villagers to curious visitors as the scene of one of the early exploits of Germany's greatest strategist.

His experiences at the Royal Academy at Copenhagen, to which he was sent at the age of twelve, were not of the happiest. Relating his reminiscences of that period, in reply to the question, "Do you retain pleasant recollections of cadet life?" he remarked, "I have little reason to do so. Without relations or acquaintances in a strange city, we spent a joyless youth. The discipline was strict, even hard, and now, when my judgment of it is unprejudiced, I must say that it was too strict, too hard. The only benefit we received from this treatment was that we became accustomed to deprivations."

Passing over the period of his service in the Danish army, and his entrance into that of Prussia, we find him, after making heroic efforts on his scanty pay to acquire foreign languages, in which he attained in after-life so remarkable a proficiency, attached to a commission for topographical surveys in Silesia and the Grand Duchy of Posen.

Consolidating and extending his knowledge of military science and of foreign peoples, as in the case of his visits to the East, Russia, Rome, and elsewhere, Moltke rose steadily in his profession. In 1845, he became aide-de-camp to the invalid Prince Henry of Prussia, uncle of the king; and subsequently, after holding commands of increasing importance, he was made first aide-de-camp to the Crown Prince Frederick. Ultimately, in 1859, he was appointed permanent chief of the staff. His later military career, and brilliant successes against the Danes, Austrians, and the French, and the various honors accorded him, are so well known and have been so often and so recently narrated, that any further reference to them in this present sketch is unnecessary, the purpose of our notice being to briefly indicate some of the leading points of the great field-marshal's character. One fact is memorable, that he had passed the age when men frequently retire from the public service before the time of his greater achievements His splendid career began to the eye of the world at sixty-five.

The guiding principle of his life is well illustrated by the ancient motto of his family, *Caute et candide* (warily and gently), and by his own favorite maxim, *Erst wägen, dann wagen* (first weigh, then venture). He was slow, cautious, and careful in laying his plans, but having formed his design, he was bold, daring even to the verge of apparent recklessness in its execution. The same calm, immovable spirit characterized him even in moments when most ordinary mortals—he was a man *sui generis*—might, with some show of reason, be perturbed or excited. Even in the most critical period of the Franco-German war his unruffled quietness remained the same, sterner perhaps in look, more silent than ever. Though the warrior king, amidst the carnage of the battle-field might feel depressed; though Bismarck, man of "iron and blood," might be anxious at the

progress of events, Moltke, seated on his great black horse, calmly surveyed, telescope in hand, the movements of the troops, or later, resting quietly in his room at Versailles, awaited the result undismayed. When war was declared, a friend met him with the remark: "You must indeed be overworked at present." "No," replied the General, "the work was done beforehand; all orders are gone out; I really have nothing to do."

Married in 1842, shortly after his return home from the East, to Miss Burt, an English lady, he lived with her in the bonds of a rare union of happiness, concord, and mutual sympathy. On the occasion of her death, which took place Christmas Eve, 1868, he withdrew still more from public life, and found in quiet, studious, and laborious life some slight relief for his grief. Very touching was his devotion to the memory of his wife. Upon his estate at Kreisau he built a little mausoleum, situated on a beautiful eminence, embowered in foliage. This little chapel, constructed of red brick and sandstone, was lined inside with black and white marble, and in front of the altar was placed the simple oak coffin in which the remains of his wife reposed, covered at all seasons of the year with wreaths. Sculptured in the apse was a finely carved figure of our Lord in an attitude of blessing, copied from Thorwaldsen. Above were inscribed the words of St. Paul, "Love is the fulfilment of the Law." When at his country-seat the aged warrior visited the tomb morning and evening. Now at her side slumbers the veteran, awaiting with her the signal of the resurrection.

Of his bearing in the time of his bereavement, the following incident was related by the late Mr. George Bancroft, the distinguished historian, at that period United States Minister at Berlin. Mr. Bancroft was one of the favored few who were accustomed to accompany Von Moltke in his daily rides in the Thiergarten or to the Grunewald. Seeing the general on horseback, "my first impulse," said Mr. Bancroft, "was to trot into another lane. On second thoughts, however, I turned my horse alongside his, remembering that it was for him to talk or be silent. To my surprise, he forthwith began a lively conversation, describing the happiness with which Miss Burt had blessed her husband, and expatiating upon her manifold virtues as one crushed by an overwhelming, irreparable loss. Then of a sudden he grew silent, as if a new current of thought had carried him sheer away. 'Do you know,' he said, when his lips were again opened, 'it has just been brought home to me that, after all, perhaps it was better that this happened now than at another time? You see, I am convinced that a French invasion is impending; it will burst upon us sooner or later, whatever the plea may eventually be. Now think if the fortune of war was to be adverse to our arms! Why, her grief over the country's adversities must have cut her life short. No, no; that would have been worse!'"

Von Moltke was a passionate lover of children, and is said to have been quite the slave to the caprices of his little grandnephew, the son of Major Hellmuth von Moltke, the aide-de-camp of the count, whom the emperor, as a special mark of his royal favor, immediately after the funeral of his chief, made one of his own aides-de-camp.

As far as Count von Moltke's religious views could be ascertained, they were of a simple type, and characterized by a strict adherence to the path of duty and virtue. Daily was he accustomed to read his Bible, one of ancient date, its well-marked pages indicating how frequently its owner was in the habit of consulting its inspired pages. An extract from a letter the aged field-marshal wrote on the eve of his eightieth birthday is peculiarly interesting. "I stand," said he, "close upon the end of my life; but how different from that here will be the measure in a future world according to which our earthly actions will be judged! Not the brilliancy of success, but the purity of our endeavors and faithful perseverance in duty, even when the result was scarcely visible, will decide as to the value of a man's life. What a wonderful displacement of high and low will be witnessed at that great review! We do not even know ourselves what we have to ascribe to ourselves, to others, or to a higher will. It will be well not to set too great a value on externals." In a passage in one of his books, referring to our Lord's life here upon earth, he remarks: "His life was humble. He was the descendant of a people in bondage, and He had not a place where to lay His head. To the fishermen He talked in parables about God; He healed the sick, and died the death of an evil-doer. And yet there has never been anything on this earth that could be purer, more elevated, and also—even seen from the worldly point of view—more successful than His conduct, His teaching, and His death."

The old soldier's habits of life were, like those of the majority of really great men, extremely simple and singularly free from ostentation of any kind. Very characteristic of the late field-marshal are the following data of his life, written by himself on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday. An Austrian Association for the Promotion of Popular Knowledge addressed a number of interrogatories to various European celebrities of great age, which were to explain the circumstances and conditions under which an exceptionally long life might be attained. The answers received were collected in a book and subsequently published.

Field-Marshal von Moltke answered the questions submitted to him in his own peculiarly laconic manner, as follows:

Q. In which year of your life and on which date did you begin to learn, and for how many hours a day?—*A.* 1808, in my eighth year, with four; after 1810, with ten hours a day.

Q. Was your health in your youth delicate or robust?—*A.* Tough nature.

Q. Did you grow up in the country or in town?—*A.* Up to my tenth year in the country.

Q. How many hours did you spend in the open air? Regularly?—*A.* Irregularly, and but few hours.

Q. Did you cultivate hardening games and other exercises?—*A.* Not methodically.

Q. How many hours did you sleep in childhood?—*A.* Ten hours.

Q. Special remarks?—*A.* Joyless youth, scanty nourishment, absence from the paternal home.

Q. Where did you complete your studies—in town or in the country?—*A.* In town.

Q. How many hours a day do you devote to mental work?—*A.* Very different.

Q. Do you attribute to any particular habit of your life a favorable influence upon your health?—*A.* Moderation in all habits of life. In all weathers exercise in the open air. No day altogether at home.

Q. How long did you sleep at a mature age?—*A.* From eight to nine hours on an average.

Q. What alterations have you made at an advanced age in your mode of life?—*A.* None.

Q. How long did you work daily in your fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, eightieth years?—*A.* Quite as circumstances required it; often, therefore, very long.

Q. What were your recreations?—*A.* Riding on horseback up to my eighty-sixth year.

Q. How many hours do you spend in the open air?—*A.* Now, in summer, on my estate, half the day.

Q. How long do you sleep at present?—*A.* Always eight hours still.

Q. What are your habits with regard to eating, etc.?—*A.* I eat very little, and take concentrated food.

Q. To what circumstances do you particularly attribute your stalwart old age (which may God long preserve!)?—*A.* To God's grace and temperate habits.

An interesting anecdote is related, apropos of his dislike to display, on the occasion of the opening of new barracks at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, to which, as the oldest and most distinguished officer of the regiment in which he first served, he was invited. His acceptance of the invitation was accompanied by the stipulation that no ceremony should be made; but the officers, desiring to do honor to their illustrious guest, had provided the best carriage that the town afforded to meet him at the station. On his arrival, the field-marshal thanked the officer in waiting, took a common cab, and with his nephew, who was with him as aide-de-camp, drove off to the barracks, to the astonishment of the honest burghers.

His favorite recreations were chess, in which he excelled; music, especially that of the school of Schubert and Mozart—he entertained very decided opinions about the "music of the future"—and whist, which he rarely missed playing after dinner, even when at the seat of war. The count was an authority on the culture of roses, and at Kreisau, where he spent most of his time after his retirement from more active service, he possessed one of the finest and most unique collections of roses in Germany, a fact which lends an additional grace to the tribute of respect paid to the field-marshal's memory, when, the day after his death, the empress visited the headquarters of the General Staff and placed a magnificent wreath of his favorite flower upon the bed of the departed hero.

Had not his reputation as a military strategist overshadowed his other gifts, the count would have gained distinction in the world of letters. In the 'twen-

ties, while engaged in the Topographical Department, he wrote a pamphlet, published at Berlin, entitled "Holland and Belgium," by H. von Moltke, in which he calls the attention of Europe to the Belgian Revolution; this was followed, in 1845, by a critical military work of great merit, "The Russo-Turkish Campaign of 1828–29 in European Turkey," which created a deep impression in military circles, and proved of considerable service in the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877–78. Moltke's pithy and laconic style was founded on the model of his chief, General von Müffling, his instructor in practical and theoretical tactics, in which the members of the German General Staff are required to excel. He was a graphic writer and shrewd observer of men and things, as his charming letters from Russia, France, Turkey, and other places show. Especially sagacious were his observations on the Turks, made to his sister, married to Mr. John Burt, an Englishman settled at Holstein, in which he affirms that the kingdom is rotten, that Turkey had fallen under a ban, and that ban the Koran, which teaches so warped a doctrine that its laws and decrees must of necessity oppose all social progress. His views on Russia, as indicated in his letters written in the form of a diary to his wife on the occasion of his visit in 1856, when accompanying Prince Frederick William at the coronation of the Czar Alexander II. at Moscow, show the same keen powers of observation. He considered that Russia had a great future before her, but this could only be realized when her officials became more honest. "Honesty among Russian officials," he thinks, "can only be brought about by many years of iron severity." Of the difficulty of governing the French nation, he wrote, when visiting the court of Napoleon III.: "It would be as impossible to allow the liberty of the press in France as to admit discussion of the orders given by generals to their armies when in the field." We have not the advantage of knowing his views on England and the English on the three occasions, in 1856, 1858, and 1861, when he visited the country in company with the crown prince to be present at his betrothal and marriage to the princess royal, and again at the funeral of the prince consort. How highly his opinion as an authority was esteemed as early as 1867, is seen by an incident which occurred during the Universal Exhibition, when Count Moltke, in company with King William of Prussia and Count Bismarck, dined with Napoleon III. at St. Cloud. Subsequently, the emperor and Moltke engaged in an animated conversation apart from the rest. At this moment Marshal Randon, Minister of War, walked across the room, and the emperor, noticing him, raised his voice, saying, "Come here, marshal. General Moltke says that with the needle-gun he would be strong enough to fight even the French army." Marshal Randon drew near, and, turning toward Moltke, said, in a tone loud enough to be heard by all in the room, "Pardon me, general; but, in spite of the high opinion I have of your judgment, I cannot share your belief. I venture to affirm, that even with the needle-gun, the French army would not suffer the fate of the Austrian army;" and the conversation continued without the bystanders being able to follow it. But after the departure of the King of Prussia and his suite, Napoleon III., struck by these words, energetically

MOLTKE AT VERSAILLES, 1870

busied himself in overhauling the equipment of the French army. He examined various models of guns that were submitted to him, and among these the Martini rifle, which he found excellent, but which was after all rejected for the Chassepôt. The making of this gun was pushed forward so actively that the French army was provided with it by 1870.

In respect of his literary efforts, as of his military achievements, Moltke was singularly modest. Herr G. von Bunsen tells us how, "meeting the general one day at a dinner-party, I expressed my regret at his having neglected to write some letter-press to accompany his well-known map of the environs of Ancient Rome. 'But a companion book for it was written,' he replied; 'or rather,' correcting himself, 'he had begun writing one at Rome, and was prevented from finishing the MS. when the Government ordered him to convey Prince Henry's body to Berlin, and there set him engrossing tasks to do.' Hereupon I ventured to ask him for a loan of this fragment. Of course he believed it to be lost; but, as a matter of course likewise, it was brought to my door by an orderly at an early hour next morning. When returning the MS., I advised the publication of parts of it, which would be found acceptable independently of his being the author; and if my humble advice should be followed, would he accept my humble services as editor? His reply," adds Herr von Bunsen, "has been carefully preserved. Its purport was that he must lay down three conditions: First, I must omit what I pleased; secondly, transpose at my pleasure; and thirdly, *alter the text* wherever it seemed desirable." "Will any editor in the world," Herr von Bunsen pithily remarks, "hesitate to confirm my belief that no MS. of the last unfledged stripling of an author was ever offered on similar conditions?"

Fitting tributes of respect and admiration were paid to the aged field-marshal on the occasion of his celebrating his ninetieth birthday, on October 26, 1890. Telegrams from all sorts and conditions of men poured in upon him, including, among the princes and sovereigns of Europe, one from Queen Victoria, who held Count von Moltke in high esteem. The 26th falling upon Sunday, the schools throughout the length and breadth of Germany were closed on the previous Saturday to enable the scholars to add their quota to the general rejoicing. In Berlin a torchlight procession of vast extent, composed of 20,000 students, artists, members of trades and guilds, marched with banners and groups of historically dressed personages and impersonifications, from the old gray Schloss down the Linden, through the Brandenburg Gate to the Königsplatz, where are situated the buildings of the Grand Staff. Here addresses were presented to Von Moltke.

On the following day, in the Conference Hall of the General Staff, the emperor, surrounded by the military magnates of the Reichsrath, the generals of the twenty army corps specially summoned to be present, the officers of the General Staff, Chancellor von Caprivi, successor to Prince Bismarck, the King of Saxony, the grand dukes and the Duke of Connaught, addressed the marshal in the following terms:

"I thank you in the name of those who have fought together with you, and

whose most faithful and devoted servant you have been. I thank you for all you have done for my House and for the greatness of the Fatherland. We greet in you not only a Prussian leader who has won for the army the reputation of being invincible, but one of the founders of the German Empire. The presence of the King of Saxony, who has made a point of personally congratulating you, recalls the time when he and you fought for Germany's greatness. The distinctions conferred upon you by my grandfather leave nothing in which I can personally show my thanks to you. I beg you to accept the only evidence of my profound regard which I can bring you. It is with special pride that I renounce for to-day the privilege of a monarch—namely, to have the flags of the army standing in his ante-chamber; and I beg you to take possession of the flags of the Guards, which have waved over you in so many battles. As a personal memento, I ask you to take the Field-Marshal's staff" (this was a handsome silver baton inlaid with stars and crowns of rubies and diamonds), "which you have already won before the enemy, as a symbol of my regard, devotion, and gratitude. I call upon all those present to express their feelings of gratitude that Field-Marshal von Moltke has known how not to stand alone in his greatness, but to form a school of leaders of the army for time to come, and for all future generations, by giving cheers for his excellency."

This, the last occasion on which public honors were accorded to the field-marshal during his life, appropriately emphasized the universal esteem in which "Father Moltke," as he was affectionately designated by the army, was held as one of the founders of the German Empire.